How Vast the Treasure We Possess

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
How vast the treasure we possess! How

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
rich thy bounty, King of Grace! This

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
world is ours, and worlds to come Earth

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
is our lodge, and heaven our home.

The other verses

2 All things are ours, the gifts of God;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood:
While the good Spirit shews us how
To use and to improve them too.

3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help, me, Lord, to speak thy praise!
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

4 I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great:
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

5 Father, I wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still:
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

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.