God of All Grace and Majesty

Doh is Bb · 4/4 Tune: ALL SAINTS, NEW

| s - | m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
God of all grace and majesty, Su-

| r' - m' - f' - m' - | r' - - - - - r' - |
premely great and good! If

| m' - - r' d' - t - | t - - l l - l - |
I have mercy found with thee, Through

| s - d' - t - - d' | d' - - - - - d' - |
the atoning blood, The

| d' - d' - t - t - | l - - l l - l - |
guard of all thy mercies give, And

| s - s - s - s - | s - - - - - f - |
to my pardon join A

| m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
fear lest I should ever grieve The

| m' - r' - d' - t - | d' - - - - - |
gracious Spirit di- vine.

The other verses

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkness mourn
The absence of thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonness:
Rather I would in painful awe
Beneath thine anger move,
Than sin against the gospel law
Of liberty and love.

4 But O! thou wouldst not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain,
Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men;
Thy will is my salvation, Lord;
And let it now take place,
And let me tremble at the word
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict observer see;
And thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to thee;
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide,
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

Tune ALL SAINTS, NEW by Henry Stephen Cutler (1825–1902); words by Charles Wesley (1707–1788). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.