How oft, instinct with warmth divine

How loved the courts, whose walls in shrine—The glory of my God!

O let me not, O let me not—The vengeance share That

Joseph Haydn

This edition by Edmund Gooch released into the public domain, September 2011.

How oft, instinct with warmth divine—Thy threshold have I trod! How loved the courts, whose walls in shrine—The glory of my God!

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How oft, instinct with warmth divine

The Psalmist declares his Love for God’s House and determines to bless God.

Text: James Merrick, on Ps. 26, vv. 5-8

Slow

O let me not, O let me not—The vengeance share That
How oft, instinct with warmth divine (Joseph Haydn)

waits the guilty tribe, Whose murth’rous hands each mischief dare, And

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waits the guilty tribe, Whose murth’rous hands each mischief dare, And
round me plant a guard. Thou, Lord, my steps hast fixed a -
right, And pleased, shalt hear my tongue With Is rael's thank ful
sons u nite To form the fes tal song, With Is rael's th ank ful
thank ful sons u nite to form the fes tal song.