Plung'd in a Gulph of Dark Despair

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: ST ANNE

| s - | m - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - s - |
Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair We

| d' - s - l - fe - | s - - - - - t - |
wretched sinners lay, With-

| d' - l - r' - t - | d' - l - t - s - |
out one cheerful beam of hope, Or

| l - d' - r' - t - | d' - - - - - |
spark of glimmering day.

The other verses

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the Powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries,
We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.

6 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame,
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored Name.

8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

Tune ST ANNE by William Croft (1678–1727); 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.