

**Classic Poetry Series**

**John Newton**

**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2004

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound!)  
That sav'd a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd!

Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease;  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

This earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who call'd me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.

John Newton

## **At the Close of the Year**

Let hearts and tongues unite,  
And loud thanksgivings raise:  
'Tis duty, mingled with delight,  
To sing the Saviour's praise.

To him we owe our breath,  
He took us from the womb,  
Which else had shut us up in death,  
And prov'd an early tomb.

When on the breast we hung,  
Our help was in the Lord;  
'Twas he first taught our infant tongue  
To form the lisping word.

When in our blood we lay,  
He would not let us die,  
Because his love had fix'd a day  
To bring salvation nigh.

In childhood and in youth,  
His eye was on us still:  
Though strangers to his love and truth,  
And prone to cross his will.

And since his name we knew,  
How gracious has he been:  
What dangers has he led us through,  
What mercies have we seen!

Now through another year,  
Supported by his care,  
We raise our Ebenezer here,  
"The Lord has help'd thus far."

Our lot in future years  
Unable to foresee,  
He kindly, to prevent our fears,  
Says, "Leave it all to me."

Yea, Lord, we wish to cast  
Our cares upon thy breast!  
Help us to praise thee for the past,  
And trust thee for the rest.

John Newton

## **Bitter and Sweet**

Kindle, Saviour, in my heart,  
A flame of love divine;  
Hear, for mine I trust thou art,  
And sure I would be thine;  
If my soul has felt thy grace,  
If to me thy name is known;  
Why should trifles fill the place  
Due to thyself alone?

'Tis a strange mysterious life  
I live from day to day;  
Light and darkness, peace and strife,  
Bear an alternate sway:  
When I think the battle won,  
I have to fight it o'er again;  
When I say I'm overthrown,  
Relief I soon obtain.

Often at the mercy-seat,  
While calling on thy name,  
Swarms of evil thoughts I meet,  
Which fill my soul with shame.  
Agitated in my mind,  
Like a feather in the air,  
Can I thus a blessing find?  
My soul, can this be pray'r?

But when Christ, my Lord and Friend,  
Is pleas'd to show his pow'r  
All at once my troubles end,  
And I've a golden hour;  
Then I see his smiling face,  
Feel the pledge of joys to come:  
Often, Lord, repeat this grace  
Till thou shalt call me home.

John Newton

## **Ebenezer**

The Lord, our salvation and light,  
The guide of our strength and our days,  
Has brought us together to-night,  
A new Ebenezer to raise:  
The year we have now passed through,  
His goodness with blessings has crown'd,  
Each morning his mercies were new;  
Then let our thanksgivings abound.

Encompass'd with dangers and snares,  
Temptations, and fears, and complaints,  
His ear he inclin'd to our pray'rs,  
His hand open'd wide to our wants.  
We never besought him in vain;  
When burden'd with sorrow or sin,  
He help'd us again and again,  
Or where before now had we been?

His Gospel, throughout the long year,  
From Sabbath to Sabbath he gave;  
How oft has he met with us here,  
And shown himself mighty to save?  
His candlestick has been remov'd  
From churches once privileg'd thus;  
But though we unworthy have prov'd,  
It still is continu'd to us.

For so many mercies receiv'd,  
Alas! what returns have we made?  
His Spirit we often have griev'd,  
And evil for good have repaid,  
How well it becomes us to cry,  
"Oh! who is a God like to thee?  
Who passest iniquities by,  
And plungest them deep in the sea!"

To Jesus., who sits on the throne,  
Our best hallelujahs we bring;  
To thee it is owing alone  
That we are permitted to sing:  
Assist us, we pray, to lament  
The sins of the year that is past  
And grant that the next may be spent  
Far more to thy praise than the last.

John Newton

## Faith's Review and Expectation (Amazing Grace)

1

1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)  
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21 This earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
22 The sun forbear to shine;  
23 But God, who call'd me here below,  
24 Will be for ever mine.

John Newton

## Joy and Peace in Believing

Sometimes a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in his wings:  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing  
But he will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And he who feeds the ravens,  
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there:  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For while in him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

John Newton

## **Men Honoured Above Angels**

Now let us join with hearts and tongues,  
And emulate the angels' songs;  
Yea, sinners may address their King  
In songs that angels cannot sing.

They praise the Lamb who once was slain;  
But we can add a higher strain;  
Not only say, "He suffer'd thus,  
"But that he suffer'd all for us."

When angels by transgression fell,  
Justice consign'd them all to hell;  
But Mercy form'd a wondrous plan,  
To save and honour fallen man.

Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,  
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;  
And still he makes it his abode;  
As man he fills the throne of God.

Our next of kin, our Brother now,  
Is he to whom the angels bow;  
They join with us to praise his name,  
But we the nearest int'rest claim.

