

# Moreen

Transcribed from Swan's *New England Harmony*, 1801.

E Major  
 Timothy Swan, 1801

Tr. 1. Oft I am told the muse will prove A friend to pi-e-ty and love;  
 2. Would I en - joy my Lord a - lone, I bid my passions all be gone,  
 3. This foolish heart can leave her God, And sha-dows tempt her thoughts abroad:

C. 1. Oft I am told the muse will prove A friend to pi-e-ty and love;  
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B. 1. Straight I begin some sa-cred song, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. All but my love; and charge my will \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. How shall I fix this wandering mind, \_\_\_\_\_

Tr. 1. Straight I begin some sa - cred song And take my Savior on my tongue.  
 2. All but my love; and charge my will To bar the door and guard it still.  
 3. How shall I fix this wan-d'ring mind, Or throw my fetters on the wind?

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T. 1. -gin some sa - cred song, \_\_\_\_\_ And take my Savior on my tongue. Strangely I lose his love - ly face,  
 2. love; and charge my will \_\_\_\_\_ To bar the door and guard it still. But cares or trifles make or find  
 3. fix this wandering mind, \_\_\_\_\_ Or throw my fetters on the wind? Say, when shall that bright moment be,

B. 1. \_\_\_\_\_ And take my Sa - vior on my tongue. \_\_\_\_\_ To  
 2. \_\_\_\_\_ To bar the door and guard it still. \_\_\_\_\_ Still  
 3. \_\_\_\_\_ Or throw my fetters on the wind? \_\_\_\_\_ That

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Tr. 1. To hold \_\_\_\_\_ the empty sounds in chase; \_\_\_\_\_ At best the chimes  
 2. Still new \_\_\_\_\_ a - ve - nues to the mind, \_\_\_\_\_ Till I with grief  
 3. That I \_\_\_\_\_ shall live a - lone for thee; \_\_\_\_\_ My heart no for -

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 2. and won - der see Huge crowds betwixt my Lord and me.  
 3. -eign lords adore, And the wild muse prove false no more?

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