

That city of the living God
Was built to be my soul's abode;
My soul from thence came down,
Down to this Jericho beneath,
This place accurst of sin and death,
And endless pains unknown.

The thieves have rob'd, and stript, and bound,
And mangled me with many a wound,
And bruis'd in every part:
My putrid wounds stand open wide,
My head is faint, and sick of pride,
And all corrupt my heart.

But Life I see in death appear!
The good Samaritan is near,
From heaven to earth he comes,
His country he for me forsakes
Upon himself my nature takes
And all my sins assumes.

Stranger unknown, Thou art my God!
From me, while weltring in my blood,
Thou canst not farther go:
Pour in thy Spirit's wine and oil,
Revive me by a gracious smile,
Thy pardoning mercy show.

Bind up my wounds by opening thine,
Apply the balm of blood Divine
To save a sinner poor;
To life, and joy, and gospel-peace
(Sure pledge of perfect holiness)
My gasping soul restore.