

# London Gallery Quire 187

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

This is the day the Lord hath made

Bromsgrove, anon. (1789)

Edited and a symphony added by Francis Roads

[♩=80]

Soprano [Air]

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He call the hours his own;  
 2. *To day he rose and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em-pire fell;*  
 3. Ho-san-na to th'an-noint-ed King, To Da-vid's ho-ly Son!  
 4. *Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With mes-sa-ges of grace;*  
 5. Ho-san-na in the high-est strains The church on earth can raise;

Alto

Tenor

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He call the hours his own;  
 2. *To day he rose and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em-pire fell;*  
 3. Ho-san-na to th'an-noint-ed King, To Da-vid's ho-ly Son!  
 4. *Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With mes-sa-ges of grace;*  
 5. Ho-san-na in the high-est strains The church on earth can raise;

Bass

7

S

Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne,  
*To-day the saints his tri-umphs spread, And all his won-ders tell,*  
 Make haste to help us, Lord, and bring Sal-va-tion from thy throne,  
*Whocomes, in God his Fa-ther's name, To save our sin-ful race,*  
 The high-est heav'ns in which he reigns Shall give him no-bler praise,

A

T

8

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*To-day the saints his tri-umphs spread, And all his won-ders tell,*  
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B

14

S

Symphony

And praise sur-round the throne.  
*And all his won-ders tell.*  
 Sal-va-tion from thy throne.  
*To save our sin-ful race.*  
 Shall give him no-bler praise.

A

T

8

And praise sur-round the throne.  
*And all his won-ders tell.*  
 Sal-va-tion from thy throne.  
*To save our sin-ful race.*  
 Shall give him no-bler praise.

B