

Classic Poetry Series

John Newton
- poems -

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John Newton(24 July 1725 – 21 December 1807)

John Henry Newton was a British sailor and Anglican clergyman. Starting his career at sea, at a young age, he became involved with the slave trade for a few years. After experiencing a religious conversion, he became a minister, hymn-writer, and later a prominent supporter of the abolition of slavery. He was the author of many hymns, including "Amazing Grace" and "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken."

Early Life

John Newton was born in Wapping, London, in 1725, the son of John Newton Sr., a shipmaster in the Mediterranean service, and Elizabeth Newton (née Seatclife), a Nonconformist Christian. His mother died of tuberculosis in July, 1732, about two weeks before his seventh birthday. Two years later, he went to live in Aveley, the home of his father's new wife. Newton spent two years at boarding school. At age eleven he went to sea with his father. Newton sailed six voyages before his father retired in 1742. Newton's father made plans for him to work at a sugar plantation in Jamaica. Instead, Newton signed on with a merchant ship sailing to the Mediterranean Sea.

In 1743, while on the way to visit some friends, Newton was captured and pressed into the naval service by the Royal Navy. He became a midshipman aboard HMS Harwich. At one point, Newton attempted to desert and was punished in front of the crew of 350. Stripped to the waist, tied to the grating, he received a flogging of one dozen lashes, and was reduced to the rank of a common seaman.

Following that disgrace and humiliation, Newton initially contemplated suicide. He recovered, both physically and mentally. Later, while Harwich was on route to India, he transferred to Pegasus, a slave ship bound for West Africa. The ship carried goods to Africa, and traded them for slaves to be shipped to England and other countries.

Newton proved to be a continual problem for the crew of Pegasus. They left him in West Africa with Amos Clowe, a slave dealer. Clowe took Newton to the coast, and gave him to his wife Princess Peye, an African duchess. Newton was abused and mistreated along with her other slaves. It was this period that Newton later remembered as the time he was "once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in West Africa."

Early in 1748 he was rescued by a sea captain who had been asked by Newton's father to search for him, he made it to freedom.

In 1750 he married his childhood sweetheart, Mary Catlett, in St. Margaret's Church, Rochester.

Spiritual Conversion

He sailed back to England in 1748 aboard the merchant ship Greyhound, which was carrying beeswax and dyer's wood, now referred to as camwood. During this voyage, he experienced a spiritual conversion. The ship encountered a severe storm off the coast of Donegal and almost sank. Newton awoke in the middle of the night and finally called out to God as the ship filled with water. After he called out, the cargo came out and stopped up the hole, and the ship was able to drift to safety. It was this experience which he later marked as the beginnings of his conversion to evangelical Christianity. As the ship sailed home, Newton began to read the Bible and other religious literature. By the time he reached Britain, he had accepted the doctrines of evangelical Christianity. The date was March 10, 1748, an anniversary he marked for the rest of his life. From that point on, he avoided profanity, gambling, and drinking. Although he continued to work in the slave trade, he had gained a considerable amount of sympathy for the slaves. He later said that his true conversion did not happen until some time later: "I cannot consider myself to have been a believer in the full sense of the word, until a considerable time afterwards."

Newton returned to Liverpool, England and, partly due to the influence of his father's friend Joseph Manesty, obtained a position as first mate aboard the slave ship Brownlow, bound for the West Indies via the coast of Guinea. During the first leg of this voyage, while in west Africa (1748–1749), Newton acknowledged the inadequacy of his spiritual life. While he was sick with a fever, he professed his full belief in Christ and asked God to take control of his destiny. He later said that this experience was his true conversion and the turning point in his spiritual life. He claimed it was the first time he felt totally at peace with God.

Still, he did not renounce the slave trade until later in his life. After his return to England in 1750, he made three further voyages as captain of the slave-trading ships Duke of Argyle (1750) and African (1752–1753 and 1753–1754). He only gave up seafaring and his active slave-trading activities in 1754, after suffering a severe stroke, but continued to invest his savings in Manesty's slaving operations."

Anglican Priest

In 1755 Newton became tide surveyor (a tax collector) of the port of Liverpool, again through the influence of Manesty. In his spare time, he was able to study Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac. He became well known as an evangelical lay minister. In 1757, he applied to be ordained as a priest in the Church of England, but it was more than seven years before he was eventually accepted.

Such was his frustration during this period of rejection that he also applied to the Methodists, Independents and Presbyterians, and applications were even mailed directly to the Bishops of Chester and Lincoln and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

Eventually, in 1764, he was introduced by Thomas Haweis to Lord Dartmouth, who was influential in recommending Newton to the Bishop of Chester, and who suggested him for the living of Olney, Buckinghamshire. On 29 April 1764 Newton received deacon's orders, and finally became a priest on June 17.

As curate of Olney, Newton was partly sponsored by an evangelical philanthropist, the wealthy Christian merchant John Thornton, who supplemented his stipend of £60 a year with £200 a year "for hospitality and to help the poor". He soon became well known for his pastoral care, as much as for his beliefs, and his friendship with Dissenters and evangelical clergy caused him to be respected by Anglicans and Nonconformists alike. He spent sixteen years at Olney, during which time so popular was his preaching that the church had a gallery added to accommodate the large numbers who flocked to hear him.

Some five years later, in 1772, Thomas Scott, later to become a biblical commentator and co-founder of the Church Missionary Society, took up the curacy of the neighbouring parishes of Stoke Goldington and Weston Underwood. Newton was instrumental in converting Scott from a cynical 'career priest' to a true believer, a conversion Scott related in his spiritual autobiography *The Force Of Truth* (1779).

In 1779 Newton was invited by John Thornton to become Rector of St Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, London, where he officiated until his death. The church had been built by Nicholas Hawksmoor in 1727 in the fashionable Baroque style. Newton then became one of only two evangelical preachers in the capital, and he soon found himself gaining in popularity amongst the growing evangelical party. He was a strong supporter of evangelicalism in the Church of England, and remained a friend of Dissenters as well as Anglicans.

Many young churchmen and others enquiring about their faith visited him and

sought his advice, including such well-known social figures as the writer and philanthropist Hannah More, and the young Member of Parliament, William Wilberforce, who had recently undergone a crisis of conscience and religious conversion as he was contemplating leaving politics. Having sought his guidance, Newton encouraged Wilberforce to stay in Parliament and "serve God where he was".

In 1792, he was presented with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the College of New Jersey (now Princeton University).

Abolitionist

In 1788, 34 years after he had retired from the slave trade, Newton broke a long silence on the subject with the publication of a forceful pamphlet "Thoughts Upon the Slave Trade", in which he described the horrific conditions of the slave ships during the Middle Passage, and apologized for "a confession, which ... comes too late ... It will always be a subject of humiliating reflection to me, that I was once an active instrument in a business at which my heart now shudders." A copy of the pamphlet was sent to every MP, and sold so well that it swiftly required reprinting.

Newton became an ally of his friend William Wilberforce, leader of the Parliamentary campaign to abolish the slave trade. He lived to see the passage of the Slave Trade Act 1807.

Newton has been called hypocritical by some modern writers for continuing to participate in the slave trade while holding strong Christian convictions. Newton later came to believe that during the first five of his nine years as a slave trader he had not been a Christian in the full sense of the term: "I was greatly deficient in many respects ... I cannot consider myself to have been a believer in the full sense of the word, until a considerable time later." Although this "true conversion" to Christianity also had no immediate impact on his views on slavery, he eventually came to revise them.

Writer and Hymnist

In 1767 William Cowper, the poet, moved to Olney. He worshipped in the church, and collaborated with Newton on a volume of hymns, which was eventually published as Olney Hymns in 1779. This work had a great influence on English hymnology. The volume included Newton's well-known hymns "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken", "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds!", "Let Us Love, and Sing, and Wonder", "Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare", "Approach, My Soul, the

Mercy-seat", and "Faith's Review and Expectation", which has come to be known by its opening phrase, "Amazing Grace".

Many of Newton's (as well as Cowper's) hymns are preserved in the Sacred Harp. He also contributed to the Cheap Repository Tracts.

Also, he wrote an anonymous autobiography called An Authentic Narrative of Some Remarkable And Interesting Particulars in the Life of ----- Communicated, in a Series of Letters, to the Reverend T. Haweiss.

Commemoration

The town of Newton, Sierra Leone is named after John Newton. To this day there is a philanthropic link between John Newton's church of Olney and Newton, Sierra Leone.

Newton was recognized for his hymns of longstanding influence by the Gospel Music Association in 1982 when he was inducted into the Gospel Music Hall of Fame.

Portrayals in Literature, Movies and Other Media

Newton is portrayed by actor John Castle in the 1975 British television miniseries "The Fight Against Slavery."

Caryl Phillips's novel Crossing the River (1993) includes nearly verbatim excerpts from Newton's books.

Newton is played by the actor Albert Finney in the 2006 film Amazing Grace, which highlights Newton's influence on William Wilberforce. Directed by Michael Apted, this film portrays Newton as a penitent who is haunted by the ghosts of 20,000 slaves.

Newton is also played by the actor Nick Moran in another 2006 film The Amazing Grace. The creation of Nigerian director/writer/producer Jeta Amata, the film provides a refreshing and creative African perspective on the familiar "Amazing Grace" theme. Nigerian actors Joke Silva, Mbong Odungide, and Fred Amata (brother of the director) portray Africans who are captured and wrested away from their homeland by slave traders.

African Snow, a play by Murray Watts, takes place in Newton's mind. It was first produced at the York Theatre Royal as a co-production with Riding Lights Theatre Company in April 2007 before transferring to the Trafalgar Studios in London's

West End and a National Tour. Newton was played by Roger Alborough and Olaudah Equiano by Israel Oyelumade.

A Brand Plucked Out Of The Fire

With Satan, my accuser, near
My spirit trembled when I saw
The Lord in majesty appear,
And heard the language of the law.

In vain I wish'd and strove to hide
The tatter'd, filthy rags I wore;
While my fierce foe insulting cry'd
See what you trusted in before!

Struck dumb, and left without a plea,
I heard my gracious Saviour say,
Know Satan, I this sinner free,
I died to take his sin away.

This is a brand which I, in love,
To save from wrath and sin design!
In vain thy accusations prove;
I answer all, and call him mine.

At his rebuke the tempter fled;
Then he remov'd my filthy dress;
Poor sinner, take this robe, he said,
It is thy Saviour's righteousness.

And see, a crown of life prepar'd!
That I might thus my head adorn;
I thought no shame or suff'ring hard,
But wore for thee a crown of thorn.

O how I heard these gracious words!
They broke and heal'd my heart at once;
Constrained me to become the Lord's,
And all my idol-gods renounce.

Now, Satan, thou hast lost thy aim,
Against this brand thy threats are vain;
JESUS has pluck'd it from the flame,
And who shall put it in again?

John Newton

A Friend That Sticketh Closer Than A Brother

One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love!

Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled, in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

Men, when raised to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more;
Slight and scorn their poor relations
Though they valued them before.
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom he redeemed with groans.

When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another,
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother,
Loves us though we treat him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:

But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

John Newton

A Sick Soul

Physician of my sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.

I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.

It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame;
And overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear, and shame.

A thousand evil thoughts intrude
Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

Lord I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee?

John Newton

Adam

On man, in his own image made,
How much did GOD bestow?
The whole creation homage paid,
And owned him LORD, below!

He dwelt in Eden's garden, stored
With sweets for every sense;
And there with his descending LORD
He walked in confidence.

But O! by sin how quickly changed!
His honour forfeited,
His heart, from God and truth, estranged,
His conscience filled with dread!

Now from his Maker's voice he flees,
Which was before his joy:
And thinks to hide, amidst the trees,
From an All-seeing eye.

Compelled to answer to his name,
With stubbornness and pride
He cast, on God himself, the blame,
Nor once for mercy cried.

But grace, unasked, his heart subdued
And all his guilt forgave;
By faith, the promised seed he viewed,
And felt his pow'r to save.

Thus we ourselves would justify,
Though we the Law transgress;
Like him, unable to deny,
Unwilling to confess.

But when by faith the sinner sees
A pardon bought with blood;
Then he forsakes his foolish pleas,
And gladly turns to God.

John Newton

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

Ask What I Shall Give Thee (I)

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and pow'r are such
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear;
Print Thine own resemblance there.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew.
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton

Ask What I Shall Give Thee (Ii)

If Solomon for wisdom prayed,
The Lord before had made him wise;
Else he another choice had made,
And asked for what the worldlings prize.

Thus he invites his people still,
He first instructs them how to choose;
Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
Assured that He will not refuse.

Our wishes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain;
Before we feel the Saviour's love,
Kindle our love to him again.

But when our hearts perceive his worth,
Desires, till then unknown, take place;
Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holiness and grace.

And dost thou say, Ask what thou wilt?
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.

More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

Grant these requests, I ask no more
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

John Newton

Ask What I Shall Give Thee (Iii)

Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see;
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

My soul ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold.

Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and pow'r can bless;
To praying souls he always grants,
More than they can express.

Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

If Thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be;
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave,
To them who know not thee.

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

Balaam's Wish

How blest the righteous are
When they resign their breath!
No wonder Balaam wished to share
In such a happy death.

Oh! let me die, said he,
The death the righteous do;
When life is ended let me be
Found with the faithful few.

The force of truth how great!
When enemies confess,
None but the righteous whom they hate,
A solid hope possess.

But Balaam's wish was vain,
His heart was insincere;
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
And sought a portion here.

He seemed the Lord to know,
And to offend him loth;
But Mammon proved his overthrow,
For none can serve them both.

May you, my friends, and I,
Warning from hence receive;
If like the righteous we would die,
To choose the life they live.

John Newton

Bartimaeus

Mercy, O thou Son of David!
Thus blind Bartimaeus prayed;
Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid:
Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask me what you will.

Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted
Alms, which none but he could give:
Lord remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day;
Strait he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

O! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found:
O! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely, would they hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see.

John Newton

Belshazzar

Poor sinners! little do they think
With whom they have to do!
But stand securely on the brink
Of everlasting woe.

