O the Delights, the Heavenly Joys

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: ST ANNE

| s - | m - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - s - |
O the delights, the heavenly joys, The

| d' - s - l - fe - | s - - - - - t - |
glories of the place Where

| d' - l - r' - t - | d' - l - t - s - |
Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of

| l - d' - r' - t - | d' - - - - - |
his o'erflowing grace.

The other verses

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial Name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Thro' every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

6 His head, the dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

8 Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode,
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.

9 And whilst our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

10 Shout to the Lord, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run;
Ye British skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

11 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir
To praise th' eternal King.

12 Thy power the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

13 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

14 Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice:
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.

15 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd:
Praise to the God that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.

16 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die.

17 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious power,
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

Tune ST ANNE by William Croft (1678–1727); 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.