

London Gallery Quire 386

Come, let us to the Lord our God

Martyrdom, by Hugh Wilson (1766-1824)

Edited by Nicholas Markwell

and, with a symphony added, by Francis Roads

John Morison (1749-98)

[♩=100]

Soprano [Air]

1. Come, let us to the Lord our God With con - trite.
 2. His voice com - mands the temp - est forth And stills the
 3. The night of sor - row long has reigned, The dawn shall
 4. Our hearts, if God we seek to know, Shall know him,

Alto

Tenor

1. Come, let us to the Lord our God With con - trite.
 2. His voice com - mands the temp - est forth And stills the
 3. The night of sor - row long has reigned, The dawn shall
 4. Our hearts, if God we seek to know, Shall know him,

Bass

7

S

hearts re - turn; Our God is gra - cious, nor will leave The
 stor - my wave; And though his arm be strong to smite, 'Tis
 bring us light; God shall ap - pear, and we shall rise With
 and re - joice; His co - ming like the morn shall be, Like

A

T

hearts re - turn; Our God is gra - cious, nor will leave The
 stor - my wave; And though his arm be strong to smite, 'Tis
 bring us light; God shall ap - pear, and we shall rise With
 and re - joice; His co - ming like the morn shall be, Like

B

13

S

de - so - late to mourn.
 al - so strong to save.
 glad - ness in his sight.
 mor - ning songs his voice.

A

T

de - so - late to mourn.
 al - so strong to save.
 glad - ness in his sight.
 mor - ning songs his voice.

B

5. As dew upon the tender herb
 Diffusing fragrance round,
 As show'rs that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground.

6. So shall his presence bless our souls,
 And shed a joyful light;
 That hallowed morn shall chase away
 The sorrows of the night.