Too Many, Lord, Abuse Thy Grace

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
Too many, Lord, a- buse thy grace, In

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
this licentious day; And

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
while they boast they see thy face, They

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
turn their own a- way.

The other verses

2 Thy Book displays a gracious light
That can the blind restore;
But these are dazzled by the sight,
And blinded still the more.

3 The pardon, such presume upon,
They do not beg, but steal;
And when they plead it at thy throne,
O, where's the Spirit's seal?

4 Was it for this, ye lawless tribe,
The dear Redeemer bled;
Is this the grace the saints imbibe
From Christ the living head?

5 Ah Lord, we know thy chosen few
Are fed with heav'nly fare;
But these, the wretched husks they chew,
Proclaim them what they are.

6 The liberty our hearts implore
Is not to live in sin;
But still to wait at wisdom's door,
Till mercy calls us in.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); 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.