I Was a Groveling Creature Once

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
I was a groveling creature once, And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
safely cleaved to earth; I

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
wanted spirit to renounce The

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
clod that gave me birth.

The other verses

2 But God has breathed upon a worm,
And sent me, from above,
Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand;
To view, beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promised land.

4 The Lord of all the vast domain,
Has promised it to me;
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.

5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call,
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
O save me, lest I fall!

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); 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.