

# NEW YORK. S.P.M.

E Minor Timothy Dwight, 1800.

Aldous, 2012.

1. When men of mis-chief rise In se-cret 'gainst the skies, Thy hand shall sweep them to the grave; And Oh! be-yond the tomb, How The false plots they de - vise, Their

And Oh! be-yond the  
The false plots they de-

2. Them-selves their wiles shall snare; The pits, their hands pre- pare, Be - fore their feet de-struc-tion spreads; And Oh! be-yond the tomb, How dread-ful is their The false plots they de - vise, Their ma-lice and their

And Oh! be-yond the tomb, be - yond the tomb, How  
The false plots they de - vise, plots they de - vise, Their

dread-ful is their doom, How dread - ful is their doom, Where not a hand is reach'd to save, Where not a hand is reach'd to save. save.  
ma-lice and their lies, Their ma - lice and their lies, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads. heads.

tomb, How dread-ful is their doom, How dread - ful is their doom,  
vise, Their ma-lice and their lies, Their ma - lice and their lies,

doom, And Oh! be-yond the tomb, How dread-ful is their doom, Where not a hand is reach'd to save, Where not a hand is reach'd to save. save.  
lies, The false plots they de - vise, Their ma - lice and their lies, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads. heads.

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