

INDIAN PHILOSOPHER. 8 8 6.

D Major. Samson Occom, 1760.

1. A - wak'd by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go;
 2. A - mazed I stood, but could not tell Which way to shun the gates of hell, For death and hell drew near;

3. When to the law I trem-bling fled, It poured its cur - ses on my head; I no re - lief could find.
 4. A - gain did Si - nai's thun - der roll, And guilt lay hea - vy on my soul, A vast un - weil - dy load;

5. The saints I heard with rap - ture tell How Je - sus con - quered death and hell, And broke the fow - ler's snare;
 6. But while I thus in an - guish lay, The gra - cious Sa - vior passed this way, And felt His pi - ty move;

1. | 2.

E - ter - nal truth did loud pro - claim, "The sin - ner must be born a - gain, Or sink to end - less woe." woe."
 I strove, in - deed, but strove in vain; "The sin - ner must be born a - gain" Still soun - ded in my ear. ear.

This fear - ful truth in - creased my pain; "The sin - ner must be born a - gain" O'er - helmed my tor - tured mind. mind.
 A - las, I read, and saw it plain, The sin - ner must be born a - gain, Or drink the wrath of God. God.

Yet when I found this truth re - main, "The sin - ner must be born a - gain," I sank in deep de - spair. -spair.
 The sin - ner, by His ju - stice slain, Now by His grace is born a - gain; And sings re - dee - ming love. love.