

HOW SHALL I MY SAVIOR SET FORTH?

INTRO 6/8 G | G / | G am/C | G/D D | G

VERSE 1

G / / /
How shall I my Savior set forth?
am/C G/D D G
How shall I His beauties declare?
G / / /
O how shall I speak of His worth,
am/C G/D D G
Or what His chief dignities are?
G / / C
His angles can never express,
D7 G D7/A G/B / D7/A G D
Nor saints who sit nearest His throne,
G / / /
How rich are His treasures of grace;
am/C G/D D G
No! this is a mystery unknown.

VERSE 2

G / / /
In Him all the fulness of God
am/C G/D D G
Forever transcendentally shines;
G / / /
Though once like a mortal He stood,
am/C G/D D G
To finish His gracious designs.
G / / C
Though once He was nailed to the cross,
D7 G D7/A G/B / D7/A G D
Vile rebels like me to set free;
G / / /
His glory sustained no loss,
am/C G/D D G
E—ternal His Kingdom shall be.

VERSE 3

^G His [/]wisdom, His [/]love and His [/]pow'r
^{am/C} ^{G/D} ^D ^G
Seemed then with each other to vie;
^G [/] [/] [/] [/]
When sinners He stooped to restore,
^{am/C} ^{G/D} ^D ^G
Poor sinners condemned to die!
^G [/] [/] ^C
He laid all His grandeur aside,
^{D7} ^G ^{D7/A} ^{G/B} [/] ^{D7/A} ^G ^D
And dwelt in a cottage of clay;
^G [/] [/] [/] [/]
Poor sinners He loved till He died
^{am/C} ^{G/D} ^D ^G
To wash their pollution away.

VERSE 4

^G [/] [/] [/]
O sinner, believe and adore
^{am/C} ^{G/D} ^D ^G
The Savior so rich to redeem;
^G [/] [/] [/]
No creature can ever explore
^{am/C} ^{G/D} ^D ^G
The treasures of goodness in Him.
^G [/] [/] ^C
Come, all ye who see yourselves lost.
^{D7} ^G ^{D7/A} ^{G/B} [/] ^{D7/A} ^G ^D
And feel yourselves burdened with sin,
^G [/] [/] [/] [/]
Draw near, while with terror you're tossed;
^{am/C} ^{G/D} ^D ^G
Believe, and your peace shall begin.

VERSE 5

^{G / / /}
Now, sinners, attend to His call,
^{am/C G/D D G}
“Whoso hath an ear, let him hear!”

^{G / / /}
He promises mercy to all,
^{am/C G/D D G}
Who feel their sad wants, far and near;

^{G / / C}
He riches has ever in store,
^{D7 G D7/A G/B / D7/A G D}
And treasures that never can waste;

^{G / / /}
Here’s pardon, here’s grace, yea, and more:
^{am/C G/D D G}
Here’s glory eternal at last.

“How Shall I My Savior Set Forth?”
Words by James Maxwell (1720–1800)
Music: Early American Melody
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