Poor, Weak, and Worthless Though I Am

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Poor, weak, and worthless though I

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
am, I have a rich al-

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
mighty friend; Jesus, the

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
Savior, is his name, He

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
freely loves, and without end.

The other verses

2 He ransomed me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controlled;
He found me, wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies,
O! what a friend is Christ to me.

4 But ah! I my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.

6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask:
But I am straitened, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

7 Before the world that hates his course,
My treach'rous heart has throbbed with shame;
Loth to forego the worlds applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8 Sure were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.