

Here at Bethesda's pool, the poor
The Pool of Bethesda
John Newton, 1779,
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 113

Here at Bethesda's pool, the poor,
The withered, halt, and blind;
With waiting hearts expect a cure,
And free admittance find.

2. Here streams of wondrous virtue flow
To heal a sin-sick soul;
To wash the filthy white as snow,
And make the wounded whole.

3. The dumb break forth in songs of praise,
The blind their sight receive;
The cripple runs in wisdom's ways,
The dead revive, and live!

4. Restrained to no one case, or time,
These waters always move;
Sinners, in every age and clime,
Their vital influence prove.

5. Yet numbers daily near them lie,
Who meet with no relief;
With life in view they pine and die
In hopeless unbelief.

6. 'Tis strange they should refuse to bathe,
And yet frequent the pool;
But none can even wish for faith,
While love of sin bears rule.

7. Satan their consciences has sealed,
And stupefied their thought;
For were they willing to be healed,
The cure would soon be wrought.

8. Do thou, dear Saviour, interpose,
Their stubborn wills constrain;
Or else to them the water flows,
And grace is preached in vain.