From Thee, My God, My Joys Shall Rise

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise, And

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
run eternal rounds, Be-

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
yond the limits of the skies And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
all created bounds.

The other verses

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode,
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); 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.