Belshazzar thus, profanely bold,
The Lord of hosts defied;
But vengeance soon his boasts controlled,
And humbled all his pride.

He saw a hand upon the wall
And trembled on his throne
Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall
In characters unknown.

Why should he tremble at the view
Of what he could not read?
Foreboding conscience quickly knew
His ruin was decreed.

See him o'erwhelmed with deep distress!
His eyes with anguish roll;
His looks, and loosened joints, express
The terrors of his soul.

His pomp and music, guests and wine,
No more delight afford;
O sinner, ere this case be thine,
Begin to seek the Lord.

The law like this hand-writing stands,
And speaks the wrath of God;
But Jesus answers its demands,
And cancels it with blood.

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

But One Loaf

When the disciples crossed the lake
With but one loaf on board;
How strangely did their hearts mistake
The caution of their Lord.

The leaven of the Pharisees
Beware, the Saviour said;
They thought, it is because he sees
We have forgotten bread.

It seems they had forgotten too,
What their own eyes had viewed;
How with what scarce sufficed for few,
He fed a multitude.

If five small loaves, by his command,
Could many thousands serve;
Might they not trust his gracious hand,
That they should never starve?

They oft his pow'r and love had known,
And doubtless were to blame;
But we have reason good to own
That we are just the same.

How often has he brought relief,
And every want supplied!
Yet soon, again, our unbelief
Says, Can the Lord provide?

Be thankful for one loaf today,
Though that be all your store;
Tomorrow, if you trust and pray,
Shall timely bring you more.

John Newton

Cain And Abel

When Adam fell he quickly lost
God's image, which he once possessed:
See All our nature since could boast
In Cain, his first-born Son, expressed!

The sacrifice the Lord ordained
In type of the Redeemer's blood,
Self-righteous reas'ning Cain disdained,
And thought his own first-fruits as good.

Yet rage and envy filled his mind,
When, with a fallen, downcast look,
He saw his brother favor find,
Who God's appointed method took.

By Cain's own hand, good Abel died,
Because the Lord approved his faith;
And, when his blood for vengeance cried,
He vainly thought to hide his death.

Such was the wicked murd'rer Cain,
And such by nature still are we,
Until by grace we're born again,
Malicious, blind and proud, as he.

Like him the way of grace we slight,
And in our own devices trust;
Call evil good, and darkness light,
And hate and persecute the just.

The saints, in every age and place,
Have found this history fulfilled;
The numbers all our thoughts surpass
Of Abels, whom the Cains have killed!

Thus Jesus fell - but O! his blood
Far better things than Abel's cries:
Obtains his murd'ers peace with God,
And gains them mansions in the skies.

John Newton

Dagon Before The Ark

When first to make my heart his own,
The Lord revealed his mighty grace;
Self reigned, like Dagon, on the throne,
But could not long maintain its place.

It fell, and owned the pow'r divine,
(Grace can with ease the vict'ry gain)
But soon this wretched heart of mine,
Contrived to set it up again.

Again the Lord his name proclaimed,
And brought the hateful idol low;
Then self, like Dagon, broken, maimed,
Seemed to receive a mortal blow.

Yet self is not of life bereft,
Nor ceases to oppose his will;
Though but a maimed stump be left,
'Tis Dagon, 'tis an idol still.

Lord! must I always guilty prove,
And idols in my heart have room?
Oh! let the, fire of heavenly love,
The very slump of self consume.

John Newton

David's Fall

How David, when by sin deceived,
From bad to worse went on!
For when the Holy Spirit's grieved,
Our strength and guard are gone.

His eye on Bathsheba once fixed,
With poison filled his soul;
He ventured on adult'ry next,
And murder crowned the whole.

So from a spark of fire at first,
That has not been descried;
A dreadful flame has often burst,
And ravaged far and wide.

When sin deceives it hardens too,
For though he vainly fought
To hide his crimes from public view,
Of God he little thought.

He neither would, or could repent,
No true compunction felt;
'Till God in mercy Nathan sent,
His stubborn heart to melt.

The parable held forth a fact,
Designed his case to show;
But though the picture was exact,
Himself he did not know.

Thou art the man, the prophet said,
That word his slumber broke;
And when he owned his sin, and prayed,
The Lord forgiveness spoke.

Let those who think they stand beware,
For David stood before;
Nor let the fallen soul despair,
For mercy can restore.

John Newton

Dwelling In Mesech

What a mournful life is mine,
Fill with crosses, pains and cares!
Every work defiled with sin,
Every step beset with snares!

If alone I pensive fit,
I myself can hardly bear;
If I pass along the street,
Sin and riot triumph there.

Jesus! how my heart is pained,
How it mourns for souls deceived!
When I hear thy name profaned,
When I see thy Spirit grieved!

When thy children's griefs I view,
Their distress becomes my own;
All I hear, or see, or do,
Makes me tremble, weep and groan.

Mourning thus I long had been,
When I heard my Saviour's voice;
Thou hast cause to mourn for sin,
But in me thou may'st rejoice.

This kind word dispelled my grief,
Put to silence my complaints;
Though of sinners I am chief,
He his ranked me with his saints.

Though constrained to dwell a while
Where the wicked strive and brawl;
Let them frown; so he but smile,
Heav'n will make amends for all.

There, believers, we shall rest,
Free from sorrow, sin and fears;
Nothing there our peace molests,
Through eternal rounds of years.

Let us then the fight endure,
See our Captain looking down;
He will make the conquest sure,
And bestow the promised crown.

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

Elijah Fed By Ravens

Elijah's example declares,
Whatever distress may betide;
The saints may commit all their cares
To him who will surely provide:
When rain long withheld from the earth
Occasioned a famine of bread;
The prophet, secure from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.

More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey;
But when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way:
This instance to those may seem strange,
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.

Nor is it a singular case,
The wonder is often renewed;
And many can say, to his praise,
He sends them by ravens their food:
Thus worldlings, though ravens indeed,
Though greedy and selfish their mind,
If God has a servant to feed,
Against their own wills can be kind.

Thus Satan, that raven unclean,
Who croaks in the ears of the saints;
Compelled by a power unseen,
Administers oft to their wants:
God teaches them how to find food
From all the temptations they feel;
This raven, who thirsts for my blood,
Has helped me to many a meal.

How safe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He gives them out strength for their day,

Their wants he will surely supply:
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command;
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

John Newton

Ephesus

Thus saith the Lord to Ephesus,
And thus he speaks to some of us;
Amidst my churches, lo, I stand,
And hold the pastors in my hand.

Thy works, to me, are fully known,
Thy patience, and thy toil, I own;
Thy views of gospel truth are clear,
Nor canst thou other doctrine bear.

Yet I must blame while I approve,
Where is thy first, thy fervent love?
Dost thou forget my love to thee,
That thine is grown so faint to me?

Recall to mind the happy days
When thou wast filled with joy and praise;
Repent, thy former works renew,
Then I'll restore thy comforts too.

Return at once, when I reprove,
Lest I thy candlestick remove;
And thou, too late, thy loss lament;
I warn before I strike, Repent.

Hearken to what the Spirit saith,
To him that overcomes by faith;
The fruit of life's unfading tree,
In paradise his food shall be.

John Newton

Esau

Poor Esau repented too late
That once he his birth-right despised;
And sold, for a morsel of meat,
What could not too highly be prized:
How great was his anguish when told,
The blessing he sought to obtain,
Was gone with the birth-right he sold,
And none could recall it again!

He stands as a warning to all,
Wherever the gospel shall come;
O Hasten and yield to the call,
While yet for repentance there's room!
Your season will quickly be past,
Then hear and obey it today;
Lest when you seek mercy at last,
The Saviour should frown you away.

What is it the world can propose?
A morsel of meat at the best!
For this are you willing to lose
A share in the joys of the blest?
Its pleasures will speedily end,
Its favor and praise are but breath;
And what can its profits befriend
Your soul in the moment of death?

If Jesus for these you despise,
And sin to the Saviour prefer;
In vain your entreaties and cries,
When summoned to stand at his bar:
How will you his presence abide?
What anguish will torture your heart?
The saints all enthroned by his side,
And you be compelled to depart.

Too often, dear Saviour, have I
Preferred some poor trifle to thee;
How is it thou dost not deny

The blessing and birth-right to me?
No better than Esau I am,
Though pardon and heav'n be mine;
To me belongs nothing but shame,
The praise and the glory be thine.

John Newton

Faith's Review And Expectation (Amazing Grace)

□

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

□

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

□

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

□

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

□

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

□

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

Father Forgive Them

Father, forgive (the Saviour said)
They know not what they do:
His heart was moved when thus he prayed
For me, my friends, and you.

He saw, that as the Jews abused
And crucified his flesh;
So he, by us, would be refused,
And crucified afresh.

Through love of sin, we long were prone
To act as Satan bid;
But now, with grief and shame we own,
We knew not what we did.

We knew not the desert of sin,
Nor whom we thus defied;
Nor where our guilty souls had been,
If Jesus had not died.

We knew not what a law we broke,
How holy, just and pure!
Nor what a God we durst provoke,
But thought ourselves secure.

But Jesus all our guilt foresaw,
And shed his precious blood
To satisfy the holy law,
And make our peace with God.

My sin, dear Saviour, made thee bleed,
Yet didst thou pray for me!
I knew not what I did, indeed,
When ignorant of thee.

John Newton

Gibeon

When Joshua, by God's command,
Invaded Canaan's guilty land;
Gibeon, unlike the nations round,
Submission made and mercy found.

Their stubborn neighbors who enraged,
United war against them waged,
By Joshua soon were overthrown,
For Gibeon's cause was now his own.

He, from whose arm they ruin feared,
Their leader and ally appeared
An emblem of the Saviour's grace,
To those who humbly seek his face.

The men of Gibeon wore disguise,
And gained their peace by framing lies;
For Joshua had no pow'r to spare,
If he had known from whence they were.

But Jesus invitations sends,
Treating with rebels as his friends;
And holds the promise forth in view,
To all who for his mercy sue.

Too long his goodness I disdained,
Yet went at last and peace obtained;
But soon the noise of war I heard,
And former friends in arms appeared.

Weak in myself for help I cried,
Lord, I am pressed on every side;
The cause is thine, they fight with me,
But every blow is aimed at thee.

With speed to my relief he came,
And put my enemies to shame;
Thus saved by grace I live to sing,
The love and triumphs of my King.

John Newton

Gideon's Fleece

The signs which God to Gideon gave,
His holy Sovereignty made known;
That He alone has pow'r to save,
And claims the glory as his own.

The dew which first the fleece had filled,
When all the earth was dry around;
Was from it afterwards withheld,
And only fell upon the ground.

To Israel thus the heavenly dew
Of saving truth was long restrained;
Of which the Gentiles nothing knew,
But dry and desolate remained.

But now the Gentiles have received
The balmy dew of gospel peace
And Israel, who his spirit grieved,
Is left a dry and empty fleece.

This dew still falls at his command,
To keep his chosen plants alive;
They shall, though in a thirsty land,
Like willows by the waters thrive.

But chiefly when his people meet,
To hear his word and seek his face;
The gentle dew, with influence sweet,
Descends and nourishes their grace.

But ah! what numbers still are dead,
Though under means of grace they lie!
The dew still falling round their head,
And yet their heart untouched and dry.

Dear Saviour, hear us when we call,
To wrestling prayer an answer give;
Pour down thy dew upon us all,
That all may feel, and all may live.

John Newton

Harvest

See! the corn again in ear!
How the fields and valleys smile!
Harvest now is drawing near
To repay the farmer's toil:
Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food;
In thy mercy is our hope,
We have sinned but thou art good.

While I view the plenteous grain
As it ripens on the stalk;
May I not instruction gain,
Helpful, to my daily walk?
All this plenty of the field
Was produced from foreign seeds;
For the earth itself would yield
Only crops of useless weeds.

Though, when newly sown, it lay
Hid awhile beneath the ground,
Some might think it thrown away
Now a large increase is found:
Though concealed, it was not lost,
Though it died, it lives again;
Eastern storms, and nipping frosts
Have opposed its growth in vain.

Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours!
He, in seasons, still affords
Kindly heat, and gentle flow'rs:
By his care the produce thrives
Waving o'er the furrowed lands;
And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

Thus in barren hearts he sows
Precious seeds of heav'nly joy;
Sin, and hell, in vain oppose,

None can grace's crop destroy:
Threatened oft, yet still it blooms,
After many changes past,
Death, the reaper, when he comes,
Finds it fully ripe at last.

John Newton

He Led Them By A Right Way

When Israel was from Egypt freed,
The Lord, who brought them out,
Helped them in every time of need,
But led them round about.

To enter Canaan soon they hoped,
But quickly changed their mind;
When the Red Sea their passage stopped,
And Pharaoh marched behind.

The desert filled them with alarms,
For water and for food;
And Amalek, by force of arms,
To check their progress stood.

They often murmured by the way,
Because they judged by sight;
But were at length constrained to say,
The Lord had led them right.

In the Red Sea that stopped them first,
Their enemies were drowned;
The rocks gave water for their thirst,
And Manna spread the ground.

By fire and cloud their way was shown,
Across the pathless sands;
And Amalek was overthrown,
By Moses' lifted hands.

The way was right their hearts to prove,
To make God's glory known;
And show his wisdom, pow'r and love,
Engaged to save his own.

Just so the true believer's path
Through many dangers lies;
Though dark to sense, 'tis right to faith,
And leads us to the skies.

John Newton

How Lost Was My Condition

How lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell all around me
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness-all combined;
And none, but a believer,
The least relief can find.

From men, great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

At length this great Physician,
How matchless is His grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First, gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had sealed-
Then bit me look unto Him;
I looked, and I was healed.

A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,

And saves the soul from death;
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition-
To Jesus look and live!

John Newton

How Sweet The Name Of Jesus Sounds

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear?
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis Manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! The rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treas'ry filled
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain
Although with sin defiled,
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton

Humbled And Silenced By Mercy

Once perishing in blood I lay,
Creatures no help could give,
But Jesus passed me in the way,
He saw, and bid me live.

