

# Palmer

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1803.

Tr.  5 10


1. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise; This work shall make my heart rejoice, This work shall make my  
2. Great God, indulge my humble claim, Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest; The glo - ries that compose thy name The glories that com -  
3. With early feet I love t'ap - pear Among thy saints, and seek thy face; Oft have I seen thy glory there, Oft have I seen thy

T.  8

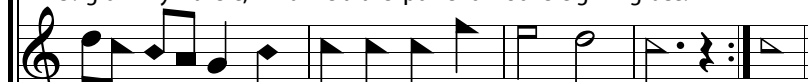
1. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise; This work shall make my heart rejoice, This work shall make my  
2. Great God, indulge my humble claim, Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest; The glo - ries that compose thy name, The glories that com -  
3. With early feet I love t'ap - pear Among thy saints, and seek thy face; Oft have I seen thy glory there, Oft have I seen thy

B. 


1. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise; This work shall make my heart rejoice, This work shall make my  
2. Great God, indulge my humble claim, Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest; The glo - ries that compose thy name, The glories that com -  
3. With early feet I love t'ap - pear Among thy saints, and seek thy face; Oft have I seen thy glory there, Oft have I seen thy

Tr.  15 1. 2.

1. heart re - joice, And well employ my fu - ture days.  
2. - pose thy name Stand all engaged to make me blest.  
3. glo - ry there, And felt the power of sovereign grace.

T.  8

1. heart re - joice, And well employ my fu - ture days.  
2. - pose thy name Stand all engaged to make me blest.  
3. glo - ry there, And felt the power of sovereign grace.

B. 

1. heart re - joice, And well employ my fu - ture days. This  
2. - pose thy name Stand all engaged to make me blest. The  
3. glo - ry there, And felt the power of sovereign grace. Oft

4. Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God;  
And I am thine by sacred ties;  
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood

7. My life itself without thy love  
No taste of pleasure could afford;  
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,  
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

5. With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

8. Amidst the wakeful hours of night,  
When busy cares afflict my head,  
One thought of thee gives new delight,  
And adds refreshment to my bed.

6. Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,  
Nor all the joys our senses know,  
Could make me so divinely blest,  
Or raise my cheerful passions so.