Backward with Humble Shame We Look

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
Back- ward with humble shame we look On

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
our origi- nal; How

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
is our nature dash'd and broke In

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
our first father's fall!

The other verses

2 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders thro' all our veins!

5 Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first,
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.