





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



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



let me wash my spot-ted soul, from crimes of deep - est Thou my strength and right-eous-ness, my Je - sus and my

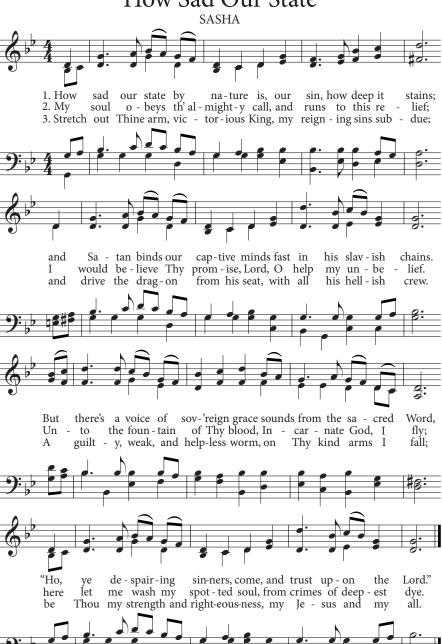


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