

# Leicester


Isaac Watts, 1707  
(Hymn 83, Book 1)

86. 86. (C. M.)


Transcribed from Kimball's *Rural Harmony*, 1793.

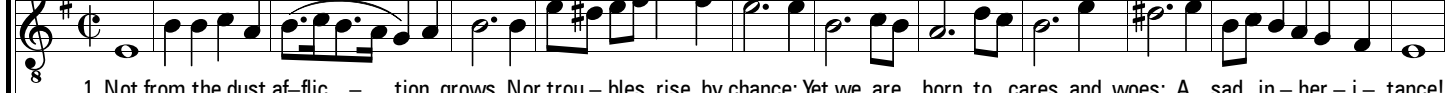
E minor

Jacob Kimball, 1793


Tr.  5 10

1. Not from the dust af-flic - tion grows, Nor trou - bles rise by chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes; A sad in - her - i - tance!  
2. Yet with my God I leave \_\_\_\_\_ my cause, And trust his promised grace; He rules me by his well-known laws Of love and right-eous-ness.

C. 


T. 

1. Not from the dust af-flic - tion grows, Nor trou - bles rise by chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes; A sad in - her - i - tance!  
2. Yet with my God I leave \_\_\_\_\_ my cause, And trust his promised grace; He rules me by his well-known laws Of love and right-eous-ness.

B. 

Tr.  15 20

1. As sparks break out from burning coals, And still are upwards borne So grief is roo-ted  
2. Not all the pains that e'er I bore Shall spoil my future peace, For death and hell can

C. 


1. As sparks break out from burning coals, And still are up - wards borne So grief is roo-ted  
2. Not all the pains that e'er I bore Shall spoil my fu - ture peace, For death and hell can

T. 

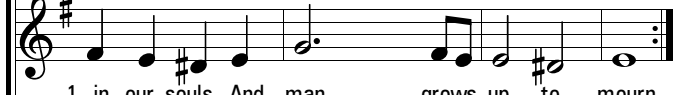
1. As sparks break out from burning coals, And still are upwards borne, And still are uepards borne, So grief is roo-ted  
2. Not all the pains that e'er I bore Shall spoil my future peace, Shall spoil my future peace, For death and hell can

B. 


1. As sparks break out from burning coals, And still are up - wards borne, And still are uepards borne, So grief is roo-ted  
2. Not all the pains that e'er I bore Shall spoil my fu - ture peace, Shall spoil my future peace, For death and hell can

Tr.  25

1. in our souls, And man \_\_\_\_\_ grows up to mourn.  
2. do no more Than what \_\_\_\_\_ my Fa - ther please.

C. 

1. in our souls, And man \_\_\_\_\_ grows up to mourn.  
2. do no more Than what \_\_\_\_\_ my Fa - ther please.

T. 

1. in our souls, And man \_\_\_\_\_ grows up to mourn.  
2. do no more Than what \_\_\_\_\_ my Fa - ther please.

B. 