

Bushwick

Transcribed from *The Columbian Repository*, 1803.

D minor

Samuel Holyoke, 1803

Tr. 5 10

1. Now let the Lord my Sa-vior smile, And show my name up-on his heart, I would forget my pains awhile, And in the pleasure, in the pleasure lose the smart.
2. But O, it swells my sor-rows high To see my blessed Jesus frown; My spirits sink, my comforts die, And all the springs, and all the springs of life are down.

C.

3. Yet why, my soul, why these complaints? Still while he frowns his bowels move; Still on his heart he bears his saints, And feels their sorrows, feels their sorrows and his love.
4. My name is printed on his breast; His book of life contains my name; I'd rather have it there impressed Than in the bright records, bright records of fame.

T.

5. When the last fire burns all things here, Those letters shall securely stand, And in the Lamb's fair book appear, Writ by th' eternal, by th' eternal Father's hand.
6. Now shall my minutes smooth-ly run, While here I wait my Fa-ther's will; My rising and my setting sun Roll gently up and down, roll up and down the hill.

B.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2020

Measure 4, *Tenor*: sharp on second C assumed.