

## Free Grace

*The Gadsby Hymnal #595*

Words: William Gadsby, 1773-1844.

Music: Clint Wells, 2004.

Bm D A E  
Free grace is the joy of my heart;  
G D A E  
Its glories, with wonder, I trace;  
Bm D A E  
To me it does freely impart  
G D E  
Rich blessings, just suiting my case;

No monster more wretched could be,  
No less of God's favors deserve;  
Yet such is free grace unto me,  
I never, no never can starve.

Chorus:

A Amaj7 G  
*Grace takes all my ruin and woe*  
D A  
*Nor murmurs my burdens to bear*  
Amaj7 G  
*Grace in return lets me know*  
D E  
*In Jesus I'm comely and fair*

It's blessings, though rich and divine,  
Are all without money and price;  
A soul, though as wretched as mine,  
May venture to hope and rejoice;

Its highest delight is to give  
True riches to sinners undone;  
Nor can it, nor will it deceive,  
The soul that with Jesus is one.