

O Thou, the Contrite Sinner's Friend

Charlotte Elliott, 1835.

John Dykes.

O Thou, the contrite sinner's friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Savior, plead for me.

When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Savior, plead for me.

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in Heav'n for me.

When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
O say, Thou plead'st for me!