

Mistaken Souls, That Dream of Heav'n

Isaac Watts, 1707.

Frederick Gore-Ouseley(1825-1889)

Mistaken souls, that dream of Heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust!

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust His grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For His own holiness.

When from the curse He sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would He send His Son to be
The minister of sin.

His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus and His salvation came
By water and by blood.