How Sad Our State by Nature Is

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
How sad our state by nature is!

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
Our sin how deep it stains! And Satan

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
binds our captive minds Fast in his

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
slavish chains.

The other verses

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
"And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' 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 spotted soul
From crimes of deepest die.

5 Stretch out thine arm victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

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