Let All the Heathen Writers Join

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
Let all the heathen writers join

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
To form one perfect book, Great God, if

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
once com- par'd with thine, How mean their

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
writings look!

The other verses

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

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