

As parched in the barren sands
Trust of the Wicked, and the Righteous Compared John Newton, 1779,
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 66

As parched in the barren sands
Beneath a burning sky,
The worthless bramble with'ring stands,
And only grows to die.

2. Such is the sinner's awful case,
Who makes the world his trust;
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and dust.

3. A secret curse destroys his root,
And dries his moisture up;
He lives awhile, but bears no fruit,
Then dies without a hope.

4. But happy he whose hopes depend
Upon the Lord alone;
The soul that trusts in such a friend,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

5. Though gourds should wither, cisterns break,
And creature-comforts die;
No change his solid hope can shake,
Or stop his sure supply.

6. So thrives and blooms the tree whose roots
By constant streams are fed;
Arrayed in green, and rich in fruits,
It rears its branching head.

7. It thrives, though rain should be denied,
And drought around prevail;
'Tis planted by a river's side
Whose waters cannot fail.