

Here at Bethesda's Pool**Words: John Newton, 1779. Music: John Dykes, 1875.**

Here at Bethesda's pool, the poor,
The withered, halt, and blind;
With waiting hearts expect a cure,
And free admittance find.

Here streams of wondrous virtue flow
To heal a sin-sick soul;
To wash the filthy white as snow,
And make the wounded whole.

The dumb break forth in songs of praise,
The blind their fight receive;
The cripple runs in wisdom's ways,
The dead revive, and live!

Restrained to no one case, or time,
These waters always move;
Sinners, in every age and clime,
Their vital influence prove.

Yet numbers daily near them lie,
Who meet with no relief;
With life in view they pine and die
In hopeless unbelief.

'Tis strange they should refuse to bathe,
And yet frequent the pool;
But none can even wish for faith,
While love of sin bears rule.

Satan their consciences has sealed,
And stupefied their thought;
For were they willing to be healed,
The cure would soon be wrought.

Do Thou, dear Savior, interpose,
Their stubborn wills constrain;
Or else to them the water flows,
And grace is preached in vain.