

London Gallery Quire 572

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Paraphrased by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Sweet is the work, my God, my King

Lichfield, by Edward Harwood (1707-87)

Edited by Barry Lloyd and Francis Roads

Psalm 92

[♩=120]

Soprano

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give
 2. *Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall*
 3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and
 4. *Fools never raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they live, like*

Alto

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name,
 2. *Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares*
 3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works,
 4. *Fools never raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they live,*

Tenor [Air]

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy
 2. *Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal*
 3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his
 4. *Fools never raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they*

Bass

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy
 2. *Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal*
 3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his
 4. *Fools never raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they*

8

S

thanks, give thanks and sing, And talk of
seize, shall seize my breast; Like Da-vid's
 bless, and bless his word; How deep thy
brutes, like brutes they die; Blast them in

A

— give thanks and sing, To show thy love by mor-ning light,
 — *shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found,*
 — and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 — *like brutes they die; Like grass they flourish, till thy breath*

T

name, give thanks and sing, And talk of
cares shall seize my breast; Like Da-vid's
 works, and bless his word; How deep thy
live, like brutes they die; Blast them in

B

name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by mor-ning light, And talk of
cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's
 works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy
live, like brutes they die; Like grass they flourish, till thy breath Blast them in

Editorial note:

Harwood published *Lichfield* in his *A Second Set of Hymns and Psalm Tunes* (Chester, 1786)

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16

S
all thy truth at night. To show thy love by
harp of so - lemn sound! O may my heart in
coun - sels! how di - vine Thy works of grace, how
e - ver - las - ting death, Like grass they flour - ish,

A
To show thy love by
O may my heart in
Thy works of grace, how
Like grass they flour - ish,

T
all thy truth at night. To show thy love by
harp of so - lemn sound! O may my heart in
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e - ver - las - ting death, Like grass they flour - ish,

21

S
mor - ning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of so - lemn sound!
bright they shine! How deep thy coun - sels! how di - vine!
till thy breath Blast them in e - ver - las - ting death.

A
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tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of so - lemn sound!
bright they shine! How deep thy coun - sels! how di - vine!
till thy breath Blast them in e - ver - las - ting death.

5. But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6. Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And ev'ry power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.