

O Thou, That Hear'st the Prayer of Faith
Augustus Toplady, 1776.
Arthur Brown, 1861.

O Thou, that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on Thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord has done,
And suffered, once for me.

Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His atoning blood:
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall avail for me,
And bring me near to God.

Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy maker is thy friend."

The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,
To everlasting day.