

- J**ESUS! how my heart is pained,
How it mourns for souls deceived,
When I hear Thy name profaned,
When I see Thy Spirit grieved!
- 2 Mourning thus I long had been,
When I heard my Saviour's voice,
'You have cause to mourn for sin,
But in Me you must rejoice!'
- 3 This kind word dispelled my grief,
Put to silence my complaints,
Though of sinners I am chief,
He has ranked me with His saints.
- 4 Though constrained to dwell awhile
Where the wicked strive and brawl,
Let them rage, but He will smile;
Heaven will make amends for all.
- 5 Let us, then, the fight endure,
See our Saviour looking down,
He will make the conquest sure,
And bestow the promised crown.

John Newton, 1725-1807