

MANSFIELD. L.M.

F# Minor Philip Doddridge, 1737.

Aldous, 2013.

1. Lord of the Sab-bath, hear our vows, On this, thy day, in this, thy house; And own, as grate-ful sa - cri - fice, The songs which from thy church-es rise.

2. Thine earth-ly Sab-baths, Lord, we love, But there's a nob - ler rest a - bove; To that, our long-ing souls as - pire, With ear-nest hope and strong de - sire.

3. No more fa - tigue, no more dis - tress, Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place; No groans to min-gle with the songs Which rise up from im - mor - tal tongues.

4. O long - ex - pect-ed day, be - gin; Dawn on these realms of woe and sin! Fain would we leave this wear-y road, And pass thro' death to be with God.

CONNEXION. P.M.

A Major *Divine Hymns*, 1801 (alt.).

Aldous, 2014.

Fine. *D.C.*

1. The great God of Love hath shin'd from a - bove, And taught us the Im-par-tial Song;
The Spi - rit is come, the work is be - gun, And we're all u - ni - ted in one. We'll mount on the wing, and with ar - dor we'll sing, Ho - san - na to God and the Lamb!
With rap-ture we'll sound o'er 'Man-u - el's ground, Re - joic - ing in the Son of Man.

2. U - nit - ed in one, the race we will run; Press for-ward in faith with-out fear;
His glo - ries pur-sue—the world ne-ver knew, Nor will till the gos-pel they hear. Sal - va - tion we see for all na-tions is free, The hea-ven-ly arm-ies now throng;
We'll march u - ni - form, and wea-ther the storm, E'er sing-ing the Im-par-tial Song.