The King of Saints, How Fair His Face

Doh is E · 4/4 Tune: UXBRIDGE

| d - - - | d - r - m - r - | d - - - t, - - - |
The king of saints, how fair his

| d - - - m - - - | s - s - l - t - |
face, A- dorn'd with majes-

| d' - - - l - - - | s - - - s - - - |
ty and grace! He

| d' - s - l - s - | f - - - m - - - |
comes with blessings from a-

| r - - - r - - - | m - s - s - f - |
bove, And wins the nations

| m - - - r - - - | d - - - |
to his love.

The other verses

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favourite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy Sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

Tune UXBRIDGE by Lowell Mason (1792–1872); 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.