Thrice Happy Souls, Who, Born from Heaven

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
Thrice happy souls, who, born from heaven, While

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
yet they sojourn here, Do

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
all their days with God begin, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
spend them in his fear.

The other verses

2 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

5 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear, the last.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Philip Doddridge (1702–1751). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing.
Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.