

Why Does Your Face, Ye Humble Souls

Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Andrew Tait, 1749.

Why does your face, ye humble souls,  
Those mournful colors wear?  
What doubts are these that waste your faith,  
And nourish your despair?

What though your numerous sins exceed  
The stars that fill the skies,  
And aiming at th'eternal throne,  
Like pointed mountains rise:

What though your mighty guilt beyond  
The wide creation swell,  
And has its cursed foundations laid  
Low as the deeps of hell:

See here an endless ocean flows  
Of never-failing grace;  
Behold a dying Savior's veins  
The sacred flood increase.

It rises high, and drowns the hills,  
Has neither shore nor bound:  
Now, if we search to find our sins,  
Our sins can ne'er be found.

Awake, our hearts, adore the grace  
That buries all our faults;  
And pard'ning blood, that swells above  
Our follies and our thoughts.