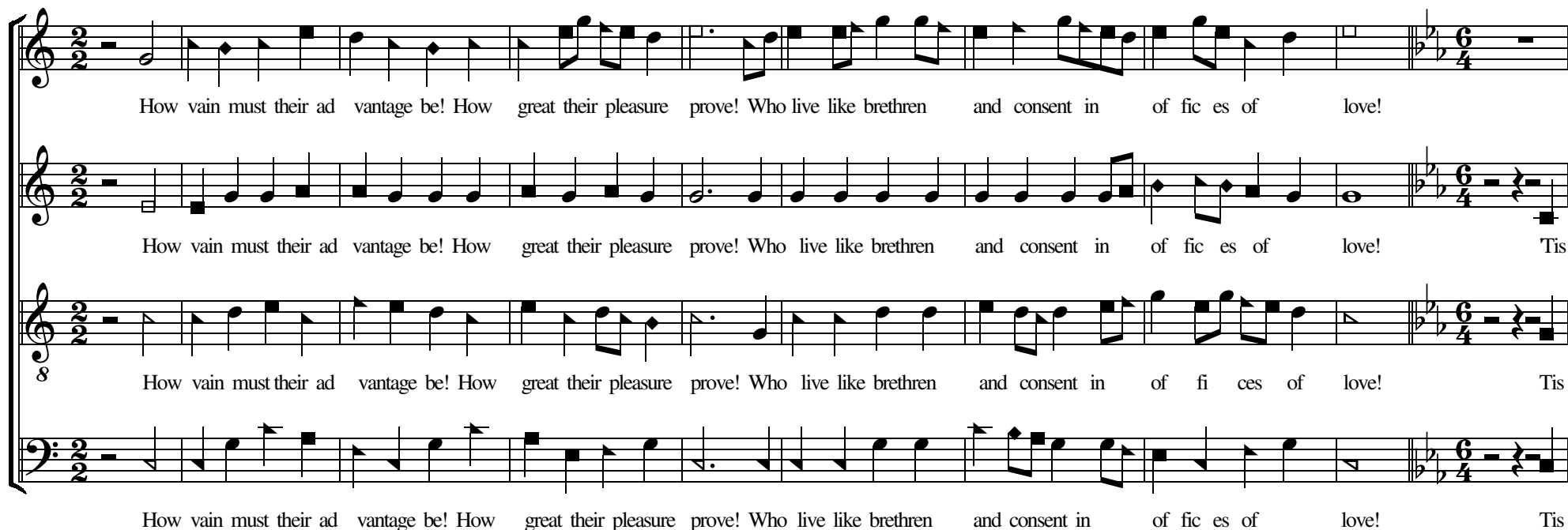


Lewis-Town. C.M.

