We Bless the Lord, the Just, the Good

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
We bless the Lord, the just, the

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
good, Who fills our hearts with

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
joy and food; Who pours his

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
blessings from the skies, And

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
loads our days with rich supplies.

The other verses

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

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.