

HOW blest are we if God the Lord
No more imputes our sin,
But washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Our garments are made clean.

- 2 Happy beyond description, we
Whose debts are thus discharged;
Set from our guilt and bondage free,
We feel our souls enlarged.
- 3 While inward guilt remained suppressed
No comfort could we find,
Unease lay burning in the breast
And troubles plagued the mind.
- 4 Then we confessed our hidden thoughts,
Those secret sins revealed;
Thy pardoning grace forgave our faults,
And grace our pardon sealed.
- 5 How shall we dare delay to pray,
When like a raging flood,
Temptations rise to take away
Our hold from our dear Lord?
- 6 Our hiding-place and peace Thou art,
Our strength in Satan's hour,
The guardian of the faltering heart,
And source of keeping power.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.†