

What Shall the Dying Sinner Do

Isaac Watts, 1707.

Samuel Webbe, 1782.

What shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n?
Or form our natures fit for Heav'n?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?

In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings His Gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As save rebellious souls from hell.

This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace, we trust the Word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in His name.