Behold What Wondrous Grace

Doh is Bb · 4/4 Tune: ST. BRIDE

| l, - | m, - l, - d - t, - | l, - - - - - d - |
Be- hold what wondrous grace The

| s, - d - m - r - | d - - - - - m - |
Father hath be- stow'd On

| r - d - t, - l, - | s, - f, - m, - m - |
sinners of a mortal race, To

| l, - r - d - t, - | l, - - - - - |
call them sons of God!

The other verses

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth 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 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

Tune ST. BRIDE by Samuel Howard (died undefined); 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.