

Hymns of William Cowper (1731-1800) - 2

There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood

William Cowper, 1771; Mod.
Stanzas 1, 2 & 5 (#253)

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains. (2x) (repeat)

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away. (2x) (repeat)

Dear dying Lamb, your precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more. (2x) (repeat)

TUNE: FOUNTAIN 8.6.8.6.6.8.6.
Lowell Mason, 1830

Hark, My Soul, It Is the Lord!

William Cowper, 1768
Stanzas 1-5 (*The Hymnbook* #263)

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Savior, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
free and faithful, strong as death."

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore:
O for grace to love Thee more!

TUNE: ST. BEES: 7.7.7.7.
John B. Dykes, 1862

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

William Cowper, 1774
Stanzas 1, 4 & 6 (#128)

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain.
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

TUNE: DUNDEE C.M.
Scottish Psalter, 1615

O for a Closer Walk with God

William Cowper, 1779
Stanzas 1 - 4 (#534)

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

TUNE: BEATITUDO C.M.
John B. Dykes, 1875

Other 18th Century Hymns

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Wretched

Joseph Hart, 1759; alt.
Stanzas 1, & 3 (#472)

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with pow'r:
He is able,
He is able,
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more. (2x)

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Not the righteous,
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call. (2x)

TUNE: BRYN CALFARIA 8.7.8.7.4.4.7.7.
William Owen, 1852

The Spacious Firmament on High

Joseph Addison, 1712
Stanzas 1 & 2 (#117)

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

TUNE: CREATION L.M.D.
From Franz Joseph Haydn, *The Creation*,
1798; arr.

The God of Abraham Praise

Thomas Olivers, 1770
Stanzas 1 & 4 (#34)

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days
And God of love.
Jehovah! Great I AM!
By earth and heav'n confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

TUNE: LEONI 6.6.8.4.D.
Arr. by Meyer Lyon, 1770

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

St. 1-5, Edward Perronet, 1779; alt.
Stanzas 1 & 5 (#296, 297)

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

TUNE: CORONATION C.M., rep.
Oliver Holden, 1793
or DIADEM 8.6.6.8.ref.
James Ellor, 1838