

Buried in Shadows of the Night

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.

Music: George Elvey, 1862.

Buried in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till His atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, The Lord, our righteousness.

Our very frame is mixed with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from His sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse, and pardon, too.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks,
The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.