

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We helpless sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of dawning day.

- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love,
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from His glorious courts above
He came to earth, and bled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And lay among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our bitter chains;
So Jesus freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 O! for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all the host of ransomed tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!
- 6 O, hosts above, assist our joys
On heavenly harps of gold;
But even with angelic powers
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748