

How beauteous are their feet

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

Francis Roads (b. 1943)

Soprano [Air]

1. How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill!
 2. *How char - ming is their voice! How sweet the ti - dings are!*
 3. How hap - py are our ears That hear this joy - ful sound,
 4. *How bles - sed are our eyes That see this heav'n - ly light*

Alto

1. How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill!
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Tenor

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Bass

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 4. *How bles - sed are our eyes That see this heav'n - ly light*

6

Symphony

S

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
"Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King; He reigns and tri - umphs here."
 Which kings and pro - phets wait - ed for, And sought, but ne - ver found!
Pro - phets and kings de - sired it long, But died with - out the sight.

A

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5. The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God!