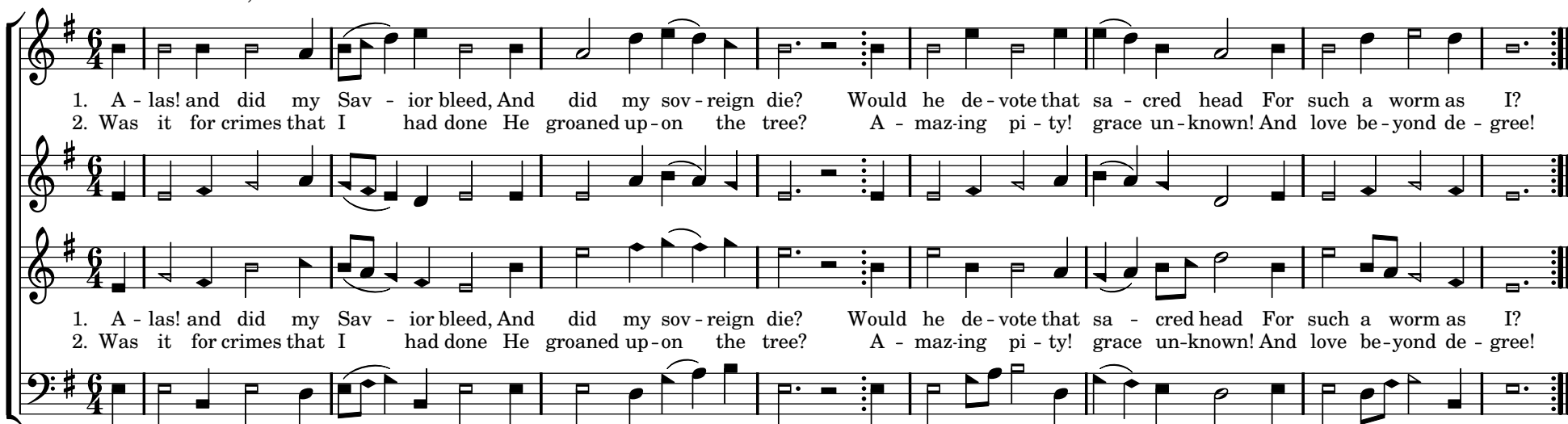


E Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

J. Martin.



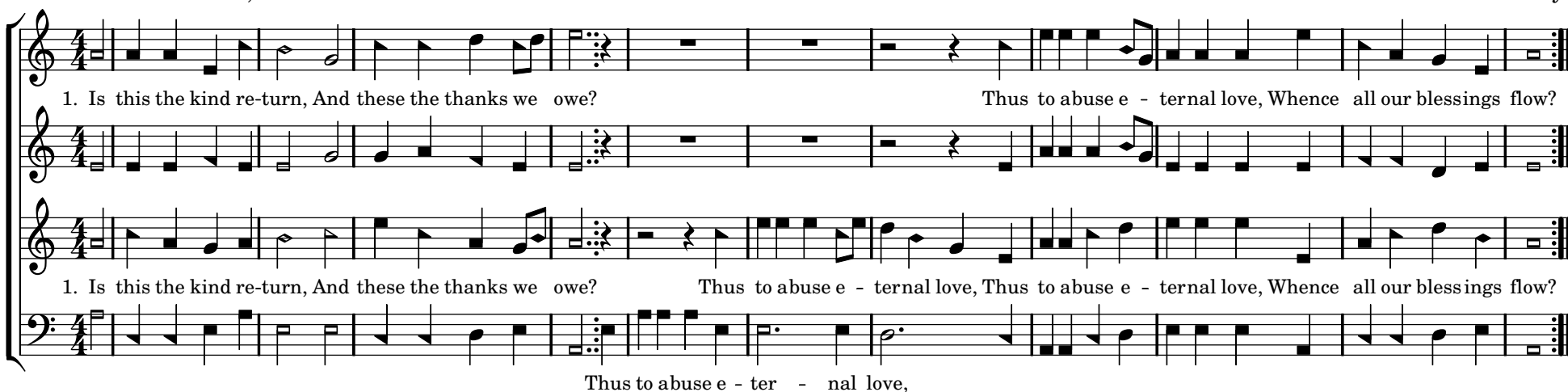
1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my sov - reign die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!

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BOTETOURT. S.M.

A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Lowry.



1. Is this the kind re - turn, And these the thanks we owe? Thus to abuse e - ternal love, Whence all our blessings flow?
2. Turn, turn us mighty God, And mold our souls afresh. Break, sov - reign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.

1. Is this the kind re - turn, And these the thanks we owe? Thus to abuse e - ternal love, Thus to abuse e - ternal love, Whence all our blessings flow?
Thus to abuse e - ter - nal love,

2. Turn, turn us mighty God, And mold our souls afresh. Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.