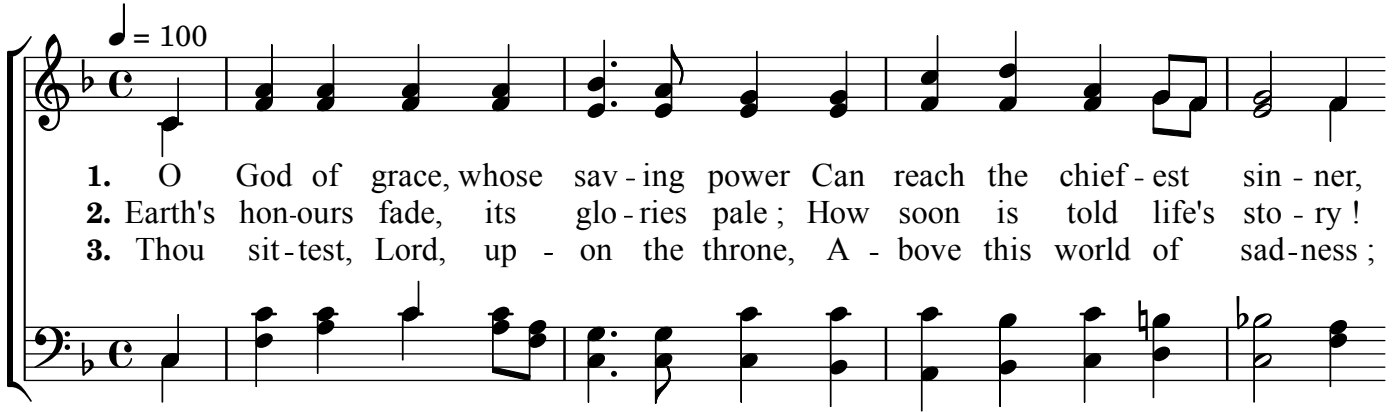


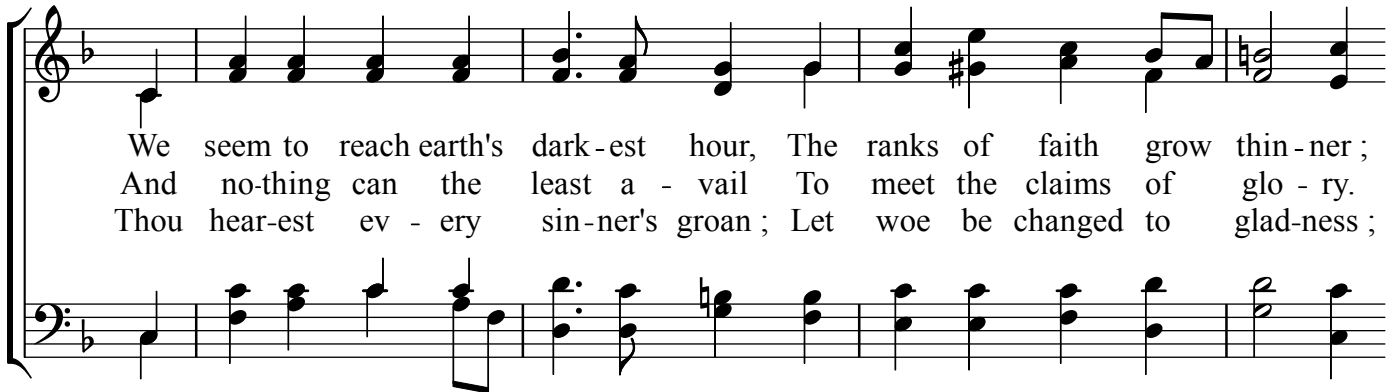
O God of grace, whose saving power

(BISHOPGARTH. 8.7.8.7.D. IAMBIC)

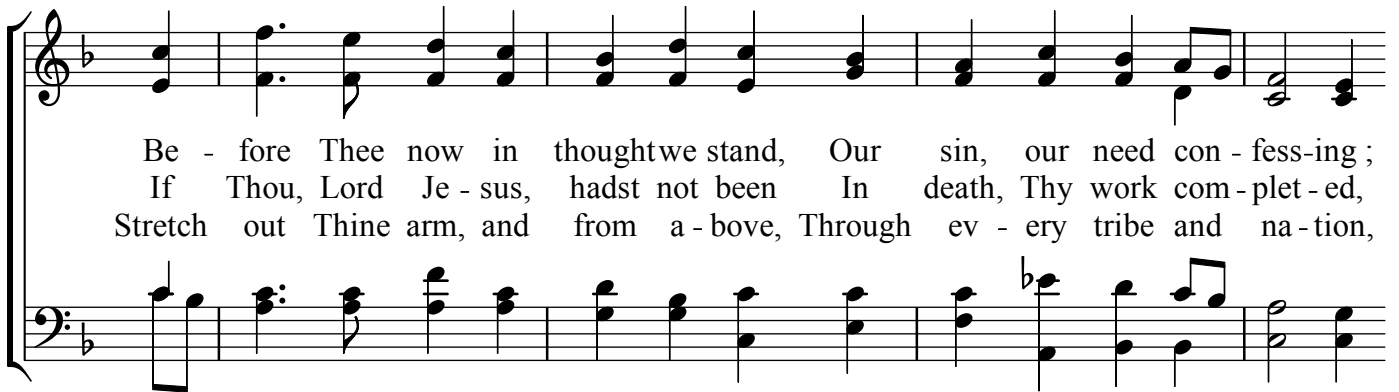
$\text{♩} = 100$



1. O God of grace, whose sav - ing power Can reach the chief - est sin - ner,
 2. Earth's hon - ours fade, its glo - ries pale ; How soon is told life's sto - ry !
 3. Thou sit - test, Lord, up - on the throne, A - bove this world of sad - ness ;



We seem to reach earth's dark - est hour, The ranks of faith grow thin - ner ;
 And no - thing can the least a - vail To meet the claims of glo - ry.
 Thou hear - est ev - ery sin - ner's groan ; Let woe be changed to glad - ness ;



Be - fore Thee now in thought we stand, Our sin, our need con - fess - ing ;
 If Thou, Lord Je - sus, hadst not been In death, Thy work com - plet - ed,
 Stretch out Thine arm, and from a - bove, Through ev - ery tribe and na - tion,



We long to see Thy gra - cious hand Be - stow e - ter - nal bless - ing.
 We ne - ver had sal - va - tion seen, Nor viewed our foes de - feat - ed.
 Roll forth the tide of sav - ing love, O God of all sal - va - tion.

Alternate Tunes : Friend, 313.