

- B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor does it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 I would no longer lie
A slave beneath the throne;
My faith shall, 'Abba, Father,' cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748