# Not to Ourselves, Who Are but Dust

**Doh is Eb · 4/4** Tune: MELCOMBE

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| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
  Not     to ourselves, who          are but dust, Not

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
  to ourselves is          glory due, E-

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
  ternal God, thou         only just, Thou

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
  only gracious,          wise, and true.
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## The other verses

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?"

3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

5 With eyes, and ears they carve their head,
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); 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.