Why Does Your Face, Ye Humble Souls

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
Why does your face, ye humble souls,

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
Those mournful colours wear? What doubts are

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
these that waste your faith, And nourish

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
your de- spair?

The other verses

2 What tho' your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace,
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase:

5 It rises high and drowns the hills,
'T has neither shore nor bound:
Nor if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pardoning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. AGNES by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.