

OLD FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.*

377

OLD DEVOTION. L. M.

D. READ. 1780.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
 2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.
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 2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da vid's harp, of sol - emn sound.

RUSSIA. L. M.

READ.

False are the men of high de - gree, The bas - er sort are van - i - ty; Laid in a bal - ance both appear Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

False are the men of high de - gree, The bas - er sort are van - i - ty; Laid in a bal - ance both ap - pear Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

False are the men of high de - gree, The bas - er sort are van - i - ty; Laid in a bal - ance both appear Light as a puff of emp - ty air, Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

Laid in a balance, both appear Light as a puff of emp - - ty air, Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

* A number of the tunes in this department have been inserted to please the old people. The Harmony is bad.