HOLY LORD GOD! I LOVE THY TRUTH

William Gardiner, 1770-1853 Germany L.M.





- (1.) Holy Lord God! I love Thy truth, Nor dare Thy least commandment slight; Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth, I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- (2.) But though the poison lurks within, Hope bids me still with patience wait; Till death shall set me free from sin, Free from the only thing I hate.
- (3.) Had I a throne above the rest, Where angels and archangels dwell; One sin, unslain, within my breast, Would make that Heav'n as dark as hell.
- (4.) The prisoner, sent to breathe fresh air, And blessed with liberty again, Would mourn, were he condemned to wear One link of all his former chain.
- (5.) But O! no foe invades the bliss, When glory crowns the Christian's head; One view of Jesus as He is, Will strike all sin forever dead.

William Cowper

Public Domain - Courtesy of A Voice In The Wilderness - Canada