Though Satan still his rule maintained,
And all his arts employed;
That mighty Word his rage restrained,
I could not be destroyed.

At length the time of love arrived
When I my Lord should know,
Then Satan, of his pow'r deprived,
Was forced to let me go.

O can I e'er that day forget
When Jesus kindly spoke!
Poor soul, my blood has paid thy debt,
And now I break thy yoke.

Henceforth I take thee for my own,
And give myself to thee;
Forsake the idols thou hast known,
And yield thyself to me.

Ah, worthless heart! it promised fair,
And said it would be thine;
I little thought it e'er would dare
Again with idols join.

Lord, dost thou such backslidings heal,
And pardon all that's past?
Sure, if I am not made of steel,
Thou hast prevailed at last.

My tongue, which rashly spoke before,
This mercy will restrain;
Surely I now shall boast no more,
Nor censure, nor complain.

John Newton

In Evil Long I Took Delight

In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair,
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I kill'd.

John Newton

Is This Thy Kindness To Thy Friend (Christ A Redeemer And Friend)

Poor, weak and worthless though I am
I have a rich almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is His Name;
He freely loves, and without end.

He ransomed me from hell with blood,
And by His pow'r my foes controlled;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to His chosen fold.

He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be,
Enthroned with Him above the skies;
O what a friend is Christ to me!

But ah! I my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.

Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.

He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask:
But I am straitened, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

Before the world that hates his course,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame;
Loth to forego the worlds applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.

Sure were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite!

And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

John Newton

Jacob's Ladder

If the Lord our leader be,
We may follow without fear;
East or West, by land or sea,
Home, with him, is everywhere;
When from Esau Jacob fled,
Though his pillow was a stone,
And the ground his humble bed,
Yet he was not left alone.

Kings are often waking kept,
Racked with cares on beds of state;
Never king like Jacob slept.
For he lay at heaven's gate:
Lo! he saw a ladder reared,
Reaching to the heav'nly throne;
At the top the Lord appeared,
Spake and claimed him for his own.

Fear not, Jacob, thou art mine,
And my presence with thee goes;
On thy heart my love shall shine,
And my arm subdue thy foes:
From my promise comfort take;
For my help in trouble call;
Never will I thee forsake,
'Till I have accomplished all.

Well does Jacob's ladder suit
To the gospel throne of grace;
We are at the ladder's foot,
Every hour, in every place
By affirming flesh and blood,
Jesus heav'n and earth unites;
We by faith ascend to God,
God to dwell with us delights.

They who know the Saviour's name,
Are for all events prepared
What can changes do to them,

Who have such a Guide and Guard?
Should they traverse earth around,
To the ladder still they come;
Every spot is holy ground,
God is there - and he's their home.

John Newton

Jericho; Or, The Waters Healed

Though Jericho pleasantly stood,
And looked like a promising soil;
The harvest produced little food,
To answer the husbandman's toil.
The water some property had,
Which poisonous proved to the ground;
The springs were corrupted and bad,
The streams spread a barrenness round.

But soon by the cruse and the salt,
Prepared by Elisha's command,
The water was cured of its fault,
And plenty enriched the land:
An emblem sure this of the grace
On fruitless dead sinners bestowed;
For man is in Jericho's case,
Till cured by the mercy of God.

How noble a creature he seems!
What knowledge, invention and skill!
How large and extensive his schemes!
How much can he do if he will!
His zeal to be learned and wise,
Will yield to no limits or bars;
He measures the earth and the skies,
And numbers and marshals the stars.

Yet still he is barren of good;
In vain are his talents and art;
For sin has infected his blood,
And poisoned the streams of his heart:
Though cockatrice eggs he can hatch,
Or, spider-like, cobwebs can weave;
'Tis madness to labor and watch
For what will destroy or deceive.

But grace, like the salt in the cruse,
When cast in the spring of the soul;
A wonderful change will produce,

Diffusing new life through the whole:
The wilderness blooms like a rose,
The heart which was vile and abhorred;
Now fruitful and beautiful grows,
The garden and joy of the Lord.

John Newton

Joseph Made Known To His Brethren

When Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear;
His heart with compassion was filled,
From weeping he could not forbear.
Awhile his behavior was rough,
To bring their past sin to their mind;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hasted to show himself kind.

How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill treated and sold!
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told!
I am Joseph, your brother, he said,
And still to my heart you are dear,
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here.

Though greatly distressed before,
When charged with purloining the cup;
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.
Can Joseph, whom we would have slain.
Forgive us the evil we did?
And will he our households maintain?
O this is a brother indeed!

Thus dragged by my conscience, I came,
And laden with guilt, to the Lord;
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
At first he looked stern and severe,
What anguish then pierced my heart!
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, Thou cursed, depart!

But O! what surprise when he spoke,
While tenderness beamed in his face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,

O'erwhelmed and confounded by grace:
Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain;
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.

I am Jesus, whom thou hast blasphemed,
And crucified often afresh;
But let me henceforth be esteemed,
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh:
My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will fully supply;
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.

Go, publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come,
The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them that yet there is room.
O, sinners, the message obey!
No more vain excuses pretend;
But come, without farther delay,
To Jesus our brother and friend.

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

Laodicea

Hear what the Lord, the great Amen,
The true and faithful Witness says!
He formed the vast creation's plan,
And searches all our hearts and ways.

To some he speaks as once of old,
I know thee, thy profession's vain;
Since thou art neither hot nor cold,
I'll spit thee from me with disdain.

Thou boasteth, I am wise and rich,
Increased in goods and nothing need;
And dost not know thou art a wretch,
Naked and poor, and blind and dead.

Yet while I thus rebuke, I love,
My message is in mercy sent;
That thou may'st my compassion prove,
I can forgive, if thou repent.

Wouldst thou be truly rich and wise?
Come, buy my gold in fire well tried,
My ointment to anoint thine eyes,
My robe, thy nakedness to hide.

See at thy door I stand and knock!
Poor sinner, shall I wait in vain?
Quickly thy stubborn heart unlock,
That I may enter with my train.

Thou canst not entertain a king,
Unworthy thou of such a guest!
But I my own provisions bring,
To make thy soul a heavenly feast.

John Newton

Look Unto Me, And Be Ye Saved

As the serpent raised by Moses
Healed the burning serpent's bite;
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight:
Hear his gracious invitation,
I have life and peace to give,
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner, look to me and live.

Pore upon your sins no longer,
Well I know their mighty guilt;
But my love than death is stronger,
I my blood have freely spilt:
Though your heart has long been hardened,
Look on me - it soft shall grow;
Past transgressions shall be pardoned,
And I'll wash you white as snow.

I have seen what you were doing,
Though you little thought of me;
You were madly bent on ruin,
But I said - It shall not be:
You had been for ever wretched,
Had I not espoused your part;
Now behold my arms outstretched
To receive you to my heart.

Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,
All your inward passions move;
I could crush thee with my thunder,
But I speak to thee in love:
See! your sins are all forgiven,
I have paid the countless sum!
Now my death has opened heaven,
Thither you shall shortly come.

Dearest Saviour, we adore thee
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,

Give us all the eye of faith:
From the law's condemning sentence,
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

John Newton

Looking Unto Jesus

By various maxims, forms and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain;
But all my efforts proved in vain.

But since the Saviour I have known
My rules are all reduced to one;
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view,
This strength supplies and motives too.

I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient, amidst reproach and strife;
And from his pattern courage take
To bear, and suffer, for his sake.

Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

To look to Jesus as he rose
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqu'ror's crown;
If pressed with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.

By faith I see the hour at hand
When in his presence I shall stand;
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where, and as he is.

John Newton

Lot In Sodom

How hurtful was the choice of Lot,
Who took up his abode
Because it was a fruitful spot
With them who feared not God!

A pris'ner he was quickly made,
Bereaved of all his store;
And, but for Abraham's timely aid,
He had returned no more.

Yet still he seemed resolved to stay
As if it were his rest;
Although their sins from day to day
His righteous soul distressed.

Awhile he stayed with anxious mind,
Exposed to scorn and strife;
At last he left his all behind,
And fled to save his life.

In vain his sons-in-law he warned,
They thought he told his dreams;
His daughters too, of them had learned,
And perished in the flames.

His wife escaped a little way,
But died for looking back:
Does not her case to pilgrims say,
Beware of growing slack?

Yea; Lot himself could ling'ring stand,
Though vengeance was in view;
'Twas mercy plucked him by the hand,
Or he had perished too.

The doom of Sodom wilt be ours
If to the earth we cleave;
Lord quicken all our drowsy pow'rs,
To flee to thee and live.

John Newton

Lovest Thou Me?

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin, a grief, and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

Lord decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin today.

John Newton

Love-Tokens

Afflictions do not come alone,
A voice attends the rod;
By both he to his saints is known,
A Father and a God!

Let not my children slight the stroke
I for chastisement send;
Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke,
For still I am their friend.

The wicked I perhaps may leave
Awhile, and not reprove;
But all the children I receive
I scourge, because I love.

If therefore you were left without
This needful discipline;
You might, with cause, admit a doubt,
If you, indeed, were mine.

Shall earthly parents then expect
Their children to submit?
And wilt not you, when I correct,
Be humbled at my feet?

To please themselves they oft chastise,
And put their sons to pain;
But you are precious in my eyes,
And shall not smart in vain.

I see your hearts, at present, filled
With grief, and deep distress;
But soon these bitter seeds shall yield
The fruits of righteousness.

Break through the clouds, dear Lord, and shine!
Let us perceive thee nigh!
And to each mourning child of thine
These gracious words apply.

John Newton

Manna Hoarded

The manna favored Israel's meat,
Was gathered day by day;
When all the host was served, the heat
Melted the rest away.

In vain to hoard it up they tried,
Against tomorrow came;
It then bred worms and putrefied,
And proved their sin and shame.

'Twas daily bread and would not keep,
But must be still renewed;
Faith should not want a hoard or heap,
But trust the Lord for food.

The truths by which the soul is fed,
Must thus be had afresh;
For notions resting in the head,
Will only feed the flesh.

However true, they have no life,
Or unction to impart;
They breed the worms of pride and strife,
But cannot cheer the heart.

Nor can the best experience past,
The life of faith maintain;
The brightest hope will faint at last,
Unless supplied again.

Dear Lord, while we in prayer are found,
Do thou the Manna give;
O! let it fall on all around,
That we may eat and live.

John Newton

Manna To Israel Well Supplied

Manna to Israel well supplied
The want of other bread;
While God is able to provide,
His people shall be fed.

Thus though the corn and wine should fail,
And creature-streams be dry;
The prayer of faith will still prevail,
For blessings from on high.

Of his kind care how sweet a proof!
It suited every taste;
Who gathered most, had just enough,
Enough, who gathered least.

'Tis thus our gracious Lord provides
Our comforts and our cares;
His own unerring hand provides,
And gives us each our shares.

He knows how much the weak can bear,
And helps them when they cry;
The strongest have no strength to spare,
For such he'll strongly try.

Daily they saw the Manna come,
And cover all the ground;
But what they tried to keep at home,
Corrupted soon was found.

Vain their attempt to store it up,
This was to tempt the Lord;
Israel must live by faith and hope,
And not upon a hoard.

John Newton

Martha And Mary

Martha her love and joy expressed
By care to entertain her guest;
While Mary sat to hear her Lord,
And could not bear to lose a word.

The principle in both the same,
Produced in each a different aim;
The one to feast the Lord was led,
The other waited to be fed.

But Mary chose the better part,
Her Saviour's words refreshed her heart;
While busy Martha angry grew,
And lost her time and temper too.

With warmth she to her sister spoke,
But brought upon herself rebuke;
One thing is needful, and but one,
Why do thy thoughts on many run?

How oft are we like Martha vexed,
Encumbered, hurried, and perplexed!
While trifles so engross our thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

Lord teach us this one thing to choose,
Which they who gain can never lose;
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful, were the world our own.

Let groveling hearts the world admire,
Thy love is all that I require!
Gladly I may the rest resign,
If the one needful thing be mine!

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

More With Us Than With Them

Alas! Elisha's servant cried,
When he the Syrian army spied,
But he was soon released from care,
In answer to the prophet's prayer.

Straitway he saw, with other eyes,
A greater army from the skies;
A fiery guard around the hill,
Thus are the saints preserved still.

When Satan and his host appear,
Like him of old, I faint and fear;
Like him, by faith, with joy I see,
A greater host engaged for me.

The saints espouse my cause by prayer,
The angels make my soul their care;
Mine is the promise sealed with blood,
And Jesus lives to make it good.

John Newton

My Grace Is Sufficient For Thee

Oppressed with unbelief and sin,
Fightings without, and fears within;
While earth and hell, with force combined,
Assault and terrify my mind.

What strength have I against such foes,
Such hosts and legions to oppose?
Alas! I tremble, faint, and fall,
Lord save me, or I give up all.

Thus sorely pressed I sought the Lord,
To give me some sweet cheering word;
Again I sought, and yet again,
I waited long, but not in vain.

O! 'twas a cheering word indeed!
Exactly suited to my need;
Sufficient for thee is my grace,
Thy weakness my great pow'r displays.

Now despond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I feared before;
Though weak I'm strong, though troubled blest,
For Christ's own pow'r shall on me rest.

My grace would soon exhausted be,
But his is boundless as the sea;
Then let me boast with holy Paul,
That I am nothing, Christ is all.

John Newton

My Name Is Jacob

Nay, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.

Dost thou ask me, who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.

Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me,

Many years have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou?

Thou hast helped in every need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

No -- I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesu's sake.

John Newton

Naaman

Before Elisha's gate
The Syrian leper stood;
But could not brook to wait,
He deemed himself too good:
He thought the prophet would attend,
And not to him a message send.

Have I this journey come,
And will he not be seen?
I were as well at home,
Would washing make me clean:
Why must I wash in Jordan's flood?
Damascus' rivers are as good.

