

Descend from heaven, immortal Dove

Thomas Clark

ELMSTEAD. L.M. Hy: 23. B: 2. Dr. Watts.

This edition by Edmund Gooch
released into the public domain,
November 2015.

Affettuoso

Des-cend from heav'n, im - mor - tal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And
Be - yond, be - yond this low - er sky, Up where e - ter - nal a - ges roll; Where
O for a sight, a pleas - ing sight Of our al - migh - ty Fa - ther's throne! There
A - dor - ing saints a - round him stand, And thrones and pow'rs be - fore him fall; The

Des-cend from heav'n, im - mor - tal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And
Be - yond, be - yond this low - er sky, Up where e - ter - nal a - ges roll; Where
O for a sight, a pleas - ing sight Of our al - migh - ty Fa - ther's throne! There
A - dor - ing saints a - round him stand, And thrones and pow'rs be - fore him fall; The

Des-cend from heav'n, im - mor - tal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And
Be - yond, be - yond this low - er sky, Up where e - ter - nal a - ges roll; Where
O for a sight, a pleas - ing sight Of our al - migh - ty Fa - ther's throne! There
A - dor - ing saints a - round him stand, And thrones and pow'rs be - fore him fall; The

Des-cend from heav'n, im - mor - tal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And
Be - yond, be - yond this low - er sky, Up where e - ter - nal a - ges roll; Where
O for a sight, a pleas - ing sight Of our al - migh - ty Fa - ther's throne! There
A - dor - ing saints a - round him stand, And thrones and pow'rs be - fore him fall; The

9

mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fer - ior things, And
so - lid plea - sures ne - ver die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul, Where
sits our Sa - viour crown'd with light, Cloth'd in a bo - dy like our own, There
God shines gra - cious through the man, And sheds sweet glo - ries on them all, The

mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fer - ior things, And
so - lid plea - sures ne - ver die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul, Where
sits our Sa - viour crown'd with light, Cloth'd in a bo - dy like our own, There
God shines gra - cious through the man, And sheds sweet glo - ries on them all, The

mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fer - ior things, And
so - lid plea - sures ne - ver die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul, Where
sits our Sa - viour crown'd with light, Cloth'd in a bo - dy like our own, There
God shines gra - cious through the man, And sheds sweet glo - ries on them all, The

mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fer - ior things, And
so - lid plea - sures ne - ver die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul, Where
sits our Sa - viour crown'd with light, Cloth'd in a bo - dy like our own, There
God shines gra - cious through the man, And sheds sweet glo - ries on them all, The

Descend from heaven, immortal Dove - Elmstead (Thomas Clark)

17

mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fer - ior things.
 so - lid plea - sures ne - ver die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul.
 sits our Sa - viour crown'd with light, Cloth'd in a bo - dy like our own.
 God shines gra - cious through the man, And sheds sweet glo - ries on them all!

mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fer - ior things.
 so - lid plea - sures ne - ver die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul.
 sits our Sa - viour crown'd with light, Cloth'd in a bo - dy like our own.
 God shines gra - cious through the man, And sheds sweet glo - ries on them all!

mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fer - ior things.
 so - lid plea - sures ne - ver die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul.
 sits our Sa - viour crown'd with light, Cloth'd in a bo - dy like our own.
 God shines gra - cious through the man, And sheds sweet glo - ries on them all!

6 6 6 4/3 6 4 3 5 8 7 6 5 3 6 4 3 6 6 7

mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fer - ior things.
 so - lid plea - sures ne - ver die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul.
 sits our Sa - viour crown'd with light, Cloth'd in a bo - dy like our own.
 God shines gra - cious through the man, And sheds sweet glo - ries on them all!

O what amazing joys they feel,
 While to their golden harps they sing,
 And sit on every heav'nly hill,
 And spread the triumphs of their king!

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
 And view thy face, and sing, and love?

Notes:

The order of staves in the source is Tenor - [Alto] - Air - [Bass], with the alto part printed in the treble clef an octave above sounding pitch.

Only the first verse of text is given in the source: subsequent verses have here been added editorially.

In bar 3 and in bars 19-20 of this setting, the tenor and bass parts cross. If instruments are used to accompany this piece, doubling the bass part an octave lower would prevent inversion of the harmony in these passages.