Eternal God, Our Humbled Souls

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
Eternal God, our humbled souls

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
Before thy presence bow; With all thy

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
wasting maga- zines, How terri-

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
ble art thou!

The other verses

2 The flames thy messengers become,
And their destruction pour,
And that which we in strength had reared
Lies mouldered in an hour.

3 Within our pleasant places, Lord,
Destruction rears its head,
And blackened walls and smoking heaps
Along our streets are spread.

4 Lord, in this hour we come to thee,
With awe adore thy name;
Yet bless the hand of guardian love,
That snatched us from the flame.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. AGNES by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); words by Anonymous. Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.