

E Minor. Attr. Anne Steele, 1760s.

J. M. Day, 1850 (alto by R. W. Hall).

Ye hum-ble souls, com-plain no more; Let faith sur-vey your fu-ture store; How hap-py, how di-vine-ly blest, The sa-cred

words of truth at-test! When con-scious grief la-ments sin-cere, And pours the pen-i-

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ten-tial tear, Hope points to your de-ject-ed eyes, The bright re-ver-sion in the skies. skies.

pours the pen-i-ten-tial tear, Hope points to your de-ject-ed eyes, The bright re-ver-sion in the skies. skies.

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