

BELIEVER AND HIS SOUL. 7, 6. (A Dialogue.)

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William Walker

1. Come, my soul, and let us try For a lit - tle sea - son,
Ev - 'ry bur - den to lay by; Come and let us rea - son. What is this that casts you down, Who are those that grieve you? Speak and let the

2. O, I sink be - neath the load Of my na - ture's e - vil!
Full of en - mi - ty to God; Cap - tived by the dev - il. Rest - less as the trou - bled seas, Fee - ble, faint, and fear - ful; Plagued with ev - 'ry

worst be known; Speak - ing may re - lieve thee.

sore dis - ease, How can I be cheer - ful?

3. Think on what thy Savior bore In the gloomy garden;
Sweating blood at ev'ry pore, To procure thy pardon.
See Him stretched upon the wood, Bleeding, grieving, crying!
Suff'ring all the wrath of God, Groaning, gasping, dying.

4. *This by faith I sometimes view, And those views relieve me;
But my sins return anew; These are they that grieve me.
O, I'm leprous, filthy, foul, Quite throughout infected!
Have not I, if any soul, Cause to be dejected?*

5. Think how loud thy dying Lord, Cried out "it is finished"
Treasure up that sacred word, Whole and undiminished
Doubt not, He will carry on, To its full perfection,
That good work He has begun; Why then this dejection?

6. *Faith, when void of works is dead; This the scriptures witness;
And what works have I to plead, Who am all unfitnes?
All my powers are depraved, Blind, perverse and filthy;
If from death I'm fully saved, Why am I not healthy?*

7. Pore not on thyself too long, Lest it sink thee lower;
Look to Jesus, kind as strong, Mercy joined with power.
Ev'ry work that thou must do Will thy gracious Savior
For thee work, And in thee too, Of His special favor.

8. *Jesus' precious blood once spilt, I depend on solely,
To release and bear my guilt; But I would be holy.
He that bought you on the cross Can control thy nature:
Fully purge away thy dross; Make thee a new creature.*

9. *That He can, I nothing doubt, Be it but His pleasure;
Tho it be not done throughout, May it not in measure?
When that measure, far from great Still shall seem decreasing?
Faint not, then, but pray and wait, Never, never ceasing.*

10. *What! when prayer meets no regard? Still repeat it often.
But I feel myself so hard. Jesus will thee soften.
But my enemies make head. Let them closer drive thee.
But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead. Jesus will revive thee.*