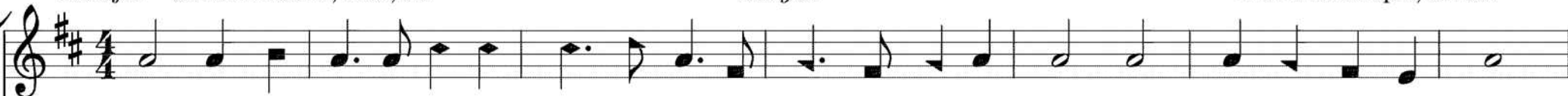


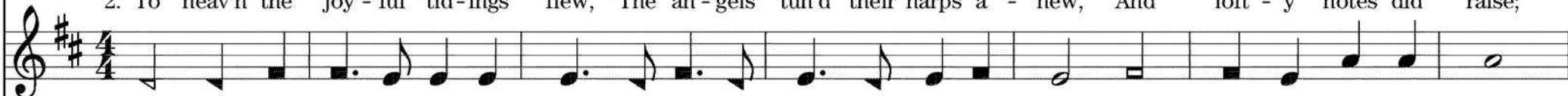
D Major. Samson Occom, 1801, alt.

Ganges.

Arr. Amzi Chapin, c.1798.



1. A - wak'd by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in guilt and thrall I found, And knew not where to go;
 2. To heav'n the joy - ful tid - ings flew, The an - gels tun'd their harps a - new, And loft - y notes did raise;



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O'er - whelm'd in sin, with an - guish slain, The sin - ner must be born a - gain, Or sink in end - less woe. woe.
 All hail the lamb that once was slain, Un - num - ber'd mil - lions born a - gain, Still shout thy end - less praise. praise.



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