

## **How helpless guilty nature lies**

1. How helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load!  
The heart, unchanged, can never rise  
To happiness and God.
2. The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of rain stray :  
Reason debased can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.
3. Can aught, beneath a power divine,  
The stubborn will subdue?  
'Tis Thine, almighty Spirit! Thine,  
To form the heart anew.
4. 'Tis Thine, the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise;  
To make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes;
5. To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live;  
A beam of Heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis Thine alone to give.
6. O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine;  
Then shall our passions and our powers  
Almighty Lord! be Thine.