

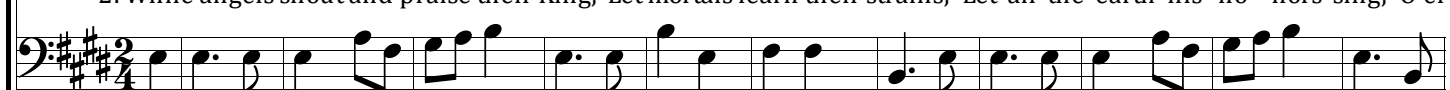



# Knoxville

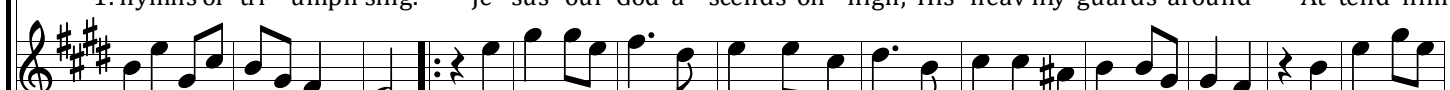
Transcribed from *The Village Harmony*, 1803.

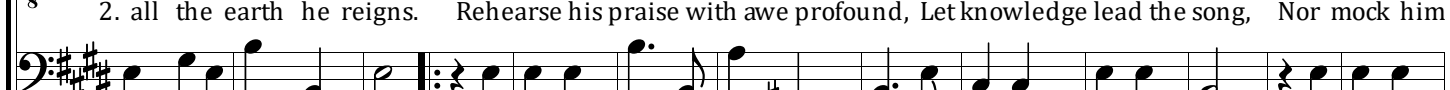
Tr.  1. O for a shout of sa - cred joy To God the sovereign King! Let eve-ry land their tongues employ, And


T.  2. While angels shout and praise their King, Let mortals learn their strains; Let all the earth his ho - nors sing; O'er

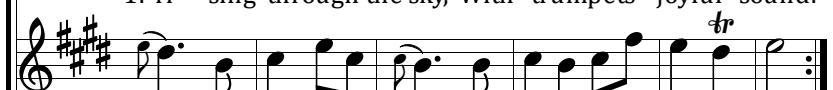
B.  3. In Is - rael stood his an - cient throne, He loved that chosen race; But now he calls the world his own, And

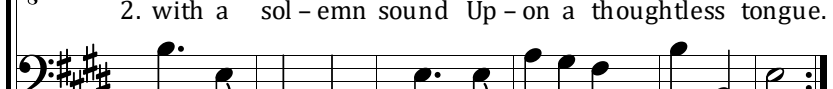
Tr.  1. hymns of tri - umph sing. Je - sus our God a - scends on high, His heav'nly guards around At-tend him

T.  2. all the earth he reigns. Rehearse his praise with awe profound, Let knowledge lead the song, Nor mock him

B.  3. heathens taste his grace. Know all the nations are the Lord's, Where Abraham's God is known; While pow'rs and

Tr.  1. ri - sing through the sky, With trumpets' joyful sound.

T.  2. with a sol - emn sound Up - on a thoughtless tongue.

B.  3. princes, shields and swords, Sub-mit be - fore his throne.