

O HELP MY UNBELIEF

Words by Isaac Watts, Music by Justin Smith. © 2007 Justin Smith Music

Capo II

Am7 Em7
1. How sad our state by nature is!
F G Am7
Our sin, how deep it stains!
Am7 Em7
And Satan binds our captive minds
F G Am7 G
Fast in his slavish chains
C Em7
But there's a voice of sov'reign grace,
F G Am7 G
Sounds from the sacred word:
C Em7
"O, ye despairing sinners come,
F G Am7
And trust upon the Lord."

2. My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

3. Stretch out Thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.
A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

Tag: But there's a voice of sov'reign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word:
"O, ye despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord."

Real Key

Bm7 F#m7
1. How sad our state by nature is!
G A Bm7
Our sin, how deep it stains!
Bm7 F#m7
And Satan binds our captive minds
G A Bm7 A
Fast in his slavish chains
D F#m7
But there's a voice of sov'reign grace,
G A Bm7 A
Sounds from the sacred word:
D F#m7
"O, ye despairing sinners come,
G A Bm7
And trust upon the Lord."