## Join all the glorious names



a poor, insufficient

Text: Issac Watts, 1709 Tune: John Darwall, 1770

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- 4 To this dear Surety's hand will I commit my cause; he answers and fulfils his Father's broken laws: behold my soul at freedom set! My Surety paid the dreadful debt.
- 5 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.
- 6 My Advocate appears for my defence on high; the Father bows his ear and lays his thunder by: not all that hell or sin can say shall turn his heart, his love away.
- My dear almighty Lord, my Conqueror and my King, thy sceptre and thy sword, thy reigning grace I sing. Thine is the power; behold, I sit in willing bonds before thy feet.
- 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.
- 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.