

# Emulation

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C Major  
Oliver Holden, 1800

1. Now let us raise our cheer - ful strains, And join the bliss - ful

choir a - bove; There our ex - al - ted Sav - ior reigns, And there they

sing His won - drous love, And there they sing His won - drous love.

2. While seraphs tune th' immortal song,  
O may we feel the sacred flame ;  
And every heart and every tongue  
Adore the Savior's glorious name.

4. Jesus, who died that we might live,  
Died in the wretched traitor's place—  
O what returns can mortals give,  
For such immeasurable grace?

6. Yet though for bounty so divine  
We ne'er can equal honors raise,  
Jesus, may all our hearts be Thine,  
And all our tongues proclaim Thy praise.

3. Jesus, who once upon the tree  
In agonizing pains expired,  
Who died for rebels — yes, 'tis He!  
How bright! how lovely! how admired!

5. Were universal nature ours,  
And art with all her boasted store,  
Nature and art with all their powers  
Would still confess the offerer poor!