

[♩ = 72]

S Lord, how de-light - ful 'tis to see A whole as - sem - bly

A Lord, how de-light - ful 'tis to see A whole as - sem - bly

T Lord, how de-light - ful 'tis to see A whole as - sem - bly

B Lord, how de-light - ful 'tis to see A whole as - sem - bly

7

wor - ship thee! At once they sing, at once they pray;

wor - ship thee! At once they sing, at once they pray;

wor - ship thee! At once they sing, at once they pray;

13 *twice*

They hear of heav'n, They hear of heav'n and learn the way.

They hear of heav'n, They hear of heav'n and learn the way.

They hear of heav'n, They hear of heav'n and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go  
'Tis like a little heaven below!  
Not all that thoughtless sinners say  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,  
The texts and doctrines of thy Word,  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
And love thee better than before!

*Arnold's original choice of words:*

The great archangel's trump shall sound,  
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,  
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,  
And make the greedy sea restore.

The greedy sea shall yield her dead,  
The earth no more her slain conceal;  
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,  
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

But we, who now our Lord confess,  
And faithful to the end endure,  
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,  
Stand, as the Rock of ages, sure.

We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,  
And mountains are on mountains hurled,  
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,  
And smile to see a burning world.

The earth, and all the works therein,  
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed,  
While we survey the awful scene,  
And mount above the fiery void.

By faith we now transcend the skies,  
And on that ruined world look down;  
By love above all height we rise,  
And share the everlasting throne.

*Wesley's Hymns No.60*

*What was my consternation at catching a great hulking fellow, telegraphing a buxom damsel on the other side of the room, and accompanying the sentiment "And love thee Bet" with what he considered a little pleasant pantomime. Frasers Magazine 1860.*

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine:  
That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down, and wake with God.

**Bb**Isaac Watts Song 28.  
Divine Songs, 1715**Job L.M. 082**  
*For Lord's Day Evening*William Arnold of Portsea  
Original Psalm & Hymn Tunes, 1807.  
HF2.2. HTI 11779

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