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# Windham

(from The Sacred Harp)  
T.T.B.B.

Performance time: 2:15

Isaac Watt (1709)

Daniel Reed (1785)  
Arr. George S. Clinton

Adagio ♩ = 65

**Ten. 1**

*f*

1. Broad is the road that leads to death And  
 (2. "De-) ny thy- self, and take thy cross," Is  
 (3. The) fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And  
 (4. Lord,) let not all my hopes be vain, Cre-

**Ten. 2**

*f*

1. Broad is the road that leads to death \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 (2. "De-) ny thy- self, and take thy cross," \_\_\_\_\_ Is  
 (3. The) fear-ful soul that tires and faints, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 (4. Lord,) let not all my hopes be vain, \_\_\_\_\_ Cre-

**Bass 1**

*f*

1. Broad is the road that leads to death And  
 (2. "De-) ny thy- self, and take thy cross," Is  
 (3. The) fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And  
 (4. Lord,) let not all my hopes be vain, Cre-

**Bass 2**

*f*

1. Broad is the road that leads to death \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 (2. "De-) ny thy- self, and take thy cross," \_\_\_\_\_ Is  
 (3. The) fear-ful soul that tires and faints, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 (4. Lord,) let not all my hopes be vain, \_\_\_\_\_ Cre-

**Keyboard (rehearsal)**

thou- sands walk to- geth- er there; But wis- dom shows a nar- row path,  
 the Re- deem- er's great com- mand; Na- ture must count her gold but dross,  
 walks the ways of God no more, Is but es- teemed al- most a saint,  
 ate my heart en- tire- ly new, Which hy- po- crites could ne'er at- tain,

thou- sands walk to- geth- er there; \_\_\_\_\_ But wis- dom shows a nar- row path, \_\_\_\_\_  
 the Re- deem- er's great com- mand; \_\_\_\_\_ Na- ture must count her gold but dross, \_\_\_\_\_  
 walks the ways of God no more, \_\_\_\_\_ Is but es- teemed al- most a saint, \_\_\_\_\_  
 ate my heart en- tire- ly new, \_\_\_\_\_ Which hy- po- crites could ne'er at- tain, \_\_\_\_\_

thou- sands walk to- geth- er there; But wis- dom shows a nar- row path,  
 the Re- deem- er's great com- mand; Na- ture must count her gold but dross,  
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thou- sands walk to- geth- er there; \_\_\_\_\_ But wis- dom shows a nar- row path, \_\_\_\_\_  
 the Re- deem- er's great com- mand; \_\_\_\_\_ Na- ture must count her gold but dross, \_\_\_\_\_  
 walks the ways of God no more, \_\_\_\_\_ Is but es- teemed al- most a saint, \_\_\_\_\_  
 ate my heart en- tire- ly new, \_\_\_\_\_ Which by- po- crites could ne'er at- tain, \_\_\_\_\_