

Plunged in a Gulf of Dark Despair  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.  
Music: Francois Barthlmon (1741-1808).

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and, O amazing love!  
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste He fled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,  
And brake our iron chains;  
Jesus hath freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.

In vain the baffled prince of hell  
His cursd projects tries  
We that were doomed his endless slaves  
Are raised above the skies.

O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviors praises speak.

Yes, we will praise Thee, dearest Lord,  
Our souls are all on flame;  
Hosannah round the spacious earth  
To Thine adored name.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can neer be told.