

London Gallery Quire 561

Isaac Watts (1674-1728)

Come, let us lift our joyful eyes

Bessels Green, by Thomas Clark (1775-1859)

[Air] $\text{♩} = 100$

Soprano [Air]

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a -
 2. *Once 'twas a seat of dread - ful wrath, And shot de - vour - ing*
 3. Rich were the drops of Je - sus' blood That calmed his frow - ning
 4. *Now we may bow be - fore his feet, And ven - ture near the*

Alto

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a -
 2. *Once 'twas a seat of dread - ful wrath, And shot de - vour - ing*
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Tenor

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Bass

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a -
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 3. Rich were the drops of Je - sus' blood That calmed his frow - ning
 4. *Now we may bow be - fore his feet, And ven - ture near the*

4

S

bove, And smile to see our Fa - ther there, And
flame; Our God ap - peared "con - su - ming fire," Our
 face, That sprin - kled o'er the bur - ning throne, That
 Lord; No fie - ry che - rub guards his seat, No

A

bove, And smile to see our Fa - ther there, And
flame; Our God ap - peared "con - su - ming fire," Our
 face, That sprin - kled o'er the bur - ning throne, That
 Lord; No fie - ry che - rub guards his seat, No

T

bove, And
flame; Our
 face, That
 Lord; No

B

bove, And
flame; Our
 face, That
 Lord; No

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7

S
smile to see our Fa - ther there Up - on a throne of love. And love.
God ap-peared "con - su - ming fire," And ven - geance was his name. Our name.
sprin - kled o'er the bur - ning throne, And turned the wrath to grace. That grace.
fi - ry che - rub guards his seat, Nor dou - ble - flam - ing sword. No sword

A
smile to see our Fa - ther there Up - on a throne of love. And love.
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fi - ry che - rub guards his seat, Nor dou - ble - flam - ing sword. No sword

5. The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th'almighty throne.

6. To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th'eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

Edited from a transcription kindly supplied by Tim Samuelson of Thomas Clark Quire.
Small notes are instrumental. Circled numbers correspond with lines of text.