Lord, We Are Blind, We Mortals Blind

Doh is E · 4/4 Tune: UXBRIDGE

| d - - - | d - r - m - r - | d - - - t, - - - |
Lord, we are blind, we mortals

| d - - - m - - - | s - s - l - t - |
blind, We can't behold thy

| d' - - - l - - - | s - - - s - - - |
bright a- bode; O

| d' - s - l - s - | f - - - m - - - |
'tis beyond a creature

| r - - - r - - - | m - s - s - f - |
mind To glance a thought half

| m - - - r - - - | d - - - |
way to God.

The other verses

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor soul can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look thro', and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

Tune UXBRIDGE by Lowell Mason (1792–1872); 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.