

MADNESS. C. M.

C# Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

John Bayer, 1998.

1. Mad-ness by na-ture reigns with-in, The pas-sions burn and rage, We lick the dust, we
The on - ly balm is

We
The

2. We give our souls the wounds they feel, We drink the pois'nous gall, We lick the dust, we grasp the wind, We
The on - ly balm is sov'reign grace, The

We lick the dust, we grasp the wind, We lick
The on - ly balm is sov'reign grace, The on - -

grasp the wind, And sol - id good de - spise, And sol - id good de - spise.
sov'-reign grace, And the phy - si - cian, God, And the phy - si-cian, God. 1. 2.

lick the dust, we grasp the wind, And sol - id good de - spise, And sol - id good de - spise.
on - ly balm is sov'-reign grace, And the phy-si-cian, God, And the phy - si-cian, God. 1. 2.

lick the dust, we grasp the wind, And sol - id good de - spise, And sol - id good de - spise.
on - - ly balm is sov'-reign grace, And the phy-si-cian, God, And the phy - si-cian, God. 1. 2.