Let the Old Heathens Tune Their Song

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

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| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
  Let      the old heathens        tune their song Of

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
  great Diana          and of Jove; But

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
  the sweet theme that        moves my tongue Is

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
  my Redeemer          and his love.
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The other verses

2 Behold a God descends and dies
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How the black gulf where Satan lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3 How justice frown'd and vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honours given;
Thy wondrous Name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth, and wider heaven.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune WINCHESTER NEW (From "Musikalisches Handbuch", Hamburg, 1690); 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.