Once Perishing in Blood I Lay

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Once perishing in blood I lay, Crea-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
tures no help could give, But

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
Jesus passed me in the way, He

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
saw, and bid me live.

The other verses

2 Though Satan still his rule maintained,
And all his arts employed;
That mighty Word his rage restrained,
I could not be destroyed.

3 At length the time of love arrived
When I my Lord should know,
Then Satan, of his pow'r deprived,
Was forced to let me go.

4 O can I e'er that day forget
When Jesus kindly spoke!
"Poor soul, my blood has paid thy debt,
And now I break thy yoke.

5 Henceforth I take thee for my own,
And give myself to thee;
Forsake the idols thou hast known,
And yield thyself to me."

6 Ah, worthless heart! it promised fair,
And said it would be thine;
I little thought it e'er would dare
Again with idols join.

7 Lord, dost thou such backslidings heal,
And pardon all that's past?
Sure, if I am not made of steel,
Thou hast prevailed at last.

8 My tongue, which rashly spoke before,
This mercy will restrain;
Surely I now shall boast no more,
Nor censure, nor complain.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.