

BRUNSWICK C.M.D.

G Minor. *The Advent Harp*, 1849.

Steve Brett, 2018.

1. Oh no, we cannot sing our songs, Our glad and cheer-ful lays; Our sorr'wing harps re - fuse their strings, To Zi - on's joy - ful strains.

2. The pow'r of in-ter - ced - ing grace, Give us in faith to claim; To wrest-le till we see thy face, And know thy hid-den name.

They bid us be in mirthful mood, And dry these tears so sad;
Till then, thy per - fect love im - part, Till thou ap - pear be-low,

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They bid us be in mirthful mood, And dry these tears so sad;
Till then, thy per-fect love im - part, Till thou ap - pear be - low,

They bid us be in mirthful mood, And dry these tears so sad, And dry these tears so sad;
Till then, thy per-fect love im-part, Till thou ap - pear be - low, Till thou ap - pear be - low,

But Judah's hearths are des-ol - ate And how can we be glad? And how can we be glad?

Be this the cry of eve-ry heart- I will not let thee go, I will not let thee go.'