Thy Works, O God, Thy Name Extol

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Thy works, O God, Thy name extol, Thou

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
Ruler of the worlds that roll; The

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
day is clad in garments bright, And

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
grateful sleep per- vades the night,

The other verses

2 That weary limbs from labour free,
By rest for toil prepared may be;
And jaded minds awhile forget
The anxious thoughts that pain and fret.

3 Fast fades the sunlight in the west;
Thy hand we own our day hath blessed;
Now from the accuser's power we flee,
And lift our prayers in song to Thee.

4 O Thou hast stirred our hearts to sing,
Hast tuned the praise our voices bring;
From earth's vain loves our love hast won,
Hast lured our thoughts that heavenward run.

5 So, when the rayless gloom of night
Hath quenched in dark the expiring light,
Faith waves the ebon clouds away,
And dark is light, and night is day.

6 That sin may ne'er an entrance make,
May slumber ne'er our souls o'ertake;
Faith, wakeful, keeps the soul secure,
And sleep is sweet, and deep, and pure.

7 The mind from sin's enticements free,
O let our dreams be thoughts of Thee;
And by no envious foe oppressed,
Vouchsafe to Thy beloved rest.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Traditional Latin; translated by John Brownlie (1857–1925). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.