

HYMN 8.

C. M.

- 1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come
And trust upon the Lord!"
- 3 My soul obeys the' Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From sins of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy hands I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN 9.

6-8s.

Wrestling Jacob.

- 1 Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.