The New-born Child of Gospel-grace

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
The new born child of gospel

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
grace, Like some fair tree when

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
summer's nigh, Beneath Em-

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
manuel's shining face, Lifts

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
up his blooming branch on high.

The other verses

2 No fears he feels, he sees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs,
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes,
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
And comforts sinking day by day;
What seemed his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

4 When Gideon armed his num'rous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less;
And said, lest Israel vainly boast,
"My arm procured me this success."

5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low;
That saved by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); 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.