

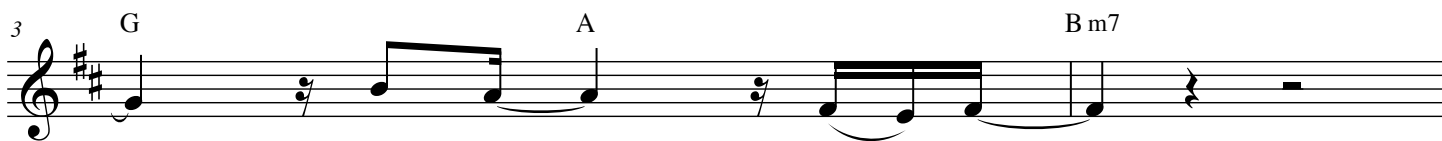
O Help My Unbelief

Real Key

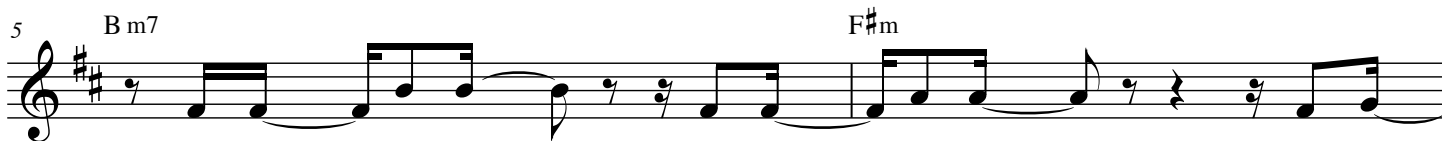
Words by Isaac Watts
Music by Justin Smith



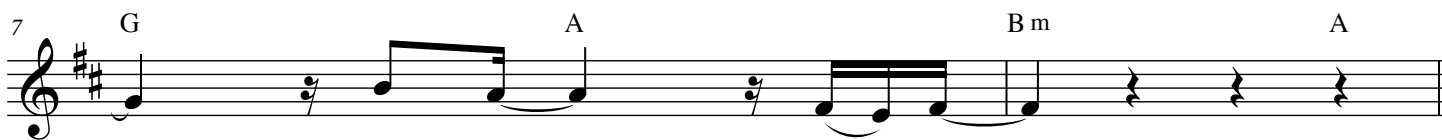
1. How sad ___ our state by na - ture is! ___ Our sin, ___
 2. My soul ___ o - beys th'al-might - y call, ___ And runs ___
 3. Stretch out ___ Thine arm, vic - tori - ous King, ___ My reign -



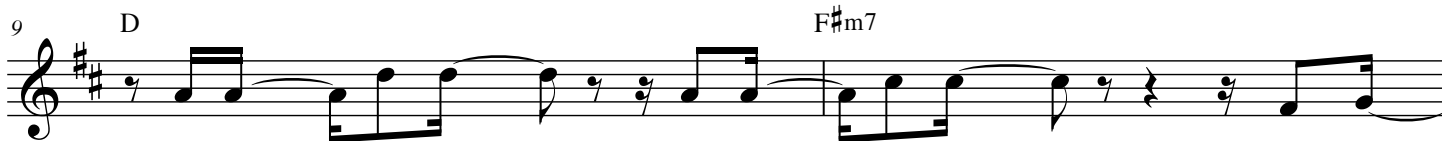
— how deep ___ it ___ stains! ___
 — to this ___ re - lief. ___
 — ing sins ___ sub - due; ___



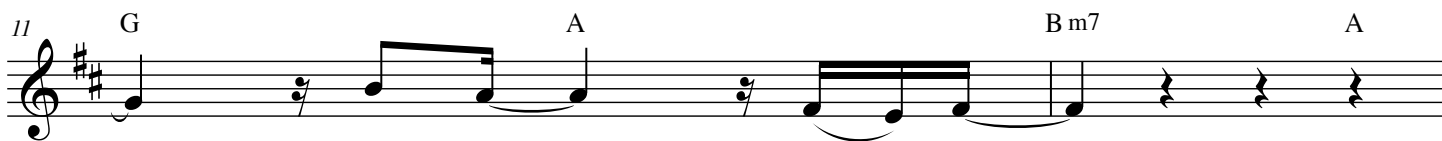
And Sa - tan binds ___ our cap - tive minds ___ Fast in ___
 I would ___ be - lieve ___ thy prom - ise, Lord; ___ O help ___
 Drive the ___ old drag - - - on from ___ his seat, ___ With all ___



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



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 ___



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

O Help My Unbelief 2

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 B m7

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

17 B m7 A D F#m7

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

20 G A B m7 A

the sa - - - cred word:

22 D F#m

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

24 G A B m7

up - on the Lord."

Instrumental Riff

B m7 F#m7

G A B m7