

# 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

*[♩=120]*

Soprano

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give  
 2. *Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal cares shall*  
 3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless his works, and  
 4. *Fools ne - ver raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they live, like*

Alto

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name,  
 2. *Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal cares*  
 3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless his works,  
 4. *Fools ne - ver raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they live,*

Tenor [Air]

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy  
 2. *Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal*  
 3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless his  
 4. *Fools ne - ver raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they*

Bass

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy  
 2. *Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal*  
 3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless his  
 4. *Fools ne - ver raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they*

8

S

thanks, give thanks and sing, And talk of  
*seize, shall seize my breast; Like Da - vid's*  
 bless, and bless his word; How deep thy  
*brutes, like brutes they die; Blast them in*

A

— give thanks and sing,  
 — *shall seize my breast;*  
 — and bless his word;  
 — *like brutes they die;*

T

name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by mor - ning light, And talk of  
*cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's*  
 works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy  
*live, like brutes they die; Like grass they flour - ish, till thy breath Blast them in*

B

name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by mor - ning light, And talk of  
*cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's*  
 works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy  
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Editorial note:

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

## Sweet is the work, my God, my King

16

S  
all thy truth at night. To show thy love by  
*harp of so - lemn sound! O may my heart in*  
coun - sels! how di - vine Thy works of grace, how  
*e - ver - las - ting death, Like grass they flour - ish,*

A  
To show thy love by  
*O may my heart in*  
Thy works of grace, how  
*Like grass they flour - ish,*

T  
all thy truth at night. To show thy love by  
*harp of so - lemn sound! O may my heart in*  
coun - sels! how di - vine Thy works of grace, how  
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all thy truth at night. To show thy love by  
*harp of so - lemn sound! O may my heart in*  
coun - sels! how di - vine! Thy works of grace, how  
*e - ver - las - ting death, Like grass they flour - ish,*

21

S  
mor - ning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.  
*tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of so - lemn sound!*  
bright they shine! How deep thy coun - sels! how di - vine!  
*till thy breath Blast them in e - ver - las - ting death.*

A  
mor - ning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.  
*tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of so - lemn sound!*  
bright they shine! How deep thy coun - sels! how di - vine!  
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bright they shine! How deep thy coun - sels! how di - vine!  
*till thy breath Blast them in e - ver - las - ting 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.

Circled numbers correspond with lines of text.  
Transposed down a semitone; tenor bar 100 note 2  
to bar 14 originally alto.