

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 >