

When Hannah, Pressed with Grief
John Newton, 1779.
Harmonia Sacra.

When Hannah, pressed with grief,
Poured forth her soul in prayer;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there:
Like her, in every trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

When she began to pray,
Her heart was pained and sad;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad:
In trouble, what a resting place,
Have they who know the throne of grace!

Though men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The saints, from age to age,
Are safe from all their power:
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.

Eli her case mistook,
How was her spirit moved
By his unkind rebuke?
But God her cause approved.
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at the throne of grace.

She was not filled with wine,
As Eli rashly thought;
But with a faith divine,
And found the help she sought:
Though men despise and call us base,
Still let us ply the throne of grace.

Men have not power or skill,
With troubled souls to bear;
Though they express good-will,
Poor comforters they are:
But swelling sorrows sink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.

Numbers before have tried,
And found the promise true;
Nor one been yet denied,
Then why should I or you?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

As fogs obscure the light,
And taint the morning air;
But soon are put to flight,
If the bright sun appear;
Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,
By shining from the throne of grace.