

## WINDHAM. L.M.

*"Wide is the gate, broad is the way that leadeth to destruction." -- Matt. 7:13.*

E Minor Isaac Watts, 1707.

Daniel Read, 1785.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el-er.

2. "De-ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command; Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'n-ly land.

3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more Is but es-teemed al-most a saint And makes his own de- struc-tion sure.

4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre-ate my heart en-tire-ly new, Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er at-tain, Which false a-pos-tates nev-er knew.

## MEAR. C.M.

*"What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much long-suffering? -- Rom. 9:22.*

49

G Major Isaac Watts, 1719.

A Sett Of Tunes, 1720.

1. Will God for-ev-er cast us off? His wrath for-ev-er smoke A- gainst the peo- ple of His love, His lit- tle cho- sen flock?

2. Think of the tribes so dear-ly bought With the Re-deem-er's blood, Nor let Thy 'Zi- on be for- got, Where once Thy glo- ry stood.

3. Where once Thy church- es prayed and sang Thy foes pro- fane- ly rage; A- mid Thy gates their en- signs hang, And there their hosts en- gage.

4. And still to height- en our dis- tress, Thy pres- ence is with- drawn; Thy wont- ed signs of pow'r and grace, Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

5. No proph- et speaks to calm our grief, But all in si- lence mourn; Nor know the hour of our re- lief, The hour of Thy re- tum.