Lord, How Divine Thy Comforts Are

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: ST ANNE

| s - | m - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - s - |
Lord, how divine thy comforts are! How

| d' - s - l - fe - | s - - - - - t - |
heavenly is the place Where

| d' - l - r' - t - | d' - l - t - s - |
Jesus spreads the sacred feast Of

| l - d' - r' - t - | d' - - - - - |
his redeeming grace!

The other verses

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says, that "I am his,
"And my Beloved's mine."

3 "Here," (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side)
"See here the spring of all your joys,
"That open'd when I dy'd."

4 He smiles and cheers my mournful heart
And tells of all his pain,
"All this," says he, "I bore for thee;"
And then he smiles again.

5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6 Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad,
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.

7 To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.

Tune ST ANNE by William Croft (1678–1727); 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.