

With Satan, my accuser, near  
A Brand plucked out of the Fire  
John Newton, 1779,  
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 77

With Satan, my accuser, near  
My spirit trembled when I saw  
The Lord in majesty appear,  
And heard the language of the law.

2. In vain I wish'd and strove to hide  
The tatter'd, filthy rags I wore;  
While my fierce foe insulting cry'd  
See what you trusted in before!

3. Struck dumb, and left without a plea,  
I heard my gracious Saviour say,  
Know Satan, I this sinner free,  
I died to take his sin away.

4. This is a brand which I, in love,  
To save from wrath and sin design!  
In vain thy accusations prove;  
I answer all, and call him mine.

5. At his rebuke the tempter fled;  
Then he remov'd my filthy dress;  
Poor sinner, take this robe, he said,  
It is thy Saviour's righteousness.

6. And see, a crown of life prepar'd!  
That I might thus my head adorn;  
I thought no shame or suff'ring hard,  
But wore for thee a crown of thorn.

7. O how I heard these gracious words!  
They broke and heal'd my heart at once;  
Constrained me to become the Lord's,  
And all my idol-gods renounce.

8. Now, Satan, thou hast lost thy aim,  
Against this brand thy threats are vain;  
JESUS has pluck'd it from the flame,  
And who shall put it in again?