

METRE 3 Isaac Watts

# IDUMEA S.M.

Ananias Davisson

1. Is this the kind re - turn, And these the thanks we owe, Thus to a - buse e - ter - nal love, Whence all our bless - ings flow!

2. To what a stub - born frame Hath sin re - duced our minds! What strange re - bel - lious wretch - es we, And God as strange - ly kind.

3. On us he bids the sun Shed his re - vi - ving rays; For us the skies the cir - cles run To length - en out our days.

4. The brutes o - bey their God, And bow their necks to men; But we more base, more bru - tish things, Re - ject his ea - sy reign.

5. Turn, turn us, might - y God! And mould our souls a - fresh! Break, sov' - reign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.