Lord, Thou has won, at length I yield







Lord, Thou hast won, at length I yield; My heart by mighty grace compelled Surrenders all to Thee; Against Thy terrors long I strove, But who can stand against Thy love? Love conquers even me.

If Thou hadst bid Thy thunders roll, And light'nings flash, to blast my soul, I still had stubborn been; But mercy has my heart subdued, A bleeding Savior I have viewed, And now I hate my sin. Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone, Come, take possession of Thine own, For Thou hast set me free; Released from Satan's hard command, See all my powers waiting stand, To be employed by Thee.

John Newton

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