

THE SOWER.

THE REBEL'S SURRENDER TO GRACE.

LORD Thou hast won, at length I yield ;
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,
Surrenders all to Thee ;
Against Thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against Thy love ?
Love conquers even me.

All that a wretch could do I tried,
Thy patience scorn'd, thy power defied,
And trampled on Thy laws ;
Scarcely Thy martyrs at the stake
Could stand more steadfast for Thy sake,
Than I in Satan's cause.

But since Thou hast Thy love reveal'd
And shown my soul a pardon seal'd,
I can resist no more.
Couldst Thou for such a sinner bleed ?
Canst Thou for such a rebel plead ?
I wonder and adore !

Now Lord I would be Thine alone,
Come take possession of Thine own,
For Thou hast set me free ;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting stand,
To be employed by Thee.