

394 Glorious things of thee are spoken

C (Em) Am (Cma7) F C Am Dm C G

1 Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;
2 See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, spring-ing from e-ter-nal love,
3 Sav-iour, if of Zi-on's cit-y I through grace a mem-ber am,

C (Em) Am (Cma7) F C Am Dm C G

he whose word can-not be bro-ken formed thee for his own a-bode.
well sup-ply thy sons and daugh-ters and all fear of want re-move.
let the world de-ride or pit-y, I will glo-ry in thy name.

Gm7 Dm Gm7 C7 F G (Am7 B°) Am E7 Am

On the Rock of a-ges found-ed, what can shake thy sure re- pose?
Who can faint while such a riv-er ev-er flows their thirst to as-suage^a-
Fad-ing is the world-ling's plea-sure, all his boast-ed pomp and show;

C (Em) Am B^b C A7 Dm7 C (F C) G7 C

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
grace which, like the Lord the giv-er, nev-er fails from age to age?
sol-id joys and last-ing trea-sure none but Zi-on's chil-dren know.

^a quench or satisfyText: John Newton, 1779, *Psalter Hymnal*, 1957

Tune: Cyril V. Taylor, 1941, © Hope Publishing Co., 1970

87 87 D

ABBOT'S LEIGH

Glorious things of thee are spoken

Alternative tune

Capo 1: — D

A A⁷ D A⁷ D — G D A⁷ D Em E⁷ A

1 Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2 See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, spring - ing from e - ter - nal love,
3 Sav - iour, if of Zi - on's cit - y I through grace a mem - ber am,

D A A⁷ D A⁷ D G D A⁷ D Em E⁷ A

he whose word can - not be bro - ken formed thee for his own a - bode.
well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters and all fear of want re - move.
let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in thy name.

A D A A⁷ D A F[#]m Bm E⁷ A

On the Rock of a - ges found - ed, what can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er ev - er flows their thirst to as - suage^a -
Fad - ing is the world - ling's plea - sure, all his boast - ed pomp and show;

D G A D — A D Em D A⁷ D —

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
grace which, like the Lord the giv - er, nev - er fails from age to age?
sol - id joys and last - ing trea - sure none but Zi - on's chil - dren know.

^a quench or satisfy

Text: John Newton, 1779, *Psalter Hymnal*, 1957

Tune: Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797

87 87 D

AUSTRIA