Now Gird Your Patient Loins Again

Doh is Bb · 4/4 Tune: ALL SAINTS, NEW

| s - | m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
Now gird your patient loins again, Your

| r' - m' - f' - m' - | r' - - - - - r' - |
wasting torches trim! The

| m' - - r' d' - t - | t - - l l - l - |
chief of all the sons of men, Shall

| s - d' - t - - d' | d' - - - - - d' - |
we not welcome him? Fill

| d' - d' - t - t - | l - - l l - l - |
all his courts with sacred songs, And

| s - s - s - s - | s - - - - - f - |
from the temple wall Wave

| m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
garlands o'er the joyful throngs That

| m' - r' - d' - t - | d' - - - - - |
crowd his festi- val!

The other verses

2 And still more freshly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time;
And, underneath these hallowed eaves,
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that him receives,
On his triumphal morn.

Tune ALL SAINTS, NEW by Henry Stephen Cutler (1825–1902); words by William Croswell (1804–1851). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.