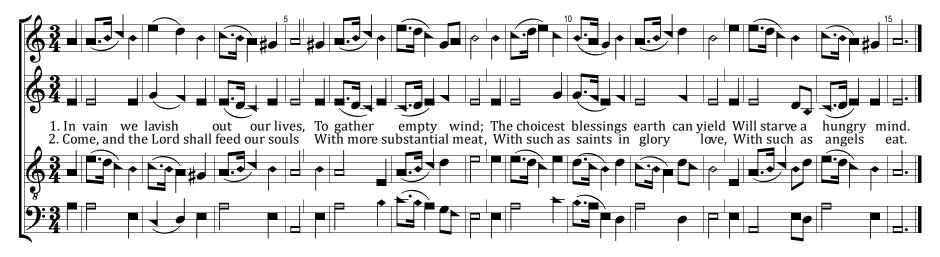
## St. Vincent's

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A minor American Composer, 1788



- 3. Our God will every want supply, And fill our hearts with peace; He gives by covenant and by oath The riches of his grace.
- 4. Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls, And wash away our stains In the dear fountain that his Son Poured from his dying veins.
- 5. Our guilt shall vanish all away, Though black as hell before; Our sins shall sink beneath the sea, And shall be found no more.
- 6. And, lest pollution should overspread Our inward powers again, His Spirit shall bedew our souls, Like purifying rain.
- 7. Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing, That terrors cannot move, That fears no threatening of his wrath, Shall be dissolved by love.

- 8. Or he can take the flint away That would not be refined; And from the treasures of his grace Bestow a softer mind.
- 9. There shall his sacred Spirit dwell, And deep engrave his law, And every motion of our souls To swift obedience draw.
- 10. Thus will he pour salvation down, And we shall render praise; We the dear people of his love, And he our God of grace.