When the Poor Pris'ner Through a Grate

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
When the poor pris'ner through a grate Sees

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
others walk at large; How

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
does he mourn his lonely state, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
long for a dis- charge?

The other verses

2 Thus I, confined in unbelief,
My loss of freedom mourn;
And spend my hours in fruitless grief,
Until my Lord return.

3 The beam of day, which pierces through
The gloom in which I dwell;
Only discloses to my view,
The horrors of my cell.

4 Ah! how my pensive spirit faints,
To think of former days!
When I could triumph with the saints,
And join their songs of praise!

5 But now my joys are all cut off,
In prison I am cast;
And Satan, with a cruel scoff,
Says, "Where's your God at last?"

6 Dear Savior, for thy mercies sake,
My strong, my only plea,
These gates and bars in pieces break,
And set the pris'ner free!

7 Surely my soul shall sing to thee,
For liberty restored;
And all thy saints admire to see
The mercies of the Lord.

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.