

How Sad Our State By Nature Is!  
by Charles Wesley

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin, how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But hark! a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word;  
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord!"

3 My soul obeys the Almighty's call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord;  
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From sins of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
Into thy hands I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Saviour, and my all.