Sight, Hearing, Feeling, Taste and Smell

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Sight, hearing, feeling, taste and smell, Are

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
gifts we highly prize; But

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
faith does singly each excel, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
all the five com- prise.

The other verses

2 More piercing than the eagle's flight
It views the world unknown;
Surveys the glorious realms of light,
And Jesus on the throne.

3 It hears the mighty voice of God,
And ponders what he saith
His word and works, his gifts and rod,
Have each a voice to faith.

4 It feels the touch of heavenly pow'r,
And from that boundless source,
Derives fresh vigor every hour,
To run its daily course.

5 The truth and goodness of the Lord,
Are suited to its taste
Mean is the worldling's pampered board,
To faith's perpetual feast.

6 It smells the dear Redeemer's name
Like ointment poured forth;
Faith only knows or can proclaim,
Its favor or its worth.

7 Till saving faith possess the mind,
In vain of sense we boast;
We are but senseless, tasteless, blind,
And deaf, and dead, and lost.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.