

O Help My Unbelief

Words by Isaac Watts
Music by Justin Smith
Arranged by Joel Littlepage

B m7 F#m7

1. How sad — our state by na — ture is! — Our sin,
2. My soul o — beys th'al — might — y call, — And runs
3. Stretch out — Thine arm, vic — tori — ous King, My reign —

3 G A B m7

— how deep — it — stains! —
— to this — re — lief. —
— ing sins — sub — due; —

5 B m7 F#m

And Sa — tan binds our cap — tive minds Fast in —
I would be — lieve thy prom — ise, Lord; O help
Drive the — old drag — on from his seat, With all —

7 G A B m A

— his slav — — — ish — chains. —
— my un — — — be — lief! —
— his hell — — — ish — crew. —

9 D F#m7

But there's a voice of sov'r - eign grace, Sounds from
 To the dear foun - tain of thy blood, In - car -
 A guilt - y, weak, and help - less worm, On thy -

11 G A Bm7 A

the sa - cred word:
 the nate God, I fly;
 kind arms I fall;

13 D F#m

"O, ye de - spair - ing sin - ners come, And trust -
 Here let me wash my spot - ted soul, From crimes
 Be thou my strength and right - eous - ness, My Je -

15 G A Bm7

up - on the Lord."
 of deep - est dye.
 sus, and my all.

17 Bm7 A D F#m7

But there's a voice of sov'r - eign grace, Sounds from

20 G A Bm7 A

the sa - - - cred word:

22 D F#m

"O, ye de - spair - - - ing sin - ners come, And trust

24 G A Bm7

up - on the Lord."

Instrumental Riff

Bm7 F#m7

G A Bm7