

# Milton

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1795.

Slow

1. My flesh shall slum - ber in the ground, — Till the last trum - pet's

2. Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove — My faith, my pa - tience,

3. What sin - ners va - lue I re - sign: Lord, 'tis e - nough that

Brisk

joy - ful sound; Then burst the chains with sweet sur - prise, And in my

and my love: When men of spite a - gainst me join, They are the

thou art mine: I shall be - hold thy bliss - ful face, And stand com -

Sa - vior's im - age rise, And in my Sa - vior's im - age rise.

sword, the hand is thine, They are the sword, the hand is thine.

plete in right - eous - ness, And stand com - plete in right - eous - ness.

Andante

O glo - rious hour! O blest a - bode! I shall be near, I shall be near,

Their hope and por - tion lies be - low; 'Tis all the hap - pi - ness they know,

This life's a dream, an emp - ty show, But the bright world to which I go,

*f*

Tr. I shall be near and like my God! And flesh and sin no more con -

T. 'Tis all the hap - pi - ness they know. 'Tis all they seek; they take their

B. But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys sub - stan - tial and sin -

Tr. 40 trol The sa - cred plea - sures of the soul. And flesh and sin no

T. shares, And leave the rest a - mong their heirs. 'Tis all they seek; they

B. cere; When shall I wake and find me there? Hath joys sub - stan - tial

Tr. 50 1. 2.

Tr. more con - trol The sa - cred plea - sures of the soul. O

T. take their shares; And leave the rest a - mong their heirs, Their

B. and sin - cere; When shall I wake and find me there? This