

On Man, in His Own Image Made

John Newton, 1779.

John Camp, 1905.

On man, in His own image made,  
How much did God bestow?  
The whole creation homage paid,  
And owned him lord, below!

He dwelt in Eden's garden, stored  
With sweets for every sense;  
And there with his descending Lord  
He walked in confidence.

But O! by sin how quickly changed!  
His honor forfeited,  
His heart, from God and truth, estranged,  
His conscience filled with dread!

Now from his maker's voice he flees,  
Which was before his joy:  
And thinks to hide, amidst the trees,  
From an all seeing eye.

Compelled to answer to his name,  
With stubbornness and pride  
He cast, on God Himself, the blame,  
Nor once for mercy cried.

But grace, unasked, his heart subdued  
And all his guilt forgave;  
By faith, the promised seed he viewed,  
And felt His pow'r to save.

Thus we ourselves would justify,  
Though we the law transgress;  
Like him, unable to deny,  
Unwilling to confess.

But when by faith the sinner sees  
A pardon bought with blood;  
Then he forsakes his foolish pleas,  
And gladly turns to God.