Thus by his foolish pride
He almost missed a cure;
Howe'er at length he tried,
And found the method sure:
Soon as his pride was brought to yield,
The leprosy was quickly healed.

Leprous and proud as he,
To Jesus thus I came,
From sin to set me free,
When first I heard his fame:
Surely, thought I, my pompous train
Of vows and tears will notice gain.

My heart devised the way
Which I supposed he'd take;
And when I found delay,
Was ready to go back:
Had he some painful task enjoined,
I to performance seemed inclined.

John Newton

None Upon Earth I Desire Besides Thee

How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness with me:
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

John Newton

Now May He Who From The Dead

Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

May He teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night!

To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton

Oh That I Were As In Months Past!

Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.

In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

Then to his saints I often spoke;
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns,
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

John Newton

Old-Testament Gospel

Israel in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learned the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with pow'r;
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood, of matchless worth,
Should be the soul's defence:
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

The scape-goat on his head
The peoples' trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him, our Surety seemed to say,
Behold, I bear your sins away.

Dipped in his fellows' blood,
The living bird went free,
The type, well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea;
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

Jesus I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page;
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!

O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light, vouchsafed to me.

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

On One Stone Shall Be Seven Eyes

Jesus Christ, the Lord's anointed,
Who his blood for sinners spilt;
Is the Stone by God appointed,
And the church is on him built:
He delivers all who trust him from their guilt.

Many eyes at once are fixed
On a person so divine;
Love, with awful justice mixed,
In his great redemption shine:
Mighty Jesus! give me leave to call thee mine.

By the Father's eye approved,
Lo, a voice is heard from heav'n,
Sinners, this is my Beloved,
For your ransom freely given:
All offences, for his sake, shall be forgiven.

Angels with their eyes pursued him,
When he left his glorious throne;
With astonishment they viewed him
Put the form of servant on:
Angels worshipped him who was on earth unknown.

Satan and his host amazed,
Saw this stone in Zion laid;
Jesus, though to death abased,
Bruised the subtle serpent's head:
When to save us, on the cross his blood he shed.

When a guilty sinner sees him,
While he looks his soul is healed;
Soon this sight from anguish frees him,
And imparts a pardon sealed:
May this Saviour be to all our hearts revealed!

With desire and admiration,
All his blood-bought flock behold;
Him who wrought out their salvation,

And enclosed them in his fold:
Yet their warmest love, and praises, are too cold.

By the eye of carnal reason
Many view him with disdain;
How will they abide the season
When he'll come with all his train:
To escape him then they'll wish, but wish in vain.

How their hearts will melt and tremble
When they hear his awful voice;
But his saints he'll then assemble,
As his portion and his choice;
And receive them to his everlasting joys.

John Newton

On The Death Of A Believer

In vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death
The glories that surround the saint,
When yielding up its breath.

One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, They're gone!
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us follow'rs be of them,
That we may praise him too.

Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their memory dear;
And, Lord, do thou the prayers fulfil,
They offered for us here.

While they have gained, we losers are,
We miss them day by day;
But thou canst every breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

We pray, as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went,
May double portions of thy grace,
To us who stay, be sent.

John Newton

Paul's Voyage

If Paul in Caesar's court must stand,
He need not fear the sea;
Secured from harm, on every hand,
By the divine decree.

Although the ship, in which he sailed,
By dreadful storms was tossed;
The promise over all prevailed,
And not a life was lost.

Jesus! the God whom Paul adored,
Who saves in time of need;
Was then confessed, by all on board,
A present help indeed!

Though neither sun nor stars were seen
Paul knew the Lord was near;
And faith preserved his soul serene,
When others shook for fear.

Believers thus are tossed about
On life's tempestuous main;
But grace assures, beyond a doubt,
They shall their port attain.

They must, they shall appear one day,
Before their Saviour's throne;
The storms they meet with by the way,
But make his power known.

Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threat'ning wave;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.

Lord, though we are but feeble worms,
Yet since thy word is past;
We'll venture through a thousand storms,
To see thy face at last.

John Newton

Peter Released From Prison

Fervent persevering prayers
Are faith's assured resource,
Brazen gates, and iron bars,
In vain withstand their force:
Peter when in prison cast,
Though by soldiers kept with care;
Though the doors were bolted fast,
Was soon released by prayer.

While he slept an angel came
And spread a light around;
Touched, and called him by his name,
And raised him from the ground:
All his chains and fetters burst,
Every door wide open flew;
Peter thought he dreamed, at first,
But found the vision true.

Thus the Lord can make a way
To bring his saints relief;
'Tis their part, to wait and pray,
In spite of unbelief:
He can break through walls of stone,
Sink the mountain to a plain;
They, to whom his name is known;
Can never pray in vain.

Thus in chains of guilt and sin,
Poor sinners sleeping lie;
No alarm is felt within,
Although condemned to die:
Till descending from above
Mercy smiling in his eyes
Jesus, with a voice of love,
Awakes, and bids them rise.

Glad the summons they obey,
And liberty desire;
Strait their fetters melt away,

Like wax before the fire:
By the word of him who died,
Guilty pris'ners to release;
Every door flies open wide,
And they depart in peace.

John Newton

Peter Sinning And Repenting

When Peter boasted, soon he fell,
Yet was by grace restored;
His case should be regarded well
By all who fear the Lord.

A voice it has, and helping hand,
Backsliders to recall;
And cautions those who think they stand,
Lest suddenly they fall.

He said, Whatever others do,
With Jesus I'll abide;
Yet soon amidst a murd'rous crew
His suff'ring Lord denied.

He who had been so bold before,
Now trembled like a leaf;
Not only lied, but cursed and swore,
To gain the more belief.

While he blasphemed he heard the cock,
And Jesus looked in love;
At once, as if by lightning struck,
His tongue forbore to move.

Delivered thus from Satan's snare
He starts, as from a sleep;
His Saviour's look he could not bear,
But hasted forth to weep.

But sure the faithful cock had crowed
A hundred times in vain;
Had not the Lord that look bestowed,
The meaning to explain.

As I, like Peter, vows have made,
Yet acted Peter's part;
So conscience, like the cock, upbraids
My base, ungrateful heart.

Lord Jesus, hear a sinner's cry,
My broken peace renew;
And grant one pitying look, that I
May weep with Peter too.

John Newton

Peter Walking Upon The Water

A Word from Jesus calms the sea,
The stormy wind controls;
And gives repose and liberty
To tempest-tossed souls.

To Peter on the waves he came,
And gave him instant peace;
Thus he to me revealed his name,
And bid my sorrows cease.

Then filled with wonder, joy and love,
Peter's request was mine;
Lord, call me down, I long to prove
That I am wholly thine.

Unmoved at all I have to meet
On life's tempestuous sea;
Hard, shall be easy; bitter, sweet,
So I may follow thee.

He heard and smiled, and bid me try,
I eagerly obeyed;
But when from him I turned my eye,
How was my soul dismayed!

The storm increased on every side,
I felt my spirit shrink;
And soon, with Peter, loud I cried,
Lord, save me, or I sink.

Kindly he caught me by the hand,
And said, Why dost thou fear?
Since thou art come at my command,
And I am always near.

Upon my promise rest thy hope,
And keep my love in view;
I stand engaged to hold thee up,
And guide thee safely through.

John Newton

Philadelphia

Thus saith the holy One, and true,
To his beloved faithful few;
Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,
To shut, or open, as I please.

I know thy works, and I approve,
Though small thy strength, sincere thy love;
Go on, my word and name to own,
For none shall rob thee of thy crown.

Before thee see my mercy's door
Stands open wide to shut no more;
Fear not temptation's fiery day,
For I will be thy strength and stay.

Thou hast my promise, hold it fast,
The trying hour will soon be past;
Rejoice, for lo! I quickly come,
To take thee to my heav'nly home.

A pillar there, no more to move,
Inscribed with all my names of love;
A monument of mighty grace,
Thou shalt for ever have a place.

Such is the conqueror's reward,
Prepared and promised by the Lord!
Let him that has the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit saith.

John Newton

Pleading For Mercy

In mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my God!
My spirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.

Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
Regard my heavy groans;
O let thy voice of comfort speak,
And heal my broken bones!

By day my busy beating head
Is filled with anxious fears;
By night, upon my restless bed,
I weep a flood of tears.

Thus I sit desolate and mourn,
Mine eyes grow dull with grief;
How long, my Lord, ere thou return,
And bring my soul relief?

O come and show thy pow'r to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?

Satan, my cruel envious foe,
Insults me in my pain;
He smiles to see me brought so low,
And tells me hope is vain,

But hence, thou enemy, depart!
Nor tempt me to despair;
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart,
The Lord has heard my prayer.

John Newton

Plenty In A Time Of Dearth

My soul once had its plenteous years,
And throve, with peace and comfort filled,
Like the fat kine and ripened ears,
Which Pharaoh in his dream beheld.

With pleasing frames and grace received,
With means and ordinances fed;
How happy for a while I lived,
And little feared the want of bread.

But famine came and left no sign,
Of all the plenty I had seen;
Like the dry ears and half-starved kine,
I then looked withered, faint and lean.

To Joseph the Egyptians went,
To Jesus I made known my case;
He, when my little stock was spent,
Opened his magazine of grace.

For he the time of dearth foresaw,
And made provision long before;
That famished souls, like me, might draw
Supplies from his unbounded store.

Now on his bounty I depend,
And live from fear of dearth secure,
Maintained by such a mighty friend,
I cannot want till he is poor.

O sinners hear his gracious call!
His mercy's door stands open wide,
He has enough to feed you all,
And none who come shall be denied.

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

Precious Bible! What a Treasure

Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the Word of God afford?
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloy:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials, to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the Word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield
While the scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirits' sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me.
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

Shall I envy then the miser
Doting on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:

Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

John Newton

Queen Of Sheba

From Sheba a distant report
Of Solomon's glory and fame,
Invited the queen to his court,
But all was outdone when she came;
She cried, with a pleasing surprise,
When first she before him appeared,
How much, what I see with my eyes,
Surpasses the rumour I heard!

When once to Jerusalem come,
The treasure and train she had brought;
The wealth she possessed at home,
No longer had place in her thought:
His house, his attendants, his throne,
All struck her with wonder and awe;
The glory of Solomon shone,
In every object she saw.

But Solomon most she admired,
Whose spirit conducted the whole;
His wisdom, which God had inspired,
His bounty and greatness of soul;
Of all the hard questions she put,
A ready solution he showed;
Exceeded her with and her suit,
And more than she asked him bestowed.

Thus I when the gospel proclaimed
The Saviour's great name in my ears,
The wisdom for which he is famed,
The love which to sinners he bears;
I longed, and I was not denied,
That I in his presence might bow;
I saw, and transported I cried,
A greater than Solomon Thou!

My conscience no comfort could find,
By doubt and hard questions opposed;
But He restored peace to my mind,

And answered each doubt I proposed:
Beholding me poor and distressed,
His bounty supplied all my wants;
My prayer could have never expressed
So much as this Solomon grants.

I heard, and was slow to believe,
But now with my eyes I behold,
Much more than my heart could conceive,
Or language could ever have told:
How happy thy servants must be,
Who always before thee appear!
Vouchsafe, Lord, this blessing to me,
I find it is good to be here.

John Newton

Quiet, Lord, My Froward Heart

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong no wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

John Newton

Salvation Drawing Nearer

Darkness overspreads us here,
But the night wears fast away;
Jacob's star will soon appear,
Leading on eternal day!
Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep,
Trim our lamps and stand prepared;
For our Lord strict watch to keep,
Lest he find us off our guard.

Let his people courage take,
Bear with a submissive mind
All they suffer for his sake,
Rich amends they soon will find:
He will wipe away their tears,
Near himself appoint their lot;
All their sorrows, pains and fears,
Quickly then wilt be forgot.

Though already saved, by grace,
From the hour we first believed;
Yet while sin and war have place,
We have but a part received:
Still we for salvation wait,
Every hour it nearer comes!
Death will break the prison gate,
And admit us to our homes.

Sinners, what can you expect?
You who now the Saviour dare;
Break his laws, his grace reject,
You must stand before his bar!
Tremble, lest he say, Depart!
Oh the horrors of that sound!
Lord, make every careless heart,
Seek thee while thou may'st be found.

John Newton

Sampson's Lion

The lion that on Sampson roared,
And thirsted for his blood;
With honey afterwards was stored,
And furnished him with food.

Believers, as they pace along,
With many lions meet;
But gather sweetness from the strong,
And from the eater, meat.

The lions rage and roar in vain,
For Jesus is their shield;
Their losses prove a certain gain,
Their troubles comfort yield.

The world and Satan join their strength,
To fill their souls with fears;
But crops of joy they reap at length,
From what they sow in tears.

Afflictions make them love the word,
Stir up their hearts to prayer;
And many precious proofs afford,
Of their Redeemer's care.

The lions roar but cannot kill,
Then fear them not, my friends,
They bring us, though against their will,
The honey Jesus sends.

John Newton

Satan Returning

When Jesus claims the sinner's heart,
Where Satan ruled before;
The evil spirit must depart,
And dares return no more.

But when he goes without constraint,
And wanders from his home;
Although withdrawn, 'tis but a feint,
He means again to come.

Some outward change perhaps is seen
If Satan quit the place;
But though the house seem swept and clean,
'Tis destitute of grace.

Except the Saviour dwell and reign
Within the sinner's mind;
Satan, when he returns again,
Will easy entrance find.

With rage and malice sevenfold,
He then resumes his sway;
No more by checks to be controlled,
No more to go away.

The sinner's former state was bad,
But worse the latter far;
He lives possessed, and blind, and mad,
And dies in dark despair.

Lord save me from this dreadful end!
And from this heart of mine,
O drive and keep away the fiend
Who fears no voice but thine.

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

Saul's Armor

When first my soul enlisted
My Saviour's foes to fight;
Mistaken friends insisted
I was not armed aright:
So Saul advised David
He certainly would fail;
Nor could his life be saved
Without a coat of mail.

