

Grace Was All Their Song

Isaac Watts, Psalm 44

C F G G7 C

Lord, we have heard Thy works of old, Thy works of power and grace, When
 But now our souls are seized with shame, Con - fu - sion fills our face, To
 Though dra - gons all a - round us roar With their de - struc - tive breath, And
 A - wake, a - rise, al - might - y Lord, Why sleeps Thy won - drous grace? Why
 Down to the dust our soul is bowed, And lies up - on the ground; Rise

C F G G7 C

to our ears our fa - thers told The won - ders of their days: In
 hear the en - e - my blas - pheme, And fools re - proach Thy grace. Yet
 Thine own hand hath bruised us sore Hard by the gates of death. We
 should we look like men ab - horred, Or ban - ished from Thy face? Wilt
 for our help, re - buke the proud, And all their powers con - found. Re-

C Am F Am Dm G G7

God they boast - ed all the way, And in a cheer - ful throng Did
 have we not for - got our God, Nor false - ly dealt with heaven, Nor
 are ex - posed all day to die As mar - tyr - s for Thy cause, As
 Thou for - ev - er cast us off, And still ne - glect our cries? For -
 - deem us from per - petu - al shame, Our Sav - iour and our God; We

C G C G7 C

thou - sands meet to praise and pray, And grace was all their song. And
 have our steps de - clined the road Of du - ty Thou hast given; Of
 sheep for slaugh - ter bound we lie By sharp and blood - y laws. By
 - ev - er hide Thine heaven - ly love From our af - flict - ed eyes? From
 plead the hon - ours of Thy Name, The mer - its of Thy blood. The

Am G7 C

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 sharp and blood - y laws.
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