

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

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred Word,
'Come, all despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.'
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my All.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748