

Isaac Watts, 1709  
(Hymn 150, Book 1) 66. 66. 88.

# Surety

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E Major  
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Tenor

Bass

1. To this dear Surety's hand Will I commit my cause; He answers and fulfills His Father's

Tr.

T.

B.

1. broken laws; Behold my soul at freedom set! My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

2. Be thou my Counsellor,  
My Pattern, and my Guide;  
And through this desert land  
Still keep me near thy side:  
O let my feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

4. Arrayed in mortal flesh,  
He like an angel stands,  
And holds the promises  
And pardons in his hands;  
Commissioned from his Father's throne  
To make his grace to mortals known.

6. Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered his blood, and died;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside:  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

8. Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down;  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown:  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

3. I love my Shepherd's voice,  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My wand'ring soul among  
The thousands of his sheep:  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5. Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came:  
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

7. My Advocate appears  
For my defence on high;  
The Father bows his ears,  
And lays his thunder by:  
Not all that hell or sin can say  
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

9. Should all the hosts of death,  
And powers of hell unknown,  
Put their most dreadful forms  
Of rage and mischief on,  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
Superior power, and guardian grace.