Isaac Watts (1674 - 1748)

How beauteous are their feet

S. Con moto

A.

Con moto

Men

Org.

Ped

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peace i - nstill!  
peace i - nstill!  
peace i - nstill!

How ha-ppy are our ears that hear this joy - ful sound,  
(whi)ch kings and pro-phys wai-ted for, and

How ha-ppy are our ears that hear this joy - ful sound,  
which kings and prophets wai-ted for, and

sought, sought,  
sought, sought,  
sought, sought,

but ne-ver found!  
bu)tt ne-ver found!  
bu-ter ne-ver found!
bled are our eyes that see this heav'ly, heav'ly light!

Prophets and kings de-sired it long, but died, but died, wi-
thout the sight. The Lord makes bare his arm,

thout the sight.
The Lord makes bare his arm through all the earth abroad; The Lord makes bare his arm through all the earth abroad;
- broad, through all the earth; Let e - v'ry na - tion now be - hold

all the earth; Let e - v'ry na - tion now be - hold

all the earth; Let e - v'ry na - tion now be - hold

-ff their sa - viour

their sa - viour

ff their sa - viour

their God.

their God.

their God.