

# Experience

Transcribed from *Southern and Western Pocket Harmonist*, 1846

Alto by B. C. Johnston, 2018.

Anonymous, before 1834

99. 98

A minor

William Walker, 1866

Tr.  
1. Come, all ye people of my nation, Come listen a while and I'll re-late The wonders of my sad con-di-tion, And how I traveled from that state.  
2. I was born blind, to sin in-cli-ned, As all of the race of A-dam are, Full sixteen years I was de-ligh-ted In ci-vil mirth, and void of fear.

A.  
3. Once unthoughtful, I went to meeting, And heard a woman re-la-ting there The travail of her sad con-di-tion, And how she came the Lord to fear.  
4. I saw, while she was thus re-la-ting, The ter-ri-ble state that I was in, I saw my soul was un-con-ver-ted, And al-ways had been dead in sin.

T.  
5. I then began to think of praying, To think of trying to seek the Lord; But still my soul was much dis-tres-sed, I felt not yet his healing word.  
6. I then began to seek con-ver-sion, And cried to Je-sus my soul to save, I left my way of light de-vo-tion, His pro-mised mercy I did crave.

B.  
7. My sins began, like pointed mountains, To stand up against me every day, Their number I was oft re-coun-ting, But all in vain my grief t'a-lay.  
8. One night, while thinking of the Savior, And what he has done for sinful man, I thought my soul was out of fa- vor, Oh, how his mer-cy I longed to gain.

9. Mount Sinai's thunder rolled against me,  
Not only for my outward sin,  
But in my heart I saw the fountain  
Which made my actions so unclean.

10. I felt how just the condemnation,  
Though my spirit to hell should go:  
When lo! the gospel consolation  
Freed my soul from its load of woe.

11. I saw, by faith, the blessed Savior  
Extended on the accursed tree:  
Praise him, my soul, praise him for ever;  
Adore the God who died for thee.

12. Come, Christians, join with me in praising  
The blessed Lord, who died for me;  
I hope to praise him while I'm living,  
And after death, eternally.