

Bethsaida

Treble
Counter
Tenor
Bass

1. Be - side the gos-pel pool, Ap - pointed for the poor, My help-less soul, from year to year, My help-less soul, from year to year, Has wai - ted for a cure.

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

year, My help-less soul, from year to year,

2. How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others, round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

3. But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4. O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languished here,
And what distress I feel.

5. How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

6. But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.

7. Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8. No: He is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see His face,
To perish at His feet