Lord, We Adore Thy Bounteous Hand

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand, And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
sing the solemn feast Where

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
sweet celestial dainties stand For

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
every willing guest.

The other verses

2 The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.

3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use
In rivulets of love.

4 The food's prepar'd by heavenly art,
The pleasure's well refin'd,
They spread new life thro' every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine,
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

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