All Mortal Vanities, Be Gone

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
All mortal vani- ties, be gone, Nor

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears, Be-

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
hold amidst th'e- ternal throne A

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
vision of the Lamb appears.

The other verses

2 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne:
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.

3 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel-sound
Address their honours to his name,

4 The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills,
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."

5 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
"To be our teacher and our king!"

6 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
'With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made favourites of their Cod.

8 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That died for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.