Up to the Fields Where Angels Lie

Doh is E · 4/4 Tune: UXBRIDGE

```
| d - - - | d - r - m - r - | d - - - t, - - - |
  Up          to the fields where      angels

| d - - - m - - - | s - s - l - t - |
  lie, And              living waters

| d' - - - l - - - | s - - - s - - - |
  gently                roll, Fain

| d' - s - l - s - | f - - - m - - - |
  would my thoughts leap      out and

| r - - - r - - - | m - s - s - f - |
  fly, But              sin hangs heavy

| m - - - r - - - | d - - - |
  on my                 soul.
```

The other verses

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,
Vanish, as tho' I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

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.