What Thousands Never Knew the Road

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
What thousands never knew the

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
road! What thousands hate it

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
when 'tis known! None but the

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
chosen tribes of God, Will

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
seek or choose it for their own.

The other verses

2 A thousand ways in ruin end,
One, only, leads to joys on high;
By that my willing steps ascend,
Pleased with a journey to the sky.

3 No more I ask, or hope to find,
Delight or happiness below;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

4 The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above;
There, glory without end, shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

5 Cleave to the world ye sordid worms,
Contented lick your native dust;
But God shall fight, with all his storms,
Against the idol of your trust.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by William Cowper (1731–1800). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.