

**H**AD not the Lord, my heart may cry,  
Had not the Lord been on my side;  
Had He not brought deliverance nigh,  
Then must my helpless soul have died.

- 2 Had not the Lord been on my side,  
I to this day enslaved would be,  
Swallowed by sin's relentless tide,  
Destined to hell's captivity.
- 3 Had not my Saviour loved so well,  
My just deserts would o'er me roll;  
Soon floods of wrath and depths of hell,  
Would overwhelm my anguished soul.
- 4 As from the snare with broken hasp,  
The bird escapes on eager wings,  
The soul set free from Satan's grasp  
Bursts forth to freedom, mounts and sings.
- 5 I'll sing the Lord my Saviour's praise,  
Maker of all below, above;  
Here and in Heaven my voice I'll raise,  
To speak His saving power and love.

*John Ryland, 1753-1825†*