## HARMONY. 8.8.6.



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3. Prevent, prevent it by thy grace; Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place, In the accepted day;

Thy pard'ning voice, O let me heard, to still my unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. Let me among the saints be found, Whene'er th'archangel's trump shall sound, To see thy smiling face; Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing, While heav'ns resounding mansions ring, With shouts of sov'reign grace.