


Bashan


Isaac Watts, 1707
(Hymn 48, Book 2)


86. 86. (C. M.)

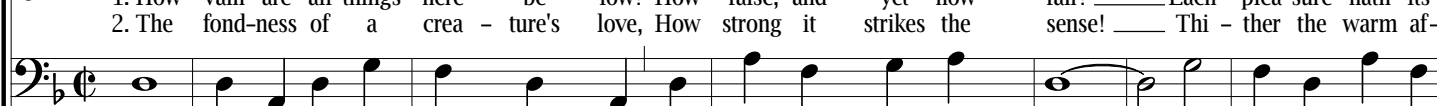
Transcribed from *Province Harmony*, 1809;
Counter by B. C. Johnston, 2018.


D minor Hezekiah Moors, 1809

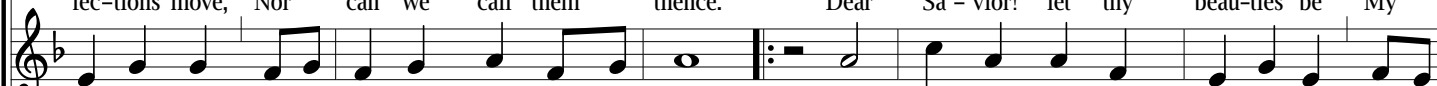
Tr.  5
1. How vain are all things here be - low! How false, and yet how fair! — Each plea-sure hath its
2. The fond-ness of a crea - ture's love, How strong it strikes the sense! — Thi - ther the warm af-


C. 

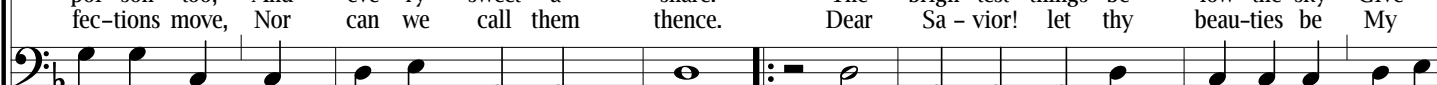
T. 


B. 

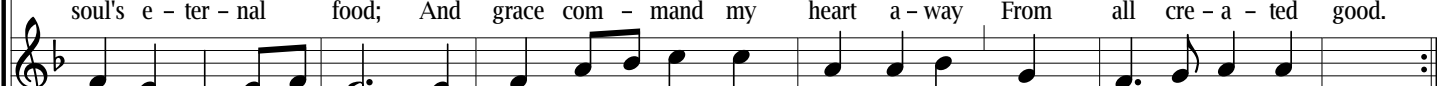
Tr.  10
poi-son too, And eve - ry sweet a snare. The brig-h-test things be - low the sky Give
fec-tions move, Nor can we call them thence. Dear Sa - vior! let thy beau-ties be My


C. 

T. 

B. 

Tr.  15
but a flat-tering light; We should sus - pect some dan - ger nigh Where we pos-sess de - light.
soul's e - ter - nal food; And grace com - mand my heart a - way From all cre - a - ted good.

C. 

T. 

B. 