Sweet Is the Bliss of Souls Serene

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
Sweet is the bliss of souls serene, When

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
they have sworn and steadfast mean, Count-

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
ing the cost, in all t'espy Their

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
God, in all them- selves deny.

The other verses

2 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

3 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune WINCHESTER NEW (From "Musikalisches Handbuch", Hamburg, 1690); words by John Keble (1792–1866). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.