Here at Bethesda's Pool, the Poor

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
Here at Bethesda's pool, the poor, The

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
withered, halt, and blind; With

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
waiting hearts ex- pect a cure, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
free admittance find.

The other verses

2 Here streams of wondrous virtue flow
To heal a sin-sick soul;
To wash the filthy white as snow,
And make the wounded whole.

3 The dumb break forth in songs of praise,
The blind their fight receive;
The cripple runs in wisdom's ways,
The dead revive, and live!

4 Restrained to no one case, or time,
These waters always move;
Sinners, in every age and clime,
Their vital influence prove.

5 Yet numbers daily near them lie,
Who meet with no relief;
With life in view they pine and die
In hopeless unbelief.

6 'Tis strange they should refuse to bathe,
And yet frequent the pool;
But none can even wish for faith,
While love of sin bears rule.

7 Satan their consciences has sealed,
And stupefied their thought;
For were they willing to be healed,
The cure would soon be wrought.

8 Do thou, dear Savior, interpose,
Their stubborn wills constrain;
Or else to them the water flows,
And grace is preached in vain.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.