

# BEULAH

77.77.77.77

Adapted from  
Schubert, "Lob der Tränen," D. 711

Con affetto.

Baker and Southard, *Haydn Collection* (1850)

1. When be - fore thy throne we kneel, Filled with awe and ho - ly fear, Teach us,  
2. Weak, im - per - fect crea - tures we In this vale of dark - ness dwell; Yet pre -

O our God, to feel All thy sa - cred pre - sence near. Check each  
- sume to look to thee 'Midst thy light in - ef - fa - ble. O re -

proud and wand - ring tho't When on thy great name we call; Man is  
- ceive the praise that dares Seek thy heaven - ex - alt - ted throne; Bless our

Ritard >

nought, is less than nought; Thou, our God art all in all.  
off - erings, hear our prayers, In - fi - nite and Ho - ly One!