

Father, I Sing Thy Wondrous Grace
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: English melody.

Father, I sing Thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviors name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinners shame.

His deep distress has raised us high;
His duty and His zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all Thy will.

His dying groans, His living songs,
Shall better please my God
Than harp or trumpets solemn sound,
Than goats or bullocks blood.

This shall His humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by His death draw near to Thee,
And live forever blessed.

Let Heavn and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join tadvance the praise.

Sion is thine, most holy God,
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchased by His blood
For Thy own Israel waits.