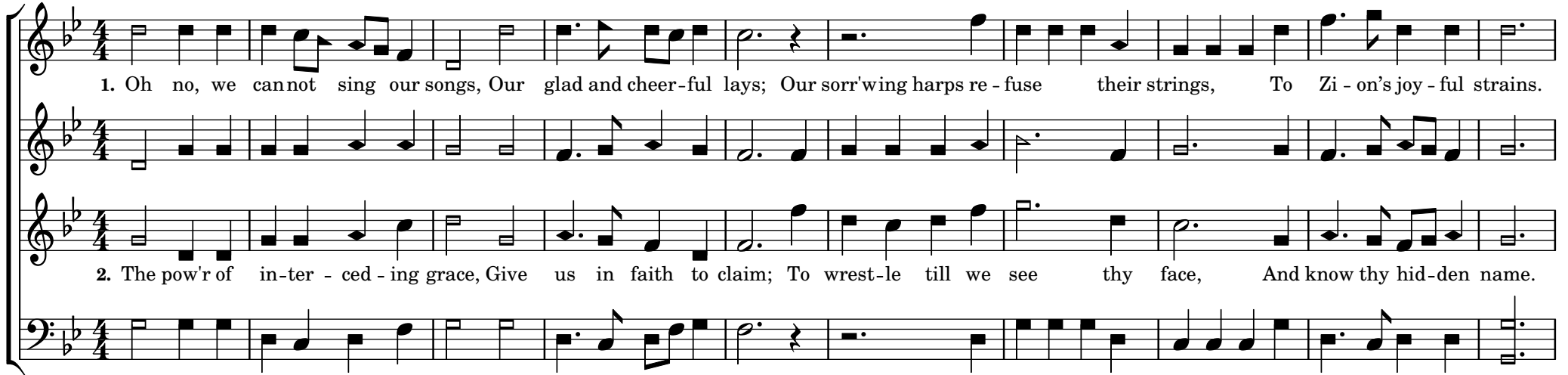


# BRUNSWICK C.M.D.

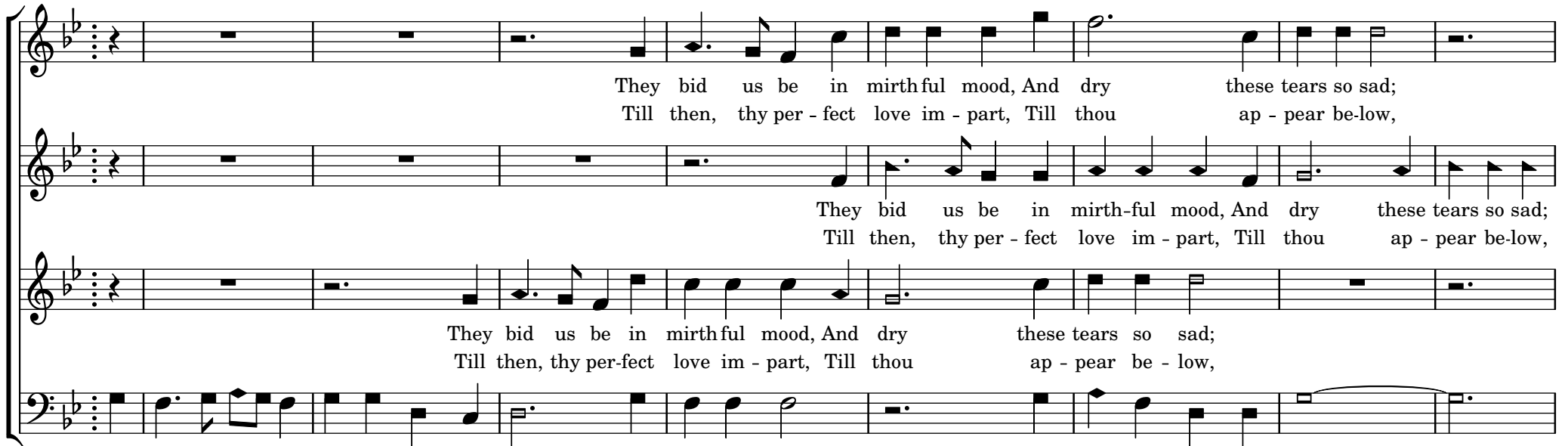
G Minor. *The Advent Harp*, 1849.

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,

They bid us be in mirth - ful 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;  
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.'