

Isaac Watts

Arcangelo Corelli

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those re-fuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a-broad.  
let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high.

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