

A Major. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Joseph Stone, 1793.

O for an o-ver-com-ing faith, To cheer my dying hours, To tri - umph o'er the mon - ster death, And all his frightful pow'rs.

O for an o-ver-com-ing faith, To cheer my dying hours, To tri - umph o'er the mon - ster death, And all his frightful pow'rs.

Joy-ful with all the strength I have, My quiv'ring lips should sing, Where

Joy-ful with all the strength I have, My quiv'ring lips should sing,

Joy-ful with all the strength I have, My quiv'ring lips should sing, Where is thy boast-ed

Joyful with all the strength I have, My quiv'ring lips should sing, Where is thy boast-ed vict'ry, grave? And

is thy boast-ed vic-t'ry, grave? And where the monster's sting? Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave? And where the monster's sting?

vic-t'ry, grave? And where the mon-ster's sting? Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave? And where the monster's sting?

where the mon-ster's sting? Where is thy boast-ed vict'ry, grave?