Up to the Lord That Reigns on High

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Up to the Lord that reigns on

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
high, And views the nations

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
from afar, Let ever-

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
lasting praises fly, And

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
tell how large his bounties are.

The other verses

2 He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

3 God that must stoop to view the skies,
And how to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God,
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

7 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); 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.