

METRE 3 Isaac Watts

# St. PAUL'S S.M.

1. Behold, what wondrous grace The Fa - ther hath be-stow'd, On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God! To call them sons of God.

2. Nor doth it yet ap-pear How great we must be made; But when we see our Sa - vior here, We shall be like our Head, We shall be like our head.

3. A hope so much di - vine May tri - als well en-dure; May pu - ri - fy our souls from sin, As Christ the Lord is pure, As Christ the Lord is pure.

4. If in my Fa-ther's love I share a fil - ial part, Send down thy Spir - it like a dove, To rest up - on my heart, To rest up - on my heart.

5. We would no long-er lie Like slaves be - neath the throne; Our faith shall Ab - ba, Fath - er cry, And thou the kin-dred own, And thou the kin - dred own.