

'Tis finish'd—The Messiah dies
for sins, but not his own;
'The great redemption is complete,
and Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.

'Tis finish'd—All his groans are past,
his blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
and crown'd him with their spoils.
'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,
and gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
and a new world begun.

70

Paraphrase xlv.

Vain are the hopes the sons of men
upon their works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
their actions full of guilt.
Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
without one vaunting word;
And, humbled low, confess their guilt
before heaven's righteous Lord.

No hope can on the law be built
of justifying grace;
The law, that shows the sinner's
guilt,
condemns him to his face.
Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
when in thy name we trust.
Our faith receives a righteousness
that makes the sinner just.

71

Paraphrase liv.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord;
or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
and honor all his laws.
Jesus, my Lord! I know his name,
his name is all my boast;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
nor let my hope be lost.

I know that safe with him remains,
protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his trust,
till the decisive hour.
Then will he own his servant's name
before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
appoint my soul a place.

72

Paraphrase lvi. 1-5.

How wicked was our former state
when slaves to Satan's sway;
With hearts disordered and impure
o'erwhelmed in sin we lay.
But O! my soul! for ever praise,
forever love his name.
Who turned thee from the fatal paths
of folly, sin, and shame,