

Hymn Lyrics

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With broken heart and contrite sigh

With broken heart and contrite sigh,
a trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
thy pard'ning grace is rich and free:
O God, merciful to me.

I smite upon my troubled breast,
with deep and conscious guilt oppressed,
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, merciful to me.

Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
nor dare uplift them to the skies;
but thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, merciful to me.

Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
can for a single sin atone;
to Calvary alone I flee:
O God, merciful to me.

And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
with all the ransomed throng I dwell,
my raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.