Sing to the Lord That Built the Skies

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Sing to the Lord that built the skies, The

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
Lord that rear'd this stately frame; Let

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
half the nations sound his praise, And

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
lands unknown re- peat his Name.

The other verses

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made every drop and every dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

3 Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns our hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last
Till all his saints are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again!

5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

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.