

Behold the Amazing Gift of Love

Isaac Smith, 1734-1805

Abridge
C.M.

D A C[#]m7^b5 D A7 D A D B A D E A

D G7 D A D G C[#]dim D A A7 D G D A7 D

Behold th' amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestowed
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God!

Concealed as yet this honor lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when He came,
Even God's eternal Son.

High is the rank we now possess;
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes.

Our souls, we know, when He appears,
Shall bear His image bright;
For all His glory, full disclosed,
Shall open to our sight.

A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure;
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ Himself is pure.

Isaac Watts