But David, though he yielded
To put the armor on,
Soon found he could not wield it,
And ventured forth with none.
With only sling and pebble
He fought the fight of faith;
The weapons seemed but feeble,
Yet proved Goliath's death.

Had I by him been guided,
And quickly thrown away
The armor men provided,
I might have gained the day;
But armed as they advised me,
My expectations failed;
My enemy surprised me,
And had almost prevailed.

Furnished with books and notions,
And arguments and pride
I practised all my motions,
And Satan's pow'r defied
But soon perceived with trouble,
That these would do no good;
Iron to him is stubble,
And brass like rotten wood.

I triumphed at a distance
While he was out of sight;
But faint was my resistance

When forced to join in fight:
He broke my sword in shivers,
And pierced my boasted shield;
Laughed at my vain endeavors,
And drove me from the field.

Satan will not be braved
By such a worm as I;
Then let me learn with David,
To trust in the Most High;
To plead the name of Jesus,
And use the sling of prayer;
Thus armed, when Satan sees us
He'll tremble and despair.

John Newton

Smyrna

The message first to Smyrna sent,
A message full of grace;
To all the Saviour's flock is meant,
In every age and place.

Thus to his church, his chosen bride,
Saith the great First and Last;
Who ever lives, though once he died,
Hold thy profession fast.

Thy works and sorrows well I know,
Performed and borne for me;
Poor though thou art, despised and low,
Yet who is rich like thee?

I know thy foes, and what they say,
How long they have blasphemed;
The synagogue of Satan, they,
Though they would Jews be deemed.

Though Satan for a season rage,
And prisons be your lot;
I am your friend, and I engage
You shall not be forgot.

Be faithful unto death, nor fear
A few short days of strife;
Behold! the prize you soon shall wear,
A crown of endless life!

Hear what the holy Spirit saith
Of all who overcome;
They shall escape the second death,
The sinner's awful doom!

John Newton

That Rock Was Christ

When Israel's tribes were parch'd with thirst,
Forth from the rock the waters burst;
And all their future journey through
Yielded them drink, and Gospel too!

In Moses' rod a type they saw
Of his severe and fiery law;
The smitten rock prefigur'd Him
From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.

But ah! the types were all too faint,
His sorrows or his worth to paint;
Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,
But he endur'd the wrath of God.

Their outward rock could feel no pain,
But ours was wounded, torn and slain;
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,
But Jesus pour'd forth streams of blood.

The earth is like their wilderness,
A land of drought and sore distress;
Without one stream from pole to pole,
To satisfy a thirsty soul.

But let the Saviour's praise resound;
In him refreshing streams are found,
Which pardon, strength, and comfort give;
And thirsty sinners drink and live.

John Newton

The Barren Fig-Tree

The church a garden is
In which believers stand,
Like ornamental trees
Planted by God's own hand:
His Spirit waters all their roots,
And every branch abounds with fruits.

But other trees there are,
In this enclosure grow;
Which, though they promise fair,
Have only leaves to show:
No fruits of grace are on them found,
They stand but cumb'ers of the ground.

The under gard'ner grieves,
In vain his strength he spends,
For heaps of useless leaves,
Afford him small amends:
He hears the Lord his will make known,
To cut the barren fig-trees down.

How difficult his post,
What pangs his bowels move,
To find his wishes crossed,
His labors useless prove!
His last relief is earnest prayer,
Lord, spare them yet another year.

Spare them, and let me try
What farther means may do;
I'll fresh manure apply,
My digging I'll renew
Who knows but yet they fruit may yield!
If not--'tis just, they must be felled.

If under means of grace,
No gracious fruits appear;
It is a dreadful case,
Though God may long forbear:

At length he'll strike the threatened blow,
And lay the barren fig-tree low.

John Newton

The Beggar

Encouraged by thy word
Of promise to the poor;
Behold, a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

The beggar's usual plea
Relief from men to gain,
If offered unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain:
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

I have no right to say
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more:
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My wants have been but few:
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

'Twere folly to pretend
I never begged before;
Or if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often hast relieved my pain,
And often I must come again.

Though crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I;
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy:

O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.

John Newton

The Believer's Danger, Safety, And Duty

Simon, beware! the Saviour said,
Satan, your subtle foe,
Already has his measures laid
Your soul to overthrow.

He wants to sift you all, as wheat,
And thinks his vict'ry sure;
But I his malice will defeat,
My prayer shall faith secure.

Believers, tremble and rejoice,
Your help and danger view;
This warning has to you a voice,
This promise speaks to you.

Satan beholds, with jealous eye,
Your privilege and joy;
He's always watchful, always nigh,
To tear and to destroy.

But Jesus lives to intercede,
That faith may still prevail,
He will support in time of need,
And Satan's arts shall fail.

Yet, let us not the warning slight,
But watchful still be found;
Though faith cannot be slain in fight,
It may receive a wound.

While Satan watches, dare we sleep?
We must our guard maintain;
But, Lord, do thou the city keep,
Or else we watch in vain.

John Newton

The Believer's Safety

Incarnate God! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

Thy wisdom, faithfulness and love,
To feeble helpless worms;
A buckler and a refuge prove,
From enemies and storms.

In vain the fowler spreads his net,
To draw them from thy care;
Thy timely call instructs their feet,
To shun the artful snare.

When like a baneful pestilence,
Sin mows its thousands down
On every side, without defence,
Thy grace secures thine own.

No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
No arrow wounds by day;
Unhurt on serpents they shall tread,
If found in duty's way.

Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms;
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.

The angels' Lord, himself is nigh,
To them that love his name;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have the saints to fear?

John Newton

The Believer's Safety (Ii)

That man no guard or weapons needs,
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;
But safe may pass, if duty leads,
Through burning sands or mountain snows.

Released from guilt he feels no fear,
Redemption is his shield and tow'r;
He sees his Saviour always near
To help, in every trying hour.

Though I am weak and Satan strong,
And often to assault me tries;
When Jesus is my shield and song,
Abashed the wolf before me flies.

His love possessing I am blest,
Secure whatever change may come;
Whether I go to East or West,
With him I still shall be at home.

If placed beneath the northern pole,
Though winter reigns with rigor there;
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
And make a spring throughout the year.

Or if the deserts sun-burnt soil,
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove;
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

John Newton

The Bitter Waters

Beside the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor;
From year to year, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others, round me, stepping in
Their efficacy prove.

But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain.
As when at first I came.

O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languished here;
And what distress I feel.

How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.

Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

No: he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

John Newton

The Blasted Fig-Tree

One awful word which Jesus spoke,
Against the tree which bore no fruit;
More piercing than the lightning's stroke,
Blasted and dried it to the root.

But could a tree the Lord offend,
To make him show his anger thus?
He surely had a farther end,
To be a warning word to us.

The fig-tree by its leaves was known,
But having not a fig to show;
It brought a heavy sentence down,
Let none hereafter on thee grow.

Too many, who the gospel hear,
Whom Satan blinds and sin deceives;
We to this fig-tree may compare,
They yield no fruit, but only leaves.

Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,
Unless combined with faith and love,
And witnessed by a gospel walk,
Will not a true profession prove.

Without the fruit the Lord expects
Knowledge will make our state the worse;
The barren trees he still rejects,
And soon will blast them with his curse.

O Lord, unite our hearts in prayer!
On each of us thy Spirit send;
That we the fruits of grace may bear,
And find acceptance in the end.

John Newton

The Book Of Creation

The book of nature open lies,
With much instruction stored;
But till the Lord anoints our eyes
We cannot read a word.

Philosophers have pored in vain,
And guessed, from age to age;
For reason's eye could ne'er attain
To understand a page.

Though to each star they give a name,
Its size and motions teach;
The truths which all the stars proclaim,
Their wisdom cannot reach.

With skill to measure earth and sea;
And weigh the subtle air;
They cannot, Lord, discover thee
Though present everywhere.

The knowledge of the saints excels
The wisdom of the schools;
To them his secrets God reveals,
Though men account them fools.

To them the sun and stars on high,
The flow'rs that paint the field,
And all the artless birds that fly,
Divine instruction yield.

The creatures on their senses press,
As witnesses to prove
Their Saviour's pow'r, and faithfulness,
His providence and love.

Thus may we study nature's book
To make us wise indeed!
And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read.

John Newton

The Borrowed Axe

The prophets sons, in time of old,
Though to appearance poor;
Were rich without possessing gold,
And honoured, though obscure.

In peace their daily bread they eat,
By honest labor earned;
While daily at Elisha's feet,
They grace and wisdom learned.

The prophet's presence cheered their toil,
They watched the words he spoke;
Whether they turned the furrowed soil,
Or felled the spreading oak.

Once as they listened to his theme,
Their conference was stopped;
For one beneath the yielding stream,
A borrowed axe had dropped.

Alas! it was not mine, he said,
How shall I make it good?
Elisha heard, and when he prayed,
The iron swam like wood.

If God, in such a small affair,
A miracle performs;
It shows his condescending care
Of poor unworthy worms.

Though kings and nations in his view
Are but as motes and dust;
His eye and ear are fixed on you,
Who in his mercy trust.

Not one concern of ours is small,
If we belong to him;
To teach us this, the Lord of all,
Once made the iron swim.

John Newton

The Change

Saviour shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

Shall I sigh and pray in vain,
Wilt thou still refuse to hear;
Wilt thou not return again,
Must I yield to black despair?
Thou hast taught my heart to pray,
Canst thou turn thy face away?

Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move;
Then thy grace was all my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

When my friends have said, Beware,
Soon or late you'll find a change;
I could see no cause for fear,
Vain their caution seemed and strange:
Not a cloud obscured my sky,
Could I think a tempest nigh?

Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
Now I find their words were true,
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has changed my day to night.

Satan asks, and mocks my woe,
Boaster, where is now your God?
Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
Let him know I'm bought with blood:

Tell him, since I know thy name,
Though I change thou art the same.

John Newton

The Creatures In The Lord's Hands

The water stood like walls of brass,
To let the sons of Israel pass;
And from the rock in rivers burst
At Moses' prayer to quench their thirst.

The fire restrained by God's commands,
Could only burn his people's bands;
Too faint, when he was with them there,
To singe their garments or their hair.

At Daniel's feet the lions lay
Like harmless lambs, nor touched their prey;
And ravens, which on carrion fed,
Procured Elijah flesh and bread.

Thus creatures only can fulfill
Their great Creator's holy will;
And when his servants need their aid,
His purposes must be obeyed.

So if his blessing he refuse,
Their pow'r to help they quickly lose,
Sure as on creatures we depend,
Our hopes in disappointment end.

Then let us trust the Lord alone,
And creature-confidence disown;
Nor if they threaten need we fear,
They cannot hurt if he be near.

If instruments of pain they prove,
Still they are guided by his love;
As lancets by the surgeon's skill,
Which wound to cure, and not to kill.

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 Death Of Stephen

As some tall rock amidst the waves,
The fury of the tempest braves;
While the fierce billows toiling high,
Break at its foot and murm'ring die:

Thus they, who in the Lord confide,
Though foes assault on every side;
Cannot he moved or overthrown,
For Jesus makes their cause his own.

So faithful Stephen, undismayed,
The malice of the Jews surveyed;
The holy joy which filled his breast
A lustre on his face impressed.

Behold! he said, the world of light
Is opened to my strengthened sight;
My glorious Lord appears in view,
That Jesus, whom ye lately slew.

With such a friend and witness near,
No form of death could make him fear;
Calm, amidst show'rs of stones, he kneels,
And only for his murd'ers feels.

May we, by faith, perceive thee thus,
Dear Saviour, ever near to us!
This fight our peace, through life, shall keep,
And death be feared no more than sleep.

John Newton

The Disciples At Sea

Constrained by their Lord to embark,
And venture, without him, to sea;
The season tempestuous and dark,
How grieved the disciples must be!
But though he remained on the shore,
He spent the night for them in prayer;
They still were as safe as before,
And equally under his care.

They strove, though in vain, for a while,
The force of the waves to withstand;
But when they were wearied with toil,
They saw their dear Saviour at hand:
They gladly received him on board,
His presence their spirits revived;
The sea became calm at his word,
And soon at their port they arrived.

We, like the disciples, are tossed
By storms, on a perilous deep;
But cannot be possibly lost,
For Jesus has charge of the ship:
Though billows and winds are enraged,
And threaten to make us their sport;
This pilot his word has engaged
To bring us, in safety, to port.

If sometimes we struggle alone,
And he is withdrawn from our view;
It makes us more willing to own,
We nothing, without him, can do:
Then Satan our hopes would assail,
But Jesus is still within call;
And when our poor efforts quite fail,
He comes in good time and does all.

Yet, Lord, we are ready to shrink.
Unless we thy presence perceive;
O save us (we cry) or we sink,

We would, but we cannot believe
The night has been long and severe,
The winds and the seas are still high;
Dear Saviour, this moment appear,
And say to our souls, It is I!

John Newton

The Effort

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce Accuser face
And tell him Thou hast died.

O wondrous Love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious name!

Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive;
'Tis Jesus speaks--I must, I will,
I can, I do, believe.

John Newton

The Exorcists

Then the apostle wonders wrought,
And healed the sick, in Jesus' name;
The sons of Sceva vainly thought
That they had pow'r to do the fame.

On one possessed they tried their art,
And naming Jesus preached by Paul,
They charged the spirit to depart
Expecting he'd obey their call.

The spirit answered, with a mock,
Jesus I know; and Paul I know;
I must have gone if Paul had spoke;
But who are ye that bid me go?

With fury then the man he filled,
Who on the poor pretenders flew;
Naked and wounded, almost killed,
They fled in all the peoples' view.

Jesus! that name, pronounced by faith,
Is full of wonder-working pow'r;
It conquers Satan, sin and death,
And cheers in trouble's darkest hour.

But they, who are not born again,
Know nothing of it but the sound;
They do but take his name in vain
When most their zeal and pains abound.

Satan their vain attempts derides,
Whether they talk, or pray, or preach;
Long as the love of sin abides,
His pow'r is safe beyond their reach.

But you, believers, may rejoice,
Satan well knows your mighty Friend;
He trembles at your Saviour's voice,
And owns he cannot gain his end.

