Of All the Gifts Thine Hand Bestows

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
Of all the gifts thine hand bestows, Thou

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
Giver of all good! Not

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
heav'n itself a richer knows, Than

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
my Redeemer's blood.

The other verses

2 Faith too, the blood receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.

3 Till thou thy teaching pow'r apply,
Our hearts refuse to see;
And weak, as a distempered eye,
Shut out the view of thee.

4 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What misery we endure!
Yet fly that hand, from which alone,
We could expect a cure.

5 We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
To thee our all we owe;
The precious Savior, and the pow'r
That makes him precious too.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by William Cowper (1731–1800). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing.
Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.