

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.

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Lowell Mason



1. Thy praise, O Lord, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joy-ful songs in-spire; To Thee our cor-dial thanks be paid, Our sure de-fence, our con-stant aid.



2. Why then cast down? why so dis-tressed? And whence the grief that fills our breast? In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise Our songs of grat-i-tude and praise.

