

Unknown Author
88. 88. (L. M.)

The Child's Request

No copyright. Transcribed from *The Chorister's Companion*, 1782.

B minor
Lewis Edson, 1782

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The piece consists of 12 measures. The first measure is marked with a '5' above it, and the tenth measure is marked with a '10' above it. The score is divided into two systems, each with a first ending (1.) and a second ending (2.) indicated by boxed numbers at the end of the line. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some lines starting with a measure rest (marked with a '5' or '8').

1. Thou giver of my life and joy, Let songs to thee my tongue employ. While immature this feeble frame, Teach me to lisp thy sacred name, Teach me to lisp thy sacred name. While
2. May my fond genius, as I rise, Seek the fair fount where knowledge lies. On wings sublime trace heav'n's abode, And learn my duty to my God, And learn my duty to my God. On

3. From low pursuits exalt my mind – From every vice of every kind. Nor let my conduct ever tend To wound the feelings of a friend, To wound the feelings of a friend. Nor
4. Though golden flowers my path should grace, And joys salute me as I pass, Yet may my generous bosom know, And learn to feel another's woe, And learn to feel another's woe. Yet

⁸5. If providence should lend me wealth, And joys increas'd by peace and health, Yet may I ne'er despise the poor, Nor send them begging from my door, Nor send them begging from my door. Yet
6. If poverty, with stern command, Should grasp me in her iron hand, In my distress, may I receive That kind relief I'd wish to give, That kind relief I'd wish to give. In

7. An ardent love for sacred truth, Employ my infancy and youth, Live in my life through every stage, And ripen with my ripening age, And ripen with my ripening age. Live
8. When time its hoary frost has shed, And silvered over by favored head, May my calm mind reflect intent On length of days in virtue spent, On length of days in virtue spent. May
9. When death his curtain shall o'er-spread, And wrap me in his awful shade, May my blest soul to thee arise, And triumph in her native skies, And triumph in her native skies. May