Go, Worship at Immanuel's Feet

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Go, worship at Immanuel's

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
feet, See in his face what

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
wonders meet; Earth is too

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
narrow to ex- press His

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
worth, his glory, or his grace.

The other verses

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord:
Nature to make his beauties known
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.

4 Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

5 Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.

6 Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul the branch to Christ the vine:

7 Is he the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

8 Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9 Is he a fire? he'll purge my dross,
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

10 Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert thro'.

11 Is he a way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.

12 Is he a door? I'll enter in
Behold the pastures large and green,
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.

13 Is he design'd a corner-stone,
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

14 Is he a temple? I adore
Th'indwelling majesty and power;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.

15 Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-star.

16 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy, and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines, and reigns th'incarnate God.

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

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.