

Russell

Transcribed from *The New American Melody*, 1789.

G Major Jacob French, 1789

5 10 15 1. 2.

1. My lot is fall'n in that blest ___ land Where God is tru ly known; He fills my cup with liberal hand; Tis he supports, Tis he supports my throne.
2. Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord, Whose precepts give me light, And private counsel still afford In the dark night, In sorrow's dismal night.
3. Therefore my heart all grief de - fies, My glory does re - joice; My flesh shall rest in hope to rise, Waked by his voice, Waked by his powerful voice.
4. Thou shalt the paths of life display, That to thy presence lead; Where pleasures dwell without allay, Joys never fade, And joys that never fade.

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1. My lot is fall'n _____ in that blest land Where God is tru ly known; He fills my cup with liberal hand; Tis he supports my throne, Tis he supports my throne.
2. Therefore my soul _____ shall bless the Lord, Whose precepts give _____ me light, And private counsel still afford In sorrow's dismal night, _____ In sorrow's dis-mal night.
3. Therefore my heart _____ all grief de - fies, My glo-ry does _____ re - joice; My flesh shall rest in hope to rise, Wak'd by his pow'rful voice, _____ Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
4. Thou shalt the paths _____ of life dis-play, That to thy pre - sence lead; Where pleasures dwell without allay, And joys that never fade, _____ And joys that ne-ver fade. Where