

How Sad Our State

SASHA

1. How sad our state by na-ture is, our sin, how deep it stains;
2. My soul o - beys th' al - might - y call, and runs to this re - lief;
3. Stretch out Thine arm, vic - tor - ious King, my reign - ing sins sub - due;

and Sa - tan binds our cap - tive minds fast in his slav - ish chains.
I would be - lieve Thy prom - ise, Lord, O help my un - be - lief.
and drive the drag - on from his seat, with all his hell - ish crew.

But there's a voice of sov - 'reign grace sounds from the sa - cred Word,
Un - to the foun - tain of Thy blood, In - car - nate God, I fly;
A guilt - y, weak, and help - less worm, on Thy kind arms I fall;

"Ho, ye de - spair - ing sin - ners, come, and trust up - on the Lord."
here let me wash my spot - ted soul, from crimes of deep - est dye.
be Thou my strength and right - eous - ness, my Je - sus and my all.

WORDS: Isaac Watts, 1707

MUSIC: Joan J. Pinkston, 1998

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