With Songs and Honours Sounding Loud

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
With songs and honours sounding loud Ad-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
dress the Lord on high; O-

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
ver the heavens he spreads his cloud, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
waters veil the sky.

The other verses

2 He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares this God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

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.