Hence from My Soul, Sad Thoughts, Be Gone

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Hence from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone, And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
leave me to my joys, My

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
tongue shall triumph in my God, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
make a joyful noise.

The other verses

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 O what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved mine.

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain,
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.