

Lord, We Confess Our Numerous Faults

Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Day's Psalter, 1563.

Lord, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

But, O my soul! for ever praise,
For ever love His name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin and shame.

'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding through His Son.

'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

'Tis through the purchase of His death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

Raised from the dead we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.