How Are Thy Glories Here Display'd

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
How are thy glories here display'd, Great

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
God, how bright they shine, While

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
at thy word we break the bread, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
pour the flowing wine!

The other verses

2 Here thy revenging justice stands
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

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.