

1. O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death,  
2. Slain in the guilt sin-ner's stead, His spot-less right-eous-ness I plead,  
3. Then snatch me from e-ter-nal death—The spi-rit of a-dop-tion breathe,  
4. The king of ter-ror then would be A wel-come mes-sen-ger to me,

That casts it-self on thee? I have no re-fuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suf-fered once for me.  
And his a-vail-ing blood; Thy right-eous-ness my robe shall be, Thy mer-it shall a-tone for me, And bring me near to God.  
His con-so-la-tion send; By Him some word of life im-part, And sweet-ly whis-per to my heart, "Thy Ma-ker is thy Friend."  
To bid me come a-way; Un-clogged by earth or earth-ly things, I'd mount, I'd fly with ea-ger wings, To ev-er-last-ing day.