

VERNON. L.M.

77

E Minor. Isaac Watts.

Chapin.

1. Lord, what a heav'n of sav-ing grace, Shines thro' the beauties of thy face, And lights our passions to a flame! Lord, how we love thy charming Name!

2. When I can say, my God is mine, When I can feel thy glories shine, I tread the world beneath my feet, And all that earth calls good or great.
3. While such a scene of sacred joys Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs, Here we could sit, and gaze away A long, an everlasting day.
4. Well, we shall quickly pass the night To the fair coasts of perfect light; Then shall our joyful senses rove O'er the dear object of our love.

HAYWOOD. 7s.

F Major. John Cennick, 1742.

Davisson.

1. Children of the heav'n - ly King, As we journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Savior's worthy praise. Glorious in, glo-rious in, glorious in His works and ways.

2. Lord, sub-missive make us go, Gladly leav-ing all be-low; On-ly Thou our lead-er be, And we still, and we still, and we still will fol - low Thee.