

When o'er My Sins I Sorrow
Justus Gesenius, 1646.
Michael Praetorius, 1609.

When o'er my sins I sorrow,
Lord, I will look to Thee
And hence my comfort borrow
That Thou wast slain for me;
Yea, Lord, Thy precious blood was spilt
For me, O most unworthy,
To take away my guilt.

Oh, what a marvelous offering!
Behold, the Master spares
His servants, and their suffering
And grief for them He bears.
God stoopeth from His throne on high;
For me, His guilty creature,
He deigns as man to die.

My manifold transgression
Henceforth can harm me none
Since Jesus' bloody passion
For me God's grace hath won.
His precious blood my debts hath paid;
Of hell and all its torments
I am no more afraid.

Therefore I will forever
Give glory unto Thee,
O Jesus, loving Savior,
For what Thou didst for me.
I'll spend my breath in songs of thanks
For Thy sad cry, Thy sufferings,
Thy wrongs, Thy guiltless death.