

W.L. Montague

1. Be - hold what won - drous grace, The Fa - ther hath be - stow'd, On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God.

2. Nor doth it yet ap - pear, How great we must be made; But when we see our Sav - ior here, We shall be like our Head.

3. A hope so much di - vine, My tri - als well en - dure, May pu - ri - fy our souls from sin, As Christ the Lord is pure.