With Satan, My Accuser Near

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
With Satan, my accuser

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
near, My spirit trembled

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
when I saw The Lord in

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
majesty ap- pear, And

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
heard the language of his law.

The other verses

2 In vain I wished and strove to hide
The tattered filthy rags I wore;
While my fierce foe, insulting cried,
"See what you trusted in before!"

3 Struck dumb, and left without a plea,
I heard my gracious Savior say,
"Know, Satan, I this sinner free,
I died to take his sins away.

4 This is a brand which I in love,
To save from wrath and sin design;
In vain thy accusations prove,
I answer all, and claim him mine."

5 At his rebuke the tempter fled;
Then he removed my filthy dress;
"Poor sinner take this robe, he said,
It is thy Savior's righteousness.

6 And see, a crown of life prepared!
That I might thus thy head adorn;
I thought no shame or suff'ring hard,
But wore, for thee, a crown of thorn."

7 O how I heard these gracious words!
They broke and healed my heart at once;
Constrained me to become the Lord's,
And all my idol-gods renounce.

8 Now, Satan, thou hast lost thy aim,
Against this brand thy threats are vain;
Jesus has plucked it from the flame,
And who shall put it in again?

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); 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.