

E Minor. Isaac Watts, 1706.

Judgment.

Arr. Robert Boyd, 1813.

1. Hark, how thy saints u - nite their cries, And pray and wait the gen'-ral doom; Put thy bright robes
Come, thou the soul of all our joys, Thou, the de-sire of na - tions, come.

2. Our heart-strings groan with deep com-plaint, Our flesh lies pant - ing, Lord, for thee, Our spir - its shake
And ev' - ry limb, and ev' - ry joint, Stretch - es for im - mor - tal - i - ty.

of tri-umph on, And bless our eyes, and bless our ears, Thou ab-sent love, thou dear un-known, Thou fair-est of ten thou-sand fairs.

their ea - ger wings, And burn to meet thy fly - ing throne; We rise a - way from mor-tal things, T'at - tend thy shin - ing char - iot down.