

Sweet is the work, my God, my King

1

Paraphrased by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Psalm 92

Lichfield, by Edward Harwood (1707-87)
Edited by Barry Lloyd and Francis Roads

The musical score is for a four-part vocal setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor [Air], Bass) and keyboard accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The score is divided into two systems. The first system covers measures 1-7, and the second system covers measures 8-14. The lyrics are: "1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, give thanks and sing, And talk of name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of". Circled numbers 2, 3, and 4 are placed above certain notes in the vocal parts, corresponding to specific lines of text. The keyboard part provides a harmonic accompaniment with a steady bass line and a more active treble line.

Editorial note:

Harwood published *Lichfield* in his *A Second Set of Hymns and Psalm Tunes* (Chester, 1786)

Circled numbers correspond with lines of text.

Transposed down a semitone; tenor bar 100 note 2
to bar 14 originally alto.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King

16

S all thy truth at night. To show thy love by

A - - - - - To show thy love by

T all thy truth at night. To show thy love by

B all thy truth at night. To show thy love by

Kbd.

21

S mor - ning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

A mor - ning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

T mor - ning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

B mor - ning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

Kbd.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.
5. But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
6. Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And ev'ry power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.