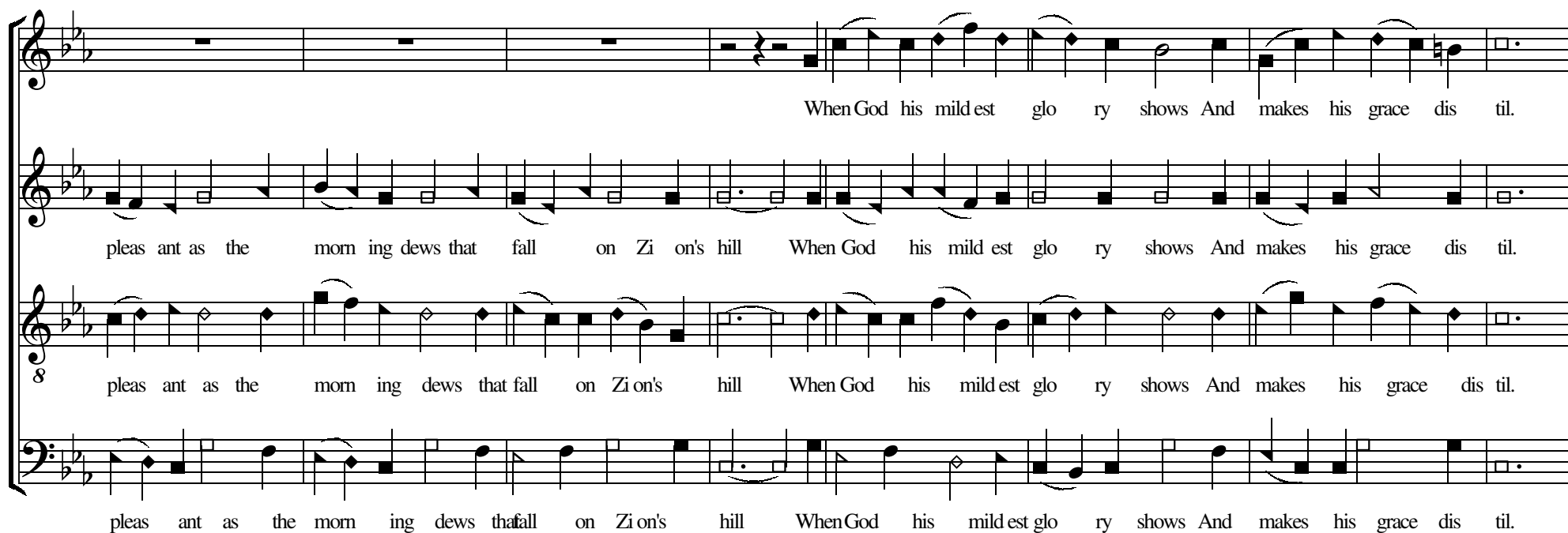


How vain must their ad vantage be! How great their pleasure prove! Who live like brethren and consent in of fic es of love!

How vain must their ad vantage be! How great their pleasure prove! Who live like brethren and consent in of fic es of love! Tis

8 How vain must their ad vantage be! How great their pleasure prove! Who live like brethren and consent in of fi ces of love! Tis

How vain must their ad vantage be! How great their pleasure prove! Who live like brethren and consent in of fic es of love! Tis



When God his mild est glo ry shows And makes his grace dis til.

pleas ant as the morn ing dews that fall on Zi on's hill When God his mild est glo ry shows And makes his grace dis til.

8 pleas ant as the morn ing dews that fall on Zi on's hill When God his mild est glo ry shows And makes his grace dis til.

pleas ant as the morn ing dews that fall on Zi on's hill When God his mild est glo ry shows And makes his grace dis til.

Lewis-Town. C.M.

The image displays a musical score for the hymn 'Lewis-Town. C.M.' by William Billings (1794). The score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The key signature is C Major/C Minor, and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'Tis like the oil div ine ly sweet OnAar on's rev'rend head, The trick ling drops per fum'd his feet And o'er his gar ments spread. Tis spread.' The score includes repeat signs and first/second endings for the Soprano and Bass parts. The Alto and Tenor parts also have repeat signs. The Soprano part has a first ending that leads to a second ending, which then leads to the final measure. The Bass part has a first ending that leads to a second ending, which then leads to the final measure. The Alto and Tenor parts have repeat signs that lead to the final measure. The Soprano part has a first ending that leads to a second ending, which then leads to the final measure. The Bass part has a first ending that leads to a second ending, which then leads to the final measure.

Tis like the oil div ine ly sweet OnAar on's rev'rend head, The trick ling drops per fum'd his feet And o'er his gar ments spread. Tis spread.

Tis like the oil div ine ly sweet OnAar on's rev'rend head; The trick ling drops per fum'd his feet And o'er his garments spread. Tis spread.

Tis like the oil div ine ly sweet OnAar on's rev'rend head, The trick ling drops perfum'd his feet And o'ev his garments spread. Tis spread.

Tis like the oil div ine ly sweet On Aar on's rev'rend head, The trick ling drops perfum'd his feet And o'er his garments spread. Tis spread.