

O Sovereign Grace

Isaac Watts/Thomas G. Clay

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How sad our state by na - ture is our sin how deep it stains and sa -
 My soul o- beys th'Al-might - y call and runs to this re- lief I would
 Stretch out Thine Arm vict - or - ious King my reign - ing sins sub due Drive that

- tan binds our cap - tive minds fast in his slav - ish chains. But there's a Voice of sov' -
 be lieve thy pro - mise Lord O help my un - be lief To the dear fount - ain of
 old drag - on from his seat with all his hell - ish crew. A guil - ty, weak, and help

reign grace sounds from the sac - red Word Lo ye des pair - ing sin - ners come and trust
 Thy blood In - car - nate God, I fly Here let me wash my spot - ted soul from crimes
 - less worm on Thy kind Arms I fall Be Thou my strength and right - eous ness my Sa -

up - on the Lord. O Sov - reign Grace that came to me
 of deep - est dye.
 - vior all in all.

won through His death up - on a tree I will for - ev -

- er sing of Thee I praise the King, the Lord of sov - reign grace.

D.S.