Lord, We Have Heard Thy Works of Old

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
Lord, we have heard thy works of old, Thy

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
works of power and grace, When

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
to our ears our fathers told The

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
wonders of their days:

The other verses

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Amongst them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast given.

6 Tho' dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore
Hard by the gates of death.

7 We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause,
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy Name,
The merits of thy blood.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. FLAVIAN (From Day's Psalter, 1563); 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.