How Blest Thy Creature Is, O God

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
How blest thy creature is, O God, When

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
with a single eye, He

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
views the lustre of thy word, The

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
day spring from on high!

The other verses

2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things;
The Sun of righteousness he eyes,
With healing on his wings.

3 Struck by that light, the human heart,
A barren soil no more;
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurked before.

4 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain;
Feels a new empire formed within,
And owns a heav'nly reign.

5 The glorious orb, whose golden beams,
The fruitful year control
Since first obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal;

6 Has cheered the nations, with the joys
His orient rays impart
But Jesus, 'tis thy light alone,
Can shine upon the heart.

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