

# Brookline

No. 2 from *The New England Psalm-Singer* (1770)

William Billings  
(1746 - 1800)

The Heav'ns de - clare thy Glo - ry, Lord, Which

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Detailed description: This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef with lyrics. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are: 'The Heav'ns de - clare thy Glo - ry, Lord, Which'.

that a - lone can fill; The Fir - ma - ment and

that a - lone can fill; The Fir - ma - ment and

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that a - lone can fill; The Fir - ma - ment and

Detailed description: This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef with lyrics. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are: 'that a - lone can fill; The Fir - ma - ment and'.

Stars express Their great Creator's Skill.

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2. The Dawn of each returning Day  
 Fresh Beams of Knowledge brings;  
 And from the dark Returns of Night  
 Divine Instruction springs.

3. Their pow'rful Language to no Realm  
 Or Region is confin'd:  
 'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood  
 Alike by all Mankind.

6. From East to West, from West to East,  
 His restless Course he goes;  
 And, through his Progress, cheerful Light,  
 And vital Warmth bestows.

8. The Statutes of the Lord are just,  
 And bring sincere Delight;  
 His oure Commands in search of Truth  
 Assist the feeblest Sight.

10. Of more Esteem than golden Mines,  
 Or Gold refin'd with Skill;  
 More sweet than Honey, or the Drops  
 That from the Comb distil.

12. But what frail Man Observes how oft  
 He does from Virtue fall!  
 O! Cleanse me from my secret Faults,  
 Thou God that know'st them all.

14. So shall my Pray'r and Praises be,  
 With thy Acceptance blest;  
 And I secure, on thy Defence,  
 My Strength and Saviour rest.

4. Their Doctrine does its sacred Sense  
 Through Earth's Extent display;  
 Whose bright Contents the circling Sun  
 Does round the World convey.

5. No Bridegroom fo his Nuptials dress'd  
 Has such a cheerful Face:  
 No Giant does like him rejoice,  
 To run his glorious Race.

7. God's perfect Law converts the Soul,  
 Reclaims from false Desires;  
 With sacred Wisdom his sure Word  
 The Ignorant inspires.

9. His perfect Worship here is fix'd  
 On sure Foundations laid:  
 His equal Laws are in the Scales  
 Of Truth and Justice weigh'd:

11. My trusty Consellers they are,  
 And friendly Warnings give:  
 Divine Rewards attend on those,  
 Who by thy Precepts live.

13. Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,  
 Dominion have o'er me;  
 That, by the Grace preserv'd, I may  
 The great Transgression flee.