Great God, to What a Glorious Height

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Great God, to what a glorious height Hast

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son! An-

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
gels, in all their robes of light, Are

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
made the servants of his throne.

The other verses

2 Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state
In works of vengeance or of love.

3 His orders run thro' all their hosts,
Legions descend at his command
To shield and guard the British coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Thro' all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heavenly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shall bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); 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.