John Newton

The Foolish Virgins

When descending from the sky
The Bridegroom shall appear;
And the solemn midnight cry,
Shall call professors near:
How the sound our hearts will damp!
How will shame o'erspread each face!
If we only have a lamp,
Without the oil of grace.

Foolish virgins then will wake
And seek for a supply;
But in vain the pains they take
To borrow or to buy:
Then with those they now despise,
Earnestly they'll wish to share;
But the best, among the wise,
Will have no oil to spare.

Wise are they, and truly blest,
Who then shall ready be
But despair will seize the rest,
And dreadful misery:
Once, they'll cry, we scorned to doubt,
Though in lies our trust we put;
Now our lamp of hope is out,
The door of mercy shut.

If they then presume to plead,
Lord open to us now;
We on earth have heard and prayed,
And with thy saints did bow:
He will answer from his throne,
Though you with my people mixed,
Yet to me you ne'er were known,
Depart, your doom is fixed.

O that none who worship here
May hear that word, Depart!
Lord impress a godly fear

On each professor's heart:
Help us, Lord, to search the camp,
Let us not ourselves beguile;
Trusting to a dying lamp
Without a stock of oil.

John Newton

The Garden

A Garden contemplation suits,
And may instruction yield,
Sweeter than all the flow'rs and fruits
With which the spot is filled.

Eden was Adam's dwelling place,
While blest with innocence;
But sin o'erwhelmed him with disgrace,
And drove the rebel thence.

Oft as the garden-walk we tread,
We should bemoan his fall;
The trespass of our legal head
In ruin plunged us all.

The garden of Gethsemane,
The second Adam saw,
Oppressed with woe, to set us free
From the avenging law.

How stupid we, who can forget,
With gardens in our sight,
His agonies and bloody sweat,
In that tremendous night.

His church as a fair garden stands,
Which walls of love enclose;
Each tree is planted by his hand,
And by his blessing grows.

Believing hearts are gardens too,
For grace has sown its seeds;
Where once, by nature, nothing grew
But thorns and worthless weeds.

Such themes to those who Jesus love,
May constant joys afford;
And make a barren desert prove
The garden of the Lord.

John Newton

The Golden Calf

When Israel heard the fiery law,
From Sinai's top proclaimed;
Their hearts seemed full of holy awe,
Their stubborn spirits tamed.

Yet, as forgetting all they knew,
Ere forty days were past;
With blazing Sinai still in view,
A molten calf they cast.

Yea, Aaron, God's anointed priest,
Who on the mount had been
He durst prepare the idol-beast,
And lead them on to sin.

Lord, what is man! and what are we,
To recompense thee thus!
In their offence our own we see,
Their story points at us.

From Sinai we have heard thee speak,
And from mount Calv'ry too;
And yet to idols oft we seek,
While thou art in our view.

Some golden calf, or golden dream,
Some fancied creature-good,
Presumes to share the heart with him,
Who bought the whole with blood.

Lord, save us from our golden calves,
Our sin with grief we own;
We would no more be thine by halves,
But live to thee alone.

John Newton

The Good Physician

How lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous pow'r to save.

The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness -- all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

From men great skill professing
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain:
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had sealed;
Then bid me look unto him,
I looked, and I was healed.

A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith;
At once from danger frees us,

And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only -- look and live.

John Newton

The Good Samaritan

How kind the good Samaritan
To him who fell among the thieves!
Thus Jesus pities fallen man,
And heals the wounds the soul receives.

O! I remember well the day,
When sorely wounded, nearly slain;
Like that poor man I bleeding lay,
And groaned for help, but groaned in vain.

Men saw me in this helpless case,
And passed without compassion by;
Each neighbor turned away his face,
Unmoved by my mournful cry.

But he whose name had been my scorn,
As Jews Samaritans despise
Came, when he saw me thus forlorn,
With love and pity in his eyes.

Gently he raised me from the ground,
Pressed me to lean upon his arm;
And into every gaping wound
He poured his own all-healing balm.

Unto his church my steps he led,
The house prepared for sinners lost;
Gave charge I should be clothed and fed;
And took upon him all the cost.

Thus saved from death, from want secured,
I wait till he again shall come,
When I shall be completely cured
And take me to his heav'nly home.

There through eternal boundless days,
When nature's wheel no longer rolls,
How shall I love, adore, and praise,
This good Samaritan to souls!

John Newton

The Good That I Would I Do Not

I would, but cannot sing,
Guilt has untuned my voice;
The serpent sin's envenomed sting
Has poisoned all my joys.

I know the Lord is nigh,
And would, but cannot, pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

I would but can't repent
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jesus make it soft.

I would but cannot love,
Though wooed by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.

I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still!

Oh could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot, Lord relieve,
My help must come from thee!

But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do,
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of pow'r.

Wilt thou not crown, at length,
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will, afford me strength
In all thy ways to run.

John Newton

The Gourd

As once for Jonah, so the Lord
To soothe and cheer my mournful hours,
Prepared for me a pleasing gourd,
Cool was its shade, and sweet its flow'rs.

To prize his gift was surely right;
But through the folly of my heart,
It hid the Giver from my sight,
And soon my joy was changed to smart.

While I admired its beauteous form,
Its pleasant shade and graceful fruit;
The Lord, displeased, sent forth a worm,
Unseen, to prey upon the root.

I trembled when I saw it fade,
But guilt restrained the murm'ring word;
My folly I confessed, and prayed,
Forgive my sin, and spare my gourd.

His wondrous love can ne'er be told,
He heard me and relieved my pain;
His word the threat'ning worm controlled,
And bid my gourd revive again.

Now, Lord, my gourd is mine no more,
'Tis thine, who only couldst it raise;
The idol of my heart before,
Henceforth shall flourish to thy praise.

John Newton

The Great Tribunal

John in vision saw the day
When the Judge will hasten down;
Heav'n and earth shall flee away
From the terror of his frown:
Dead and living, small and great,
Raised from the earth and sea;
At his bar shall hear their fate,
What will then become of me?

Can I bear his awful looks?
Shall I stand in judgment then,
When I see the opened books,
Written by th' Almighty's pen?
If he to remembrance bring,
And expose to public view,
Every work and secret thing,
Ah, my soul, what canst thou do?

When the list shall be produced
Of the talents I enjoyed;
Means and mercies, how abused!
Time and strength, how misemployed!
Conscience then, compelled to read,
Must allow the charge is true;
Say, my soul, what canst thou plead
In that hour, what wilt thou do?

But the book of life I see,
May my name be written there!
Then from guilt and danger free,
Glad I'll meet him in the air:
That's the book I hope to plead,
'Tis the gospel opened wide;
Lord, I am a wretch indeed!
I have sinned, but thou hast died.

Now my soul knows what to do;
Thus I shall with boldness stand,
Numbered with the faithful few,

Owned and saved, at thy right hand:
If thou help a foolish worm
To believe thy promise now;
Justice will at last confirm
What thy mercy wrought below.

John Newton

The Heart Taken

The castle of the human heart
Strong in its native sin;
Is guarded well, in every part,
By him who dwells within.

For Satan there, in arms, resides,
And calls the place his own;
With care against assaults provides,
And rules, as on a throne.

Each traitor thought on him, as chief,
In blind obedience waits;
And pride, self-will, and unbelief,
Are posted at the gates.

Thus Satan for a season reigns,
And keeps his goods in peace;
The soul is pleased to wear his chains,
Nor wishes a release.

But Jesus, stronger far than he,
In his appointed hour
Appears, to set his people free
From the usurper's pow'r.

This heart I bought with blood, he says,
And now it shall be mine;
His voice the strong one armed dismays,
He knows he must resign.

In spite of unbelief and pride,
And self, and Satan's art;
The gates of brass fly open wide,
And Jesus wins the heart.

The rebel soul that once withstood
The Saviour's kindest call;
Rejoices now, by grace subdued,
To serve him with her all.

John Newton

The Hiding Place

See the gloomy gath'ring cloud
Hanging o'er a sinful land!
Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
Times of trouble are at hand:
Happy they, who love his name!
They shall always find him near;
Though the earth were wrapped in flame,
They have no just cause for fear.

Hark! his voice in accents mild,
O, how comforting and sweet!
Speaks to every humble child,
Pointing out a sure retreat!
Come, and in my chambers hide,
To my saints of old well known;
There you safely may abide,
Till the storm be overblown.

You have only to repose
On my wisdom, love, and care;
Where my wrath consumes my foes,
Mercy shall my children spare:
While they perish in the flood,
You that bear my holy mark,
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
Shall be safe within the ark.

Sinners, see the ark prepared!
Haste to enter while there's room;
Though the Lord his arm has bared,
Mercy still retards your doom:
Seek him while there yet is hope,
Ere the day of grace be past;
Lest in wrath he give you up,
And this call should prove your last.

John Newton

The Importunate Widow

Our Lord, who knows full well
The heart of every saint;
Invites us, by a parable,
To pray and never faint.

He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait, till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gained, at last, her end.

For her he little cared,
As little for the laws;
Nor God, nor man, did he regard,
Yet he espoused her cause.

She urged him day and night,
Would no denial take;
At length he said, I'll do her right,
For my own quiet sake.

And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen, when they cry?
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

His nature, truth and love,
Engage him on their side;
When they are grieved, his bowels move,
And can they be denied?

Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

John Newton

The Inward Warfare

Strange and mysterious is my life,
What opposites I feel within!
A stable peace, a constant strife,
The rule of grace, the pow'r of sin:
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my Head.

I prize the privilege of prayer,
But o! what backwardness to pray!
Though on the Lord I cast my care,
I feel its burden every day:
I seek his will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.

I call the promises my own,
And prize them more than mines of gold;
Yet though their sweetness I have known,
They leave me unimpressed and cold
One hour upon the truth I feed,
The next I know not what I read.

I love the holy day of rest,
When Jesus meets his gathered saints;
Sweet day, of all the week the best!
For its return my spirit pants:
Yet often, through my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.

While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes shall loose their aim;
And therefore dare their pow'r defy,
Assured of conquest through his name:
But soon my confidence is slain,
And all my fears return again.

Thus different pow'rs within me strive,
And grace, and sin, by turns prevail;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale:

But Jesus has his promise passed,
That grace shall overcome at last.

John Newton

The Joy Of The Lord Is Your Strength

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren foil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace;
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine;
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakably divine!

These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

John Newton

The Legion Dispossessed

Legion was my name by nature,
Satan raged within my breast;
Never misery was greater,
Never sinner more possessed:
Mischievous to all around me,
To myself the greatest foe;
Thus I was, when Jesus found me,
Filled with madness, sin and woe.

Yet in this forlorn condition,
When he came to see me free;
I replied, to my Physician,
What have I to do with thee?
But he would not be prevented,
Rescued me against my will;
Had he stayed till I consented,
I had been a captive still.

Satan, though thou fain wouldst have it,
Know this soul is none of thine;
I have shed my blood to save it,
Now I challenge it for mine,
Though it long has thee resembled,
Henceforth it shall me obey;
Thus he spoke while Satan trembled,
Gnashed his teeth and fled away.

Thus my frantic soul he healed,
Bid my sins and sorrows cease;
Take, said he, my pardon sealed,
I have saved thee, go in peace:
Rather take me, Lord, to heaven,
Now thy love and grace I know;
Since thou hast my sins forgiven,
Why should I remain below?

Love, he said, will sweeten labors,
Thou hast something yet to do;
Go and tell your friends and neighbors,

What my love has done for you:
Live to manifest my glory,
Wait for heav'n a little space;
Sinners, when they hear thy story,
Will repent and seek my face.

John Newton

The Leper

Oft as the leper's case I read,
My own described I feel;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but Christ can heal.

Awhile I would have passed for well,
And strove my spots to hide;
Till it broke out incurable,
Too plain to be denied.

Then from the saints I sought to flee,
And dreaded to be seen;
I thought they all would point at me,
And cry, Unclean, unclean!

What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceased?
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increased.

While thus I lay distressed, I saw
The Savior passing by;
To him, though filled with shame and awe,
I raised my mournful cry.

Lord, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
For thou canst all things do;
O cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew!

He heard, and with a gracious look,
Pronounced the healing word;
I will, be clean - and while he spoke
I felt my health restored.

Come lepers, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove;
He can relieve, for he is pow'r,
He will, for he is love.

John Newton

The Little Book

When the beloved disciple took
The angels' little open book,
Which by the Lord's command he eat,
It tasted bitter after sweet.

Thus when the gospel is embraced,
At first 'tis sweeter to the taste
Than honey, or the honey-comb,
But there's a bitterness to come.

What sweetness does the promise yield,
When by the Spirit's power sealed?
The longing soul is filled with good,
Nor feels a wish for other food.

By these inviting tastes allured,
We pass to what must be endured;
For soon we find it is decreed,
That bitter must to sweet succeed.

When sin revives and shows its pow'r.
When Satan threatens to devour,
When God afflicts and men revile,
We drag our steps with pain and toil.

When thus deserted, tempest-tossed,
The sense of former sweetness lost;
We tremble lest we were deceived
In thinking that we once believed.

The Lord first makes the sweetness known,
To win and fix us far his own;
And though we now some bitter meet,
We hope for everlasting sweet.

John Newton

The Lodestone

As needles point towards the pole,
When touched by the magnetic stone;
So faith in Jesus, gives the soul
A tendency before unknown.

'Till then, by blinded passions led,
In search of fancied good we range;
The paths of disappointment tread,
To nothing fixed, but love of change.

But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love;
Our wand'ring, weary, restless hearts,
Are fixed at once, no more to move.

Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will;
This love, another name for grace,
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.

By love's sure light we soon perceive
Our noblest bliss, and proper end;
And gladly every idol leave,
To love and serve our Lord and Friend.

Thus borne along by faith and hope,
We feel the Saviour's words are true;
And I, if I be lifted up,
Will draw the sinner upward too.

John Newton

The Lord Is My Portion

From pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my portion is.

Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heav'n and earth and sea;
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed
And all my wants supplied.

For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace, for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown!

Let worldlings then indulge their boast,
How much they gain or spend!
Their joys must soon give up the ghost,
But mine shall know no end.

John Newton

The Lord Will Provide

Though troubles assail
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.

The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.

We may, like the ships,
By tempest be tossed
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost.
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
The Lord will provide.

His call we obey
Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers
We have a good Guide,
And trust in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,

We triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.

He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain,
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions,
The Lord will provide.

No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name;
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting
With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.

John Newton

The Lord's Call To His Children

Let us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above!
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,
And every word is love.

Though filled with awe, before his throne
Each angel veils his face;
He claims a people for his own
Amongst our sinful race.

Careless, awhile, they live in sin,
Enslaved to Satan's pow'r;
But they obey the call divine,
In his appointed hour.

Come forth, he says, no more pursue
The paths that lead to death;
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,
Look, and be saved by faith.

My sons and daughters you shall be
Through the atoning blood;
And you shall claim, and find, in me,
A Father, and a God.

Lord, speak these words to every heart,
By thine all-powerful voice;
That we may now from sin depart,
And make thy love our choice.

If now, we learn to seek thy face
By Christ, the living way;
We'll praise thee for this hour of grace,
Through an eternal day.

John Newton

The Meal And Cruse Of Oil

By the poor widow's oil and meal
Elijah was sustained;
Though small the stock it lasted well,
For God the store maintained.

It seemed as if from day to day,
They were to eat and die;
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.

Thus to his poor he still will give
Just for the present hour;
But for tomorrow they must live
Upon his word and power.

No barn or storehouse they possess
On which they can depend;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.

Then let not doubts your mind assail,
Remember, God has said,
The cruse and barrel shall not fail,
My people shall be fed.

And thus though faint it often seems,
He keeps their grace alive;
Supplied by his refreshing streams,
Their dying hopes revive.

Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but ask and have.

John Newton

The Milch Kine Drawing The Ark : Faith's Surrender Of All

The kine unguided went
By the directest road;
When the Philistines homeward sent
The ark of Israel's God.

Lowing they passed along,
And left their calves shut up;
They felt an instinct for their young,
But would not turn or stop.

Shall brutes, devoid of thought,
Their Maker's will obey;
And we, who by his grace are taught,
More stubborn prove than they?

He shed his precious blood
To make us his alone;
If washed in that atoning flood
We are no more our own.

If he his will reveal,
Let us obey his call;
And think whate'er the flesh may feel,
His love deserves our all.

We should maintain in view
His glory, as our end;
Too much we cannot bear, or do,
For such a matchless friend.

His saints should stand prepared
In duty's path to run;
Nor count their greatest trials hard,
So that his will be done.

With Jesus for our guide,
The path is safe though rough

The promise says, I will provide,
And faith replies, Enough!

John Newton

The Moon In Silver Glory Shone

The moon in silver glory shone,
And not a cloud in sight;
When suddenly a shade begun
To intercept her light.

How fast across her orb it spread,
How fast her light withdrew!
A circle, tinged with languid red,
Was all appeared in view.

While many with unmeaning eye
Gaze on thy works in vain;
Assist me, Lord, that I may try
Instruction to obtain.

Fain would my thankful heart and lips
Unite in praise to thee;
And meditate on thy eclipse,
In sad Gethsemane.

Thy peoples guilt, a heavy load!
When standing in their room
Deprived thee of the light of God,
And filled thy soul with gloom.

How punctually eclipses move,
Obedient to thy will!
Thus shall thy faithfulness and love,
Thy promises fulfill.

Dark, like the moon without the sun,
I mourn thine absence, Lord!
For light or comfort I have none,
But what thy beams afford.

But lo! the hour draws near apace,
When changes shall be o'er;
Then I shall see thee face to face,
And be eclipsed no more.

John Newton

The Pool Of Bethesda

Beside the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor;
From year to year, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others, round me, stepping in
Their efficacy prove.

But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain.
As when at first I came.

O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languished here;
And what distress I feel.

How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.

Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

No: he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

John Newton

The Power And Triumph Of Faith

Supported by the word,
Though in himself a worm,
The servant of the Lord
Can wondrous acts perform:
Without dismay he boldly treads
Where'er the path of duty leads.

The haughty king in vain,
With fury on his brow,
Believers would constrain
To golden gods to bow:
The furnace could not make them fear,
Because they knew the Lord was near.

As vain was the decree
Which charged them not to pray;
Daniel still bowed his knee,
And worshiped thrice a day:
Trusting in God, he feared not men,
Though threatened with the lion's den.

Secure they might refuse
Compliance with such laws,
For what had they to lose,
When God espoused their cause?
He made the hungry lions crouch,
Nor durst the fire his children touch.

The Lord is still the same,
A mighty shield and tow'r,
And they who trust his name
Are guarded by his pow'r:
He can the rage of lions tame,
And bear them harmless through the flame.

Yet we too often shrink
When trials are in view;
Expecting we must sink,
And never can get through.

But could we once believe indeed,
From all these fears we should be freed.

John Newton

The Prodigal Son

Afflictions, though they seem severe;
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.

Although he no relentings felt
Till he had spent his store;
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.

What have I gained by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear;
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

I'll go, and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.

His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

Father, I've sinned - but O forgive!
I've heard enough, he said,
Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.

Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.

'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

John Newton

The Rebel's Surrender To Grace (Lord, What Wilt Thou Have Me To Do?)

Lord, thou hast won, at length I yield,
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

All that a wretch could do, I tried,
Thy patience scorned, thy pow'r defied,
And trampled on thy laws;
Scarcely thy martyrs at the stake,
Could stand more steadfast for thy sake,
Than I in Satan's cause.

But since thou hast thy love revealed,
And shown my soul a pardon sealed,
I can resist no more:
Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed?
Canst thou for such a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore!

If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.

Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free
Released from Satan's hard commands
See all my powers waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

My will conformed to thine would move,
On thee my hope, desire, and love,

In fixed attention join;
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine.

And can I be the very same,
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name;
And on thy gospel tread?
Surely each one, who hears my case,
Will praise thee, and confess thy grace
Invincible indeed!

John Newton

The Refuge, River, And Rock Of The Church

He who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains;
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

While harps unnumbered sound his praise,
In yonder world above;
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

His righteousness, to faith revealed,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding place and shield,
From enemies and storms.

This land, through which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow
Their thirst to satisfy.

When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious he! how happy they
In such a glorious friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

John Newton

The Resurrection And The Life

I Am, saith Christ our glorious head,
(May we attention give)
The resurrection of the dead,
The life of all that live.

By faith in me, the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he that in my name believes,
Shall live, to die no more.

The sinner, sleeping in his grave,
Shall at my voice awake;
And when I once begin to save,
My work I ne'er forsake.

Fulfill thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here,
Put forth thy Spirit with the word,
And cause the dead to hear.

Preserve the pow'r of faith alive,
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy pow'r and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And often since our life had failed,
If not renewed by thee.

To thee we look, to thee we bow;
To thee, for help, we call;
Our life and resurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

John Newton

The Rich Man And Lazarus

A Worldling spent each day
In luxury and state;
While a believer lay,
A beggar at his gate:
Think not the Lord's appointments strange,
Death made a great and lasting change.

Death brought the saint release
From want, disease, and scorn;
And to the land of peace,
His soul, by angels borne,
In Abraham's bosom safely placed,
Enjoys an everlasting feast.

The rich man also died,
And in a moment fell
From all his pomp and pride
Into the flames of hell:
The beggar's bliss from far beheld,
His soul with double anguish filled.

O Abram send, he cries,
But his request was vain
The beggar from the skies
To mitigate my pain!
One drop of water I entreat,
To soothe my tongue's tormenting heat.

Let all who worldly pelf,
And worldly spirits have,
Observe, each for himself,
The answer Abram gave:
Remember, thou wast filled with good,
While the poor beggar pined for food.

Neglected at thy door
With tears he begged his bread;
But now, he weeps no more,
His griefs and pains are fled:

His joys eternally will flow,
While thine expire in endless woe.

Lord, make us truly wise,
To choose thy peoples' lot;
And earthly joys despise,
Which soon will be forgot:
The greatest evil we can fear,
Is to possess our portion here!

John Newton

The Ruler's Daughter Raised

Could the creatures help or ease us
Seldom should we think of prayer;
Few, if any, come to Jesus,
Till reduced to self-dispair:
Long we either slight or doubt him,
But when all the means we try,
Prove we cannot do without him,
Then at last to him we cry.

Thus the ruler when his daughter
Suffered much, though Christ was nigh,
Still deferred it, till he thought her
At the very point to die:
Though he mourned for her condition,
He did not entreat the Lord,
Till he found that no physician
But himself, could help afford.

Jesus did not once upbraid him,
That he had no sooner come;
But a gracious answer made him,
And went straitway with him home:
Yet his faith was put to trial
When his servants came, and said,
Though he gave thee no denial,
'Tis too late, the child is dead.

Jesus; to prevent his grieving,
Kindly spoke and eased his pain;
Be not fearful, but believing,
Thou shalt see her live again:
When he found the people weeping,
Cease, he said, no longer mourn;
For she is not dead, but sleeping,
Then they laughed him to scorn.

O thou meek and lowly Savior,
How determined is thy love!
Not this rude unkind behavior,

Could thy gracious purpose move:
Soon as he the room had entered,
Spoke, and took her by the hand;
Death at once his prey surrendered,
And she lived at his command.

Fear not then, distressed believer,
Venture on his mighty name;
He is able to deliver,
And his love is still the same
Can his pity or his power,
Suffer thee to pray in vain;
Wait but his appointed hour,
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.

John Newton

The Trembling Jailer

A Believer, free from care,
May in chains, or dungeons, sing,
If the Lord be with him there;
And he happier than a king:
Paul and Silas thus confined,
Though their backs were torn by whips,
Yet possessing peace of mind,
Sung his praise with joyful lips.

Suddenly the prison shook,
Open flew the iron doors;
And the jailer, terror-struck,
Now his captives' help implores:
Trembling at their feet he fell,
Tell me, Sirs, what must I do
To be saved from guilt and hell?
None can tell me this but you.

Look to Jesus, they replied,
If on Him thou canst believe;
By the death which he has died,
Thou salvation shalt receive:
While the living word he heard,
Faith sprung up within his heart;
And released from all he feared,
In their joy his soul had part.

Sinners, Christ is still the same,
O that you could likewise fear!
Then the mention of his name
Would be music to your ear:
Jesus rescues Satan's slaves,
His dear wounds still plead, Forgive!
Jesus to the utmost saves;
Sinners, look to him and live.

John Newton

The True Aaron

See Aaron, God's anointed priest,
Within the veil appear;
In robes of mystic meaning dressed,
Presenting Israel's prayer.

The plate of gold which crowns his brows,
His holiness describes;
His breast displays, in shining rows,
The names of all the tribes.

With the atoning blood he stands,
Before the mercy-seat;
And clouds of incense from his hands,
Arise with odor sweet.

Urim and Thummim near his heart,
In rich engravings worn;
The sacred light of truth impart,
To teach and to adorn.

Through him the eye of faith descries,
A greater Priest than he;
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,
For you, my friends, and me.

He bears the names of all his saints,
Deep on his heart engraved;
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all his love has saved.

In him a holiness complete,
Light and perfections shine;
And wisdom, grace, and glory meet;
A Saviour all divine.

The blood, which as a Priest he bears
For sinners, is his own
The incense of his prayers and tears
Perfume the holy throne.

In him my weary soul has rest,
Though I am weak and vile
I read my name upon his breast,
And see the Father smile.

John Newton

The Two Debtors

Once a woman silent stood
While Jesus sat at meat;
From her eyes she poured a flood
To wash his sacred feet
Shame and wonder, joy and love;
All at once possessed her mind:
That she e'er so vile could prove,
Yet now forgiveness find.

How came this vile woman here,
Will Jesus notice such?
Sure, if he a prophet were,
He would disdain her touch!
Simon thus, with scornful heart,
Slighted one whom Jesus loved;
But her Saviour took her part,
And thus his pride reprov'd.

If two men in debt were bound,
One less, the other more;
Fifty, or five hundred pound,
And both alike were poor;
Should the lender both forgive,
When he saw them both distressed;
Which of them would you believe
Engaged to love him best?

Surely he who most did owe,
The Pharisee replied;
Then our Lord, by judging so,
Thou dost for her decide:
Simon if like her you knew
How much you forgiveness need;
You like her had acted too,
And welcomed me indeed!

When the load of sin is felt,
And much forgiveness known;
Then the heart of course will melt,

Though hard before as stone:
Blame not then her love and tears,
Greatly she in debt has been;
But I have removed her fears,
And pardoned all her sin.

When I read this woman's case,
Her love and humble zeal;
I confess, with shame of face,
My heart is made of steel,
Much has been forgiv'n to me,
Jesus paid my heavy score;
What a creature must I be
That I can love no more!

John Newton

The Two Malefactors

Sovereign grace has pow'r alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death
Perished, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

But the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith received to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.

Lord, he prayed, remember me;
When in glory thou shalt be;
Soon with me, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt rest in paradise.

This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsafed in time of need!
Sinners trust in Jesu's name,
You shall find him still the same.

But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the hardened thief;
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ, to you, will die in vain.

John Newton

The Wheat And Tares

Though in the outward church below
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares, in anger, up.

Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long amongst the wheat they grew!

O! this will aggravate their case!
They perished under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith,
Became an instrument of death.

We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all are wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

The tares are spared for various ends,
Some, for the sake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfill.

But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

John Newton

The Woman Of Samaria

Jesus, to what didst thou submit
To save thy dear-bought flock from hell!
Like a pour trav'ller see him sit,
Athirst, and weary, by the well.

The woman who for water came,
What great events on small depend
Then learnt the glory of his name,
The Well of life, the sinner's Friend!

Taught from her birth to hate the Jews,
And filled with party-pride; at first
Her zeal induced her to refuse
Water, to quench the Saviour's thirst.

