Unshaken as the Sacred Hill

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Un- shaken as the sacred hill, And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
firm as mountains be, Firm

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
as a rock the soul shall rest That

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
leans, O Lord, on thee.

The other verses

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.