Sin Has Undone Our Wretched Race

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Sin has undone our wretched race, But

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
Jesus has re- stored And

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
brought the sinner face to face With

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
his forgiving Lord.

The other verses

2 This we repeat from year to year,
And press upon our youth;
Lord, give them an attentive ear,
Lord, save them by thy truth.

3 Blessings upon the rising race!
Make this an happy hour,
According to thy richest grace,
And thine almighty pow'r.

4 We feel for your unhappy state,
(May you regard it too)
And would awhile ourselves forget,
To pour out prayer for you.

5 We see, though you perceive it not,
Th' approaching, aweful doom;
O tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come!

6 Dear Savior, let this new-born year
Spread an alarm abroad;
And cry, in every careless ear,
"Prepare to meet thy God!"

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.