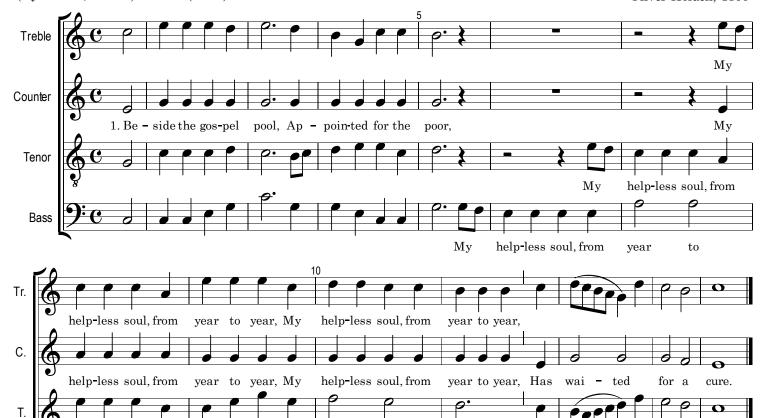
Bethsaida

C Major Oliver Holden, 1800

(Hymn 112, Book 1) 66. 86. (S. M.) No copyright. Transcribed from *Plain Psalmody*, 1800.



2. How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others, round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

My

help-less soul, from

help-less soul, from

year

year

to year, My

В.

year,

- 3. But my complaints remain, I feel the very same; As full of guilt, and fear, and pain, As when at first I came.
- 4. O would the Lord appear My malady to heal; He knows how long I've languished here, And what distress I feel.
- 5. How often have I thought Why should I longer lie? Surely the mercy I have sought Is not for such as I.

to

to

year,

year,

8. No: He is full of grace;

A soul, that fain would see His face,

He never will permit

To perish at His feet

- 6. But whither can I go?
 There is no other pool
 Where streams of sovereign virtue flow
 To make a sinner whole.
- 7. Here then, from day to day, I'll wait, and hope, and try; Can Jesus hear a sinner pray, Yet suffer him to die?