Thou Saviour of Our Sinful Race

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Thou Saviour of our sinful race, We

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
sing the fulness of Thy grace; Lord,

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
as our songs in rapture soar, On

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
us Thy loving kindness pour.

The other verses

2 There is no merit of our own,
No plea to offer, save alone
That Thou hast died upon the tree,
To set our sin-bound spirits free.

3 O, when the world, in awful fear,
Beholds the Judge of all appear,
Be this our joy on that dread day,
That Christ hath borne our sins away.

4 When in the land of bliss divine,
Our souls in robes of beauty shine,
This be our song before the throne,
Not ours the beauty, Thine alone.

5 To Thee, O God, be glory given,
And to the Christ, the King of heaven;
And to the Holy Spirit, blest,
Be praise for evermore exprest.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Traditional Greek; translated by John Brownlie (1857–1925). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.