

Have you not heard our Saviour's love?

1

Verse 1: Anon.

Verses 2-4: Alexander Pope (1688-1744)

Anon.,

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=120]

Soprano [Air]

1. Have you not heard, not heard our Sa - viour's love,
 2. *Hark* a glad voice the lone - ly de - sert cheers;
 3. 'Tis he th'ob - struc - ted paths of sound shall clear
 4. *The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke de - cay,*
 5. All glo - ry be to God en - throned on high,

Alto

Tenor

1. Have you not heard, not heard our Sa - viour's love,
 2. *Hark* a glad voice the lone - ly de - sert cheers;
 3. 'Tis he th'ob - struc - ted paths of sound shall clear
 4. *The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke de - cay,*
 5. All glo - ry be to God en - throned on high,

Bass

4

S

That he was born to save our souls a - bove;
Pre - pare the way, a God, a God ap - pears;
 And bid new mu - sic charm th'un - fol - ding ear:
Rocks fall to dust and moun - tains melt a - way
 Who sent his Son to save our souls there - by.

A

T

That he was born to save our souls a - bove;
Pre - pare the way, a God, a God ap - pears;
 And bid new mu - sic charm th'un - fol - ding ear:
Rocks fall to dust and moun - tains melt a - way
 Who sent his Son to save our souls there - by.

B

□ □ show instrumental notes.

Have you not heard our Saviour's love?

8

S

There - fore let us to heav'n our voi - ces raise,
 A God, a God, the vo - cal hills re - ply,
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch fore - go,
 But fixed thy word, thy sa - ving pow'r re - mains:
 There - fore re - joice; re - joice a - gain I say!

A

T

There - fore let us to heav'n our voi - ces raise,
 A God, a God, the vo - cal hills re - ply,
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch fore - go,
 But fixed thy word, thy sa - ving pow'r re - mains:
 There - fore re - joice; re - joice a - gain I say!

B

12

S

And sing to God in so - lemn hymns of praise.
 And rocks pro - claim th'ap - proa - ching De - i - ty.
 And leap ex - ul - ting like the boun - ding roe.
 Thy realms shall last, thine own Mes - si - ah reigns.
 For now once more is come the hap - py day.

A

T

And sing to God in so - lemn hymns of praise.
 And rocks pro - claim th'ap - proa - ching De - i - ty.
 And leap ex - ul - ting like the boun - ding roe.
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B