

Here at Bethesda's Pool

John Newton, 1779.

John Dykes, 1875.

Here at Bethesda's pool, the poor,  
The withered, halt, and blind;  
With waiting hearts expect a cure,  
And free admittance find.

Here streams of wondrous virtue flow  
To heal a sin-sick soul;  
To wash the filthy white as snow,  
And make the wounded whole.

The dumb break forth in songs of praise,  
The blind their sight receive;  
The cripple runs in wisdom's ways,  
The dead revive, and live!

Restrained to no one case, or time,  
These waters always move;  
Sinners, in every age and clime,  
Their vital influence prove.

Yet numbers daily near them lie,  
Who meet with no relief;  
With life in view they pine and die  
In hopeless unbelief.

'Tis strange they should refuse to bathe,  
And yet frequent the pool;  
But none can even wish for faith,  
While love of sin bears rule.

Satan their consciences has sealed,  
And stupefied their thought;  
For were they willing to be healed,  
The cure would soon be wrought.

Do Thou, dear Savior, interpose,  
Their stubborn wills constrain;  
Or else to them the water flows,  
And grace is preached in vain.