Jesus, Thy Blessings Are Not Few

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
Je- sus, thy blessings are not few, Nor

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
is thy gospel weak; Thy

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
grace can melt the stubborn Jew, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
bow th'aspiring Greek.

The other verses

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers;
But to his sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

5 Come, all ye vilest sinners come,
He'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

6 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his Name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

Tune CAITHNESS (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.