

Isaac Watts, 1709  
(Hymn 19, Book 3)  
88. 88. (L. M.)

# Medford

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B minor  
William Billings, 1770

1. At Thy com - mand, our dear - est Lord, Here we at -  
2. Our faith a - dores Thy bleed - ing love, And trusts for  
3. Let the vain world pro - nounce it shame, And fling their  
4. With joy we tell the scoff - ing age, He that was

Treble Counter Tenor Bass

5

8

tend Thy dy - ing feast; Thy blood like wine a -  
life in one who died; We hope for heaven - ly  
scan - dals on the cause; We come to boast our  
dead has left His tomb; He lives a - bove their

Tr. C. T. B.

10

8

dorns Thy board, And Thine own flesh feeds eve - ry guest.  
crowns a - bove, From a re - deem - er cruc - i - fied.  
Sav - ior's name, And make our tri - umphs in His cross.  
ut - most rage, And we are wait - ing till He come.

Tr. C. T. B.

15

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