Holy Lord God! I Love Thy Truth

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Holy Lord God! I love thy

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
truth, Nor dare thy least com-

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
mandment slight; Yet pierced by

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
sin, the serpent's tooth, I

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
mourn the anguish of the bite.

The other verses

2 But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait;
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell;
One sin, unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.

4 The pris'ner, sent to breathe fresh air,
And blessed with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemned to wear
One link of all his former chain.

5 But O! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the christian's head;
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by William Cowper (1731–1800). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.