

# All Was Bliss Till Adam Fell

DIX  
W. H. Monk, 1861

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All was\_ bliss, till A - dam fell, so God sent Im - man - u - el.  
All our\_ sin had earned us hell, but God gave Im - man - u - el.  
God, whose glo - ries all ex - cel, came down as Im - man - u - el.  
Though the\_ waves of sor - row swell, we cling to Im - man - u - el.

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God from God, with man to dwell: Je - sus our Im - man - u - el.  
Sa - tan's pow - er to dis - pel by the name Im - man - u - el.  
So we\_ bid our pride fare - well, kneel - ing to Im - man - u - el.  
One day\_ all our storms He'll quell, till then trust Im - man - u - el.

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*Lift your voice, His prai - ses tell: Christ is born—Im - man - u - el.*