

Isaac Watts, 1709  
(Hymn 11, Book 2) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Paradise  
No copyright. Transcribed from *The Union Harmony*, 1796.

D Major  
Oliver Holden, 1796

Treble  
Counter  
Tenor  
Bass

1. Now to the shining realms above I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes; O for the pinions of a dove, To bear me to the upper  
8 2. I send the joys of earth away; Away, ye tempters of the mind! False as the smooth, deceitful sea, And empty as the whistling

Tr.  
C.  
T.  
B.

15 1. skies! There, from the bosom of my God, Oceans of endless pleasure roll; There would I fix my last abode, And drown the sorrows of my soul.  
8 2. wind. Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,  
That warned me of that dark abyss,  
That drew me from those treacherous seas,  
And bid me seek superior bliss.