Blest Is the Nation Where the Lord

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Blest is the nation where the Lord Hath

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
fix'd his gracious throne; Where

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
he reveals his heavenly word, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
calls their tribes his own.

The other verses

2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed nor courage of an horse
Can the bold rider save,

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just
Amongst ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.