

Ecstasy

John Fawcett, 1789

87. 87. 47.

Transcribed from *The Psalmist's Assistant*, 1806.

C Major

Abijah Forbush, 1806

Tr.
O that I could now a - dore him Like the heav'n-ly host a - bove, Who for - ev-er bow be - fore him, And un -

T.
O that I could now a - dore him Like the heav'n-ly host a - bove, Who for - ev-er bow be - fore him, And un -

B.
ceas-ing sing his love! Hap-py song-sters! When shall I your chor-us join?

Tr.
ceas-ing sing his love! Hap-py song-sters! Happy song-sters! When shall I your chor-us join?

T.
ceas-ing sing his love! Hap-py song-sters! Happy song-sters! When shall I your chor-us join?

B.
Hap - py, hap - py song - sters! When shall I your chor-us join?

1. O my soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2. What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and tease thee, day by day?
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3. Though ten thousand ills beset thee
From without, and from within,
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from Hell and sin :
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.

4. Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou treads the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5. O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?