

Sweet was the time when first I felt
Oh That I Were As In Months Past!
John Newton, 1779,
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 43

Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3. In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.

4. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

5. Then to his saints I often spoke;
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6. Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns,
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7. My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8. Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.