

Hymn Lyrics

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When danger, woes, or death are nigh

1. When dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly:
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.

2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing power impart;
Bethesda's bath refus'd to save,
Unless an angel blessed the wave.

3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health, when Heaven ordains.

4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heaven's command restored the blind;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from every stain.
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer.
And pour the horrors of despair.

7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend.
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsafed to bleed;
His blood procures our fallen race
Admittance to the throne of grace.

9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.

10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

11 Oh! if I trust thy sovereign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me. Lord, at last to thee.