Away from Every Mortal Care

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Away from every mortal

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
care, A- way from earth our

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
souls retreat; We leave this

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
worthless world a- far, And

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
wait and worship near thy seat.

The other verses

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high,
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armour on
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
Here doth the righteous sun arise
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); 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.