But, ah! how faint our praises rise!  
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,  
That we, who share his richest love,  
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

Oh, glorious hour, it comes with speed!  
When we, from sin and darkness freed,  
Shall see the God who died for man,  
And praise him more than angels can.

John Newton

## On Dreaming

When slumber seals our weary eyes,  
The busy fancy wakeful keeps;  
The scenes which then before us rise,  
Prove something in us never sleeps.

As in another world we seem,  
A new creation of our own,  
All appears real, though a dream,  
And all familiar, though unknown.

Sometimes the mind beholds again  
The past day's business in review,  
Resumes the pleasure or the pain;  
And sometimes all we meet is new.

What schemes we form, what pains we take!  
We fight, we run, we fly, we fall;  
But all is ended when we wake,  
We scarcely then a trace recall.

But though our dreams are often wild,  
Like clouds before the driving storm;  
Yet some important may be styl'd,  
Sent to admonish or inform.

What mighty agents have access,  
What friends from heav'n, or foes from hell,  
Our minds to comfort or distress,  
When we are sleeping, who can tell?

One thing, at least, and 'tis enough,  
We learn from this surprising fact;  
Our dreams afford sufficient proof,  
The soul, without the flesh, can act.

This life, which mortals so esteem,  
That many choose it for their all,  
They will confess, was but a dream,  
When 'waken'd by death's awful call.

John Newton

## **Praise for the Incarnation**

Sweeter sounds than music knows  
Charm me in Immanuel's name;  
All her hopes my spirit owes  
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

When he came, the angels sung,  
"Glory be to God on high;"  
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,  
Who should louder sing than I?

Did the Lord a man become,  
That he might the law fulfil,  
Bleed and suffer in my room,  
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

No, I must my praises bring,  
Though they worthless are and weak;  
For should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak.

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,  
Ev'ry precious name in one,  
I will love thee without end.

John Newton

## Prayer Answered by Crosses

I ask'd the Lord, that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Might more of his salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face.

'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
And he, I trust has answer'd pray'r;  
But it has been in such a way,  
As almost drove me to despair.

I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,  
At once he'd answer my request:  
And by his love's constraining pow'r,  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this. he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart;  
And let the angry pow'rs of hell  
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd  
Intent to aggravate my woe;  
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,  
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd,  
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?  
"'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,  
"I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ,  
"From self and pride to set thee free;  
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
"That thou mayst seek thy all in me."

John Newton

## Saturday Evening

Safely through another week,  
God has brought us on our way;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
On th' approaching Sabbath-day:  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies multiply'd each hour  
Through the week our praise demand  
Guarded by Almighty pow'r,  
Fed and guided by his hand:  
Though ungrateful we have been,  
Only made returns of sin.

While we pray for pard'ning grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciled face,  
Shine away our sin and shame:  
From our worldly care set free,  
May we rest this night with thee.

When the morn shall bid us rise,  
May we feel thy presence near!  
May thy glory meet our eyes  
When we in thy house appear!  
There afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

May thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints:  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above!

John Newton

## The Day of Judgement

Day of judgement, day of wonders!  
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round!  
How the summons will the sinner's heart confound.

See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine!  
You who long for his appearing  
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for thine!

At his call, the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea:  
All the pow'rs of nature shaken  
By his looks prepare to flee:  
Careless sinner, what will then become of thee?

Horrors past imagination  
Will surprise your trembling heart,  
When you hear your condemnation,  
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!  
"Thou with Satan and his angels have thy part!"

Satan, who now tries to please you,  
Lest you timely warning take,  
When that word is past, will seize you,  
Plunge you in the burning lake:  
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake.

But to those who have confessed,  
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,  
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,  
"See the kingdom I bestow;  
You for ever shall my love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May this thought your courage raise  
Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:  
We shall triumph when the world is in a blaze.

John Newton

## The World

See, the world for youth prepares,  
Harlot-like, her gaudy snares!  
Pleasures round her seem to wait,  
But 'tis all a painted cheat.

Rash and unsuspecting youth  
Thinks to find thee always smooth,  
Always kind, till better taught,  
By experience dearly bought.

So the calm, but faithless sea  
(Lively emblem, world, of thee)  
Tempt the shepherd from the shore  
Foreign regions to explore.

While no wrinkled wave is seen,  
While the sky remains serene,  
Fill'd with hopes, and golden schemes  
Of a storm he little dreams.

But ere long the tempest raves,  
Then he trembles at the waves;  
Wishes then he had been wise,  
But too late—he sinks and dies.

Hapless thus, are they, vain world,  
Soon on rocks of ruin hurl'd,  
Who admiring thee, untry'd,  
Court thy pleasure, wealth, or pride.

Such a shipwreck had been mine,  
Had not Jesus (name divine!)  
Sav'd me with a mighty hand,  
And restor'd my soul to land.

Now, with gratitude I raise  
Ebenezers to his praise;  
Now my rash pursuits are o'er,  
I can trust thee, world, no more.

John Newton