

MUSGROVE. L. M. D.

F Major. *Social Harp*, 1855 (v.1,2); I. Watts, 1709 (v.A,B).

Arr. Edward R. White, 1855 (alto by D. L. Hunter).



1. O, Musgrove, he per - suaded me, Per - suaded me for to a - gree, Persuading me, he thus did say, Let's join and do some forger - y.

2. O, now in jail, where I do lay, In heavy i - rons, cold as clay, I soon the day shall shortly see, That'll land my soul in e - terni - ty.



A. We are a garden wall'd around, Chosen and made peculiar ground, A little spot, en - clos'd by grace, Out of the world's wide wilderness.

B. Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand, Planted by God the Father's hand; And all his springs in Zion flow, To make the young plantation grow.

