

# Pittsford

Transcribed from *The Village Compilation*, 1806.

F minor  
Daniel Belknap, 1802

Treble  
1. God, the e - ter - nal, aw - ful name, Which the whole heav'n-ly ar - my fears,  
Counter  
2. Like flames of fire his ser - vants are, And light sur - rounds his dwell - ling place;  
Tenor  
'Tis not for such poor worms as we To speak so in - fi - nite a thing;  
Bass

Tr.  
Which shakes the wide cre-a - tion's frame, And Sa - tan trem - bles when he hears.  
C.  
But O ye fie - ry flames! de - clare The bright - ter glo - ry of his face.  
T.  
But you im - mor - tal eyes sur - vey The beau - ties of your sove - reign King.  
B.

4. Tell how he shows his smiling face,  
And clothes all heav'n in bright array;  
Triumph and joy run through the place,  
And songs eternal as the day.

7. What mighty storms of poisoned darts  
Were hurled upon the rebels there!  
What deadly javelins nailed their hearts  
Fast to the racks of long despair!

5. Speak, for you feel his burning love,  
What zeal it spreads through all your frame;  
That sacred fire dwells all above,  
For we on earth have lost the name.

8. Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host,  
You that beheld the sinking foe;  
Firmly ye stood when they were lost:  
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.

6. Sing of his power and justice too,  
That infinite right hand of his  
That vanquished Satan and his crew,  
And thunder drove them down from bliss.

9. Proclaim his wonders from the skies,  
Let every distant nation hear;  
And while you sound his lofty praise,  
Let humble mortals bow and fear.