

Alas, My Aching Heart  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1706-9.  
Music: William Tansur, 1734.

Alas, my aching heart!  
Here the keen torment lies;  
It racks my waking hours with smart,  
And frights my slumbering eyes.

Guilt will be hid no more,  
My griefs take vent apace,  
The crimes that blot my conscience oer  
Flush crimson in my face.

My sorrows like a flood  
Impatient of restraint  
Into Thy bosom, O my God,  
Pour out a long complaint.

This impious heart of mine  
Could once defy the Lord,  
Could rush with violence on to sin  
In presence of Thy sword.

As often have I stood  
A rebel to the skies,  
The calls, the tenders of a God,  
And mercys loudest cries.

He offers all His grace,  
And all His heaven to me;  
Offers! But tis to senseless brass  
That can nor feel nor see.

Jesus the Savior stands  
To court me from above,  
And looks and spreads His wounded hands,  
And shows the prints of love.

But I, a stupid fool,  
How long have I withstood  
The blessings purchased with His soul,  
And paid for all in blood?

The heavnly Dove came down  
And tendered me His wings,  
To mount me upward to a crown  
And bright immortal things.

Lord, Im ashamed to say  
That I refused Thy Dove,  
And sent Thy Spirit grieved away  
To His own realms of love.

Nor all Thine heavnly charms,  
Nor Thy revenging hand  
Could force me to lay down my arms,  
And bow to Thy command.

Lord, tis against Thy face  
My sins like arrows rise,  
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace  
Thy thunder silent lies.

O shall I never feel  
The meltings of Thy love?  
Am I of such hell-hardened steel

That mercy cannot move?

Now for one powerful glance  
Dear Savior, from Thy face!  
This rebel heart no more withstands,  
But sinks beneath Thy grace.

Oercome by dying love I fall,  
And at Thy cross I lie;  
I throw my flesh, my soul, my all,  
And weep, and love, and die.

Rise, says the Prince of mercy, rise;  
With joy and pity in His eyes:  
Rise and behold My wounded veins;  
Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

See, My great Fathers reconciled:  
He said, and lo, the Father smiled;  
The joyful cherubs clapped their wings,  
And sounded grace on all their strings.