

Show Pity, Lord; O Lord, Forgive
by Charles Wesley

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace!
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

3 Lord I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean,
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race and taints us all.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward form can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

6 A broken heart, my God, my King
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
==L.M. SECOND PART

7 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book!

8 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

9 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight:
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

10 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

11 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

12 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

13 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless

The Lord my strength and righteousness.