

Why Does Your Face, Ye Humble Souls

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Music: 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 the 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 Saviors 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 neer be found.

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