But soon she knew the gift of God,
And Jesus, whom she scorned before,
Unasked, that drink on her bestowed,
Which whoso tastes shall thirst no more.

His words her prejudice removed,
Her sin she felt, relief she found;
She saw and heard, believed and loved,
And ran to tell her neighbors round.

O come, this wondrous man behold!
The promised Saviour! this is he,
Whom ancient prophecies foretold,
Born, from our guilt to set us free.

Like her, in ignorance content,
I worshipped long I knew not what;
Like her, on other things intent,
I found him, when I sought him not.

He told me all that e'er I did,
And told me all was pardoned too;
And now, like her, as he has bid,
I live to point him out to you.

John Newton

The Word Quick And Powerful

The word of Christ, our Lord,
With whom we have to do;
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To pierce the sinner through.

Swift as the lightnings blaze
When awful thunders roll,
It fills the conscience with amaze,
And penetrates the soul.

No heart can he concealed
From his all-piercing eyes;
Each thought and purpose stands revealed,
Naked, without disguise.

He sees his peoples' fears,
He notes their mournful cry;
He counts their sighs and falling tears,
And helps them from on high.

Though feeble is their good,
It has his kind regard;
Yea, all they would do, if they could,
Shall find a sure reward.

He sees the wicked too,
And will repay them soon,
For all the evil deeds they do,
And all they would have done.

Since all our secret ways
Are marked and known by thee;
Afford us, Lord, thy light of grace
That we ourselves may see.

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)
Tempts 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

The Worldling

My barns are full, my stores increase,
And now, for many years,
Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,
Secure from wants and fears.

Thus while a worldling boasted once,
As many now presume;
He heard the Lord himself pronounce
His sudden, awful doom.

This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass
Into a world unknown;
And who shall then the stores possess
Which thou hast called thine own.

Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme
For happiness below;
Till death disturb the pleasing dream,
And they awake to woe.

Ah! who can speak the vast dismay
That fills the sinner's mind;
When torn, by death's strong hand, away,
He leaves his all behind.

Wretches, who cleave to earthly things,
But are not rich to God;
Their dying hour is full of stings,
And hell their dark abode.

Dear Saviour, make us timely wise,
Thy gospel to attend;
That we may live above the skies,
When this poor life shall end.

John Newton

They Shall Be Mine, Saith The Lord

When sinners utter boasting words,
And glory in their shame;
The Lord, well-pleased, an ear affords
To those who fear his name.

They often meet to seek his face,
And what they do, or say,
Is noted in his book of grace
Against another day.

For they, by faith, a day descry,
And joyfully expect,
When he, descending from the sky,
His jewels will collect.

Unnoticed now, because unknown,
A poor and suff'ring few;
He comes to claim them for his own,
And bring them forth to view.

With transport then their Saviour's care
And favour they shall prove;
As tender parents guard and spare
The children of their love.

Assembled worlds will then discern
The saints alone are blest;
When wrath shall like an oven burn,
And vengeance strike the rest.

John Newton

Time How Short

Time, with an unwearied hand,
Pushes round the seasons past,
And in life's frail glass, the sand
Sinks apace, not long to last:
Many, well as you or I,
Who last year assembled thus;
In their silent graves now lie,
Graves will open soon for us!

Daily sin, and care, and strife,
While the Lord prolongs our breath,
Make it but a dying life,
Or a kind of living death:
Wretched they, and most forlorn,
Who no better portion know;
Better ne'er to have been born,
Than to have our all below.

When constrained to go alone,
Leaving all you love behind;
Ent'ring on a world unknown,
What will then support your mind?
When the Lord his summons sends,
Earthly comforts lose their pow'r;
Honours, riches, kindred, friends,
Cannot cheer a dying hour.

Happy souls who fear the Lord
Time is not too swift for you;
When your Saviour gives the word,
Glad you'll bid the world adieu:
Then he'll wipe away your tears,
Near himself appoint your place;
Swifter fly, ye rolling years,
Lord, we long to see thy face.

John Newton

Time How Swift

While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal fate,
They have done with all below.
We a little longer wait,
But how little -- none can know.

As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream.
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy Word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

John Newton

To The Afflicted, Tossed With Tempests And Not Comforted

Pensive, doubting, fearful heart,
Hear what Christ the Saviour says;
Every word should joy impart,
Change thy mourning into praise:
Yes, he speaks, and speaks to thee,
May he help thee to believe!
Then thou presently wilt see,
Thou hast little cause to grieve.

Fear thou not, nor be ashamed,
All thy sorrows soon shall end
I who heav'n and earth have framed,
Am thy husband and thy friend
I the High and Holy One,
Israel's God by all adored;
As thy Saviour will be known,
Thy Redeemer and thy Lord.

For a moment I withdrew,
And thy heart was filled with pain;
But my mercies I'll renew,
Thou shalt soon rejoice again:
Though I scorn to hide my face,
Very soon my wrath shall cease;
'Tis but for a moment's space,
Ending in eternal peace.

When my peaceful bow appears
Painted on the wat'ry cloud;
'Tis to dissipate thy fears,
Lest the earth should be o'erflowed:
'Tis an emblem too of grace,
Of my cov'nant love a sign;
Though the mountains leave their place,
Thou shalt be for ever mine.

Though afflicted, tempest-tossed,

Comfortless awhile thou art,
Do not think thou canst be lost,
Thou art graven on my heart
All thy walls I will repair,
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew;
And in thee it shall appear,
What a God of love can do.

John Newton

True And False Zeal

Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame,
The fire of love supplies ;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.
True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

John Newton

Trust Of The Wicked, And The Righteous Compared

As parched in the barren sands
Beneath a burning sky,
The worthless bramble with'ring stands,
And only grows to die.

Such is the sinner's awful case,
Who makes the world his trust;
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and dust.

A secret curse destroys his root,
And dries his moisture up;
He lives awhile, but bears no fruit,
Then dies without a hope.

But happy he whose hopes depend
Upon the Lord alone;
The soul that trusts in such a friend,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though gourds should wither, cisterns break,
And creature-comforts die;
No change his solid hope can shake,
Or stop his sure supply.

So thrives and blooms the tree whose roots
By constant streams are fed;
Arrayed in green, and rich in fruits,
It rears its branching head.

It thrives, though rain should be denied,
And drought around prevail;
'Tis planted by a river's side
Whose waters cannot fail.

John Newton

Vanity Of Life

The evils that beset our path
Who can prevent or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death
When most we seem secure.

If we today sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before tomorrow's dawn.

Disease and pain invade our health
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

A fever or a blow can shake
Our wisdom's boasted rule;
And of the brightest genius make
A madman or a fool.

The gourds, from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.

I pity those who seek no more
Than such a world can give;
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,
And dying while they live.

Since sin has filled the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die;
Lord wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

John Newton

Vanity Of The Creature Sanctified

Honey though the bee prepares,
An envenomed sting he wears;
Piercing thorns a guard compose
Round the fragrant blooming rose.

Where we think to find a sweet,
Oft a painful sting we meet:
When the rose invites our eye,
We forget the thorn is nigh.

Why are thus our hopes beguiled?
Why are all our pleasures spoiled?
Why do agony and woe
From our choicest comforts grow?

Sin has been the cause of all!
'Twas not thus before the fall:
What but pain, and thorn, and sting,
From the root of sin can spring?

Now with every good we find
Vanity and grief entwined;
What we feel, or what we fear,
All our joys embitter here.

Yet, through the Redeemer's love,
These afflictions blessings prove;
He the wounding stings and thorns,
Into healing med'cines turns.

From the earth our hearts they wean,
Teach us on his arm to lean;
Urge us to a throne of grace,
Make us seek a resting place.

In the mansions of our King
Sweets abound without a sting;
Thornless there the roses blow,
And the joys unmingled flow.

John Newton

Waiting For Spring

Though cloudy skies, and northern blasts,
Retard the gentle spring awhile;
The sun will conqu'ror prove at last,
And nature wear a vernal smile.

The promise, which from age to age,
Has brought the changing seasons round;
Again shall calm the winter's rage,
Perfume the air, and paint the ground.

The virtue of that first command,
I know still does, and will prevail;
That while the earth itself shall stand,
The spring and summer shall not fail.

Such changes are for us decreed;
Believers have their winters too;
But spring shall certainly succeed,
And all their former life renew.

Winter and spring have each their use,
And each, in turn, his people know;
One kills the weeds their hearts produce,
The other makes their graces grow.

Though like dead trees awhile they seem,
Yet having life within their root,
The welcome spring's reviving beam
Draws forth their blossoms, leaves, and fruit.

But if the tree indeed be dead,
It feels no change, though spring return,
Its leafless naked, barren head,
Proclaims it only fit to burn.

Dear Lord, afford our souls a spring,
Thou know'st our winter has been long;
Shine forth, and warm our hearts to sing,
And thy rich grace shall be our song.

John Newton

Walking With God

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heav'n, my journeys'-end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too,

I travel through a desert wide
Where many round me blindly stray;
But He vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.

Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand;
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his Almighty hand.

The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares;
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

John Newton

We Were Pharaoh's Bondmen

Beneath the tyrant Satan's yoke
Our souls were long oppressed;
Till grace our galling fetters broke,
And gave the weary rest.

Jesus, in that important hour,
His mighty arm made known;
He ransomed us by price, and pow'r,
And claimed us for his own.

Now, freed from bondage, sin, and death,
We walk in Wisdom's ways;
And wish to spend our every breath,
In wonder, love, and praise.

Ere long, we hope with him to dwell
In yonder world above;
And now, we only live to tell
The riches of his love.

O might we, ere we hence remove,
Prevail upon our youth
To seek, that they may likewise prove,
His mercy and his truth,

Like Simeon, we shall gladly go,
When Jesus calls us home;
If they are left a seed below,
To serve him in our room.

Lord hear our prayer, indulge our hope,
On these thy Spirit pour;
That they may take our story up,
When we can speak no more.

John Newton

Weeping Mary

Mary to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord, The loved, was gone.
For awhile she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise;
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived
Came, his drooping child to cheer,
And enquired, Why she grieved?
Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake;
He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost;
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed:
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

John Newton

What Shall I Render

For mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul what canst thou give?

Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take
And call upon my God.

The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor;
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

John Newton

What Think Ye Of Christ?

What think you of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath are your lot.

Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost:
So guilty, so helpless, am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.

Some call him a Saviour, in word,
But mix their own works with his plan;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can:
If doings prove rather too light
(A little, they own, they may fail)
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

Some style him the pearl of great price,
And say he's the fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys:
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
And, while they salute him, betray;
Ah! what will profession like this
Avail in his terrible day?

If asked what of Jesus I think?
Though still my best thoughts are but poor;
I say, he's my meat and my drink,

My life, and my strength, and my store,
My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end,
My Portion, my Lord, and my All.

John Newton

When Hannah Pressed With Grief

When Hannah pressed with grief,
Poured forth her soul in prayer;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there:
Like her, in every trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

When she began to pray,
Her heart was pained and sad;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad:
In trouble, what a resting place,
Have they who know the throne of grace!

Though men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The saints, from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r:
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.

Eli her case mistook,
How was her spirit moved
By his unkind rebuke?
But God her cause approved.
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at a throne of grace.

She was not filled with wine,
As Eli rashly thought;
But with a faith divine,
And found the help she sought:
Though men despise and call us base,
Still let us ply the throne of grace.

Men have not pow'r or skill,
With troubled souls to bear;
Though they express good-will,
Poor comforters they are:

But swelling sorrows sink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.

Numbers before have tried,
And found the promise true;
Nor one been yet denied,
Then why should I or you?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

As fogs obscure the light,
And taint the morning air;
But soon are put to flight,
If the bright sun appear;
Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,
By shining from the throne of grace.

John Newton

Will Ye Also Go Away?

When any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
Wilt thou forsake me too?

Ah Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast;
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

Beyond a doubt I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

The help of men and angels joined,
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

What anguish has that question stirred,
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

John Newton

Woman Of Canaan

Prayer an answer will obtain,
Though the Lord awhile delay;
None shall seek his face in vain,
None be empty sent away.

When the woman came from Tyre,
And for help to Jesus sought;
Though he granted her desire,
Yet at first he answered not.

Could she guess at his intent,
When he to his follow'rs said,
I to Israel's sheep am sent,
Dogs must not have children's bread.

She was not of Israel's seed,
But of Canaan's wretched race;
Thought herself a dog indeed;
Was not this a hopeless case?

Yet although from Canaan sprung,
Though a dog herself she styled;
She had Israel's faith and tongue,
And was owned for Abraham's child.

From his words she draws a plea;
Though unworthy children's bread,
'Tis enough for one like me,
If with crumbs I may be fed.

Jesus then his heart revealed,
Woman canst thou thus believe?
I to thy petition yield,
All that thou canst wish, receive.

'Tis a pattern set for us,
How we ought to wait and pray;
None who plead and wrestle thus,
Shall be empty sent away.

John Newton

Zaccheus

Zaccheus climbed the tree,
And thought himself unknown;
But how surprised was he
When Jesus called him down!
The Lord beheld him, though concealed,
And by a word his pow'r revealed.

Wonder and joy at once
Were painted in his face;
Does he my name pronounce?
And does he know my case?
Will Jesus deign with me to dine?
Lord, I, with all I have, am thine!

Thus where the gospel's preached,
And sinners come to hear;
The hearts of some are reached
Before they are aware:
The word directly speaks to them,
And seems to point them out by name.

'Tis curiosity
Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to see,
And hear what he can say;
But how the sinner starts to find
The preacher knows his inmost mind.

His long forgotten faults
Are brought again in view,
And all his secret thoughts
Revealed in public too:
Though compassed with a crowd about,
The searching word has found him out.

While thus distressing pain
And sorrow fills his heart,
He hears a voice again,
That bids his fears depart:

Then like Zaccheus he is blest,
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

John Newton

Zion, Or The City Of God

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love
Well supply thy sons and daughters
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night and shade by day,
Daily on the manna feeding
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Savior, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,

I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton