The Lord, How Wondrous Are His Ways

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
The Lord, how wondrous are his ways: How

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
firm his truth how large his grace; He

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
takes his mercy for his throne, And

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
thence he makes his glories known.

The other verses

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hand and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

7 The mighty God, the wise, and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

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.