

Holy Spirit, Pity Me
William Bunting(1798-1874)
Carl von Weber, 1826.

Holy Spirit! pity me,
Pierced with grief for grieving Thee;
Present, though I mourn apart,
Listen to a wailing heart.

Sins unnumbered I confess,
Of exceeding sinfulness,
Sins against Thyself alone,
Only to Omniscience known.

Deafness to Thy whispered calls,
Rashness 'midst remembered falls,
Transient fears beneath the rod,
Treacherous trifling with my God.

Tasting that the Lord is good,
Pining then for poisoned food;
At the fountains of the skies
Craving creaturely supplies!

Worldly cares at worship time:
Groveling aims in works sublime;
Pride, when God is passing by!
Sloth, when souls in darkness die!

Chilled devotions, changed desires,
Quenched corruption's earlier fires:
Sins like these my heart deceive,
Thee, who only know'st them, grieve.

O how lightly I have slept,
With Thy daily wrongs unwept!
Sought Thy chiding to defer,
Shunned the wounded Comforter.

Woke to holy labors fresh,
With the plague-spot in my flesh;
Angel seemed to human sight,
Stood a leper in Thy light!

Still Thy comforts do not fail,
Still Thy healing aids avail;
Patient Inmate of my breast,
Thou art grieved, yet I am blest.

O be merciful to me,
Now in bitterness for Thee!
Father, pardon through Thy Son
Sins against Thy Spirit done!