Had Not the Lord, May Israel Say

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Had not the Lord, may Israel say, Had

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
not the Lord main- tain'd our side, When

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
men to make our lives a prey, Rose

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
like the swelling of the tide;

The other verses

2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,
Who sav'd us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's Name,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies;
He that upholds that wondrous frame
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

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.