

How Sad Our State

F Dm Gm/B \flat Am Dm C B \flat F Dm C B \flat F/A C

1. How sad our state by na - ture is! Our sin, how deep it stains!
2. But there's a voice of sov-'reign grace Sounds from the sac - red Word:
3. *My soul o - beys th'al - might - y call, And runs to this re - lief;*
4. *To the dear foun - tain of Thy blood, In - car - nate God, I fly;*
5. Stretch out Thine arm, vic - tor - ious King: My reign - ing sins sub - due;
6. A guilt - y, weak, and help - less worm, On Thy kind arms I fall;

⁴ F Dm C B \flat Am Dm F B \flat F/A Gm7 Dm7 Gm F

And Sa - tan binds our cap - tive minds Fast in his slav - ish chains.
"Ho! ye de - spair - ing sin - ners, come, And trust up - on the Lord."
I would be - lieve Thy pro - mise, Lord; O help my un - be - lief!
Here let me wash my spot - ted soul From crimes of deep - est dye.
Drive the old dra - gon from his seat, With all his hell - ish crew.
Be Thou my strength and right - eous - ness, My Je - sus, and my All.

Music: Michael E. Owens, 2004
Text: Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

SAD STATE
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