

Isaac Watts, 1719  
(Psalm 104) 88. 88. 88.

# Monticello

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G Major  
Daniel Read, 1804  
(Revised 1807)

Tr. C. T. B.

4. The world's foun - da - tions by His hand Are poised, and shall for - ev - er stand; He binds the

5 10

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score for 'Monticello'. It consists of four staves: Treble (Tr.), Alto (C.), Tenor (T.), and Bass (B.). The key signature is G Major (one sharp) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: '4. The world's foun - da - tions by His hand Are poised, and shall for - ev - er stand; He binds the'. There are measure numbers 5 and 10 indicated above the Treble staff.

Tr. C. T. B.

o - cean in His chain, Lest it should drown the earth a - gain.

15

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It continues with the same four staves. The lyrics are: 'o - cean in His chain, Lest it should drown the earth a - gain.'. There is a measure number 15 indicated above the Treble staff.

3. Angels, whom his own breath inspires,  
His ministers, are flaming fires;  
And swift as thought their armies move  
To bear his vengeance or his love.

18. How strange thy works! how great  
And every land thy riches fill: |Thy skill!  
Thy wisdom round the world we see;  
This spacious earth is full of thee.

23. But when thy face is hid, they mourn,  
And, dying, to their dust return;  
Both man and beast their souls resign;  
Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.

26. The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,  
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;  
Yet humble souls may see thy face,  
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

17. Then man to daily labor goes;  
The night was made for his repose;  
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief  
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

21. Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord;  
All nature rests upon thy word,  
And the whole race of creatures stands  
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

25. His works, the wonders of his might,  
Are honored with his own delight;  
How awful are his glorious ways!  
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

27. In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
And make my meditations sweet;  
Thy praises shall my breath employ,  
Till it expire in endless joy.