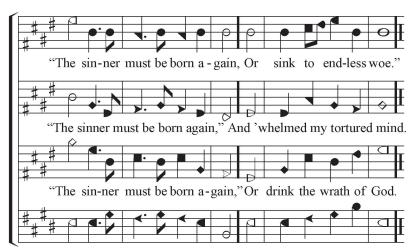


4. The saints I heard with rap-ture tell, How Je - sus conquered Death and Hell, And broke the fowl-er's snare; Yet when I found this truth re-main, 5. But while I thus in an-guish lay, The gra-cious Sa-vior passed that way, And felt his pi - ty move; The sin-ner by his jus-tice slain,



"The sin-ner must be born a-gain," I sunk in deep de-spair. Now by his grace is born a-gain, And sings re-deem-ing love.