

PRIMROSE. C.M.

Isaac Watts

Amzi Chapin

1. Sal - va - tion! O, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis plea - sure to our ears; A sov - 'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise by grace di - vine To see a heav'n - ly day.

3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky, Con - spire to raise the sound.