

Dying Souls, Fast Bound in Sin  
Thomas Hastings, 1832.  
Arthur Cottman(1842-1879)

Dying souls, fast bound in sin,  
Trembling and repining,  
With no ray of light divine  
On your pathway shining;  
Why in darkness wander on,  
Filled with consternation?  
Jesus lives in Him alone  
Can you find salvation.

Worthless all your righteousness;  
You the law have broken;  
Flee, then, to His sovereign grace,  
Mercy thus has spoken;  
Why, in deeds that you have done,  
Seek for consolation?  
Jesus lives in Him alone  
Can you find salvation.

Prostrate bow, confess your guilt,  
Own your lost condition!  
Yield to Him whose blood was spilt,  
Unreserved submission:  
Then no more in anguish groan;  
Seek His mediation;  
Jesus lives in Him alone  
Can you find salvation.

Linger not on all the plain:  
Vengeance is pursuing;  
Midst the dying and the slain,  
Save your souls from ruin:  
Flee to Him who can atone;  
Flee from condemnation;  
Jesus lives in Him alone  
Can you find salvation.