

**Sinful, sighing to be blest**

Sinful, sighing to be blessed;  
bound, and longing to be free;  
weary, waiting for my rest:  
God be merciful to me.

Goodness I have none to plead,  
sinfulness in all I see,  
I can only bring my need:  
God be merciful to me.

Broken heart and downcast eyes  
dare not lift themselves to thee;  
yet thou canst interpret sighs:  
God be merciful to me.

From this sinful heart of mine  
to thy bosom I would flee:  
I am not mine own, but thine:  
God be merciful to me.

There is One beside the throne,  
and my only hope and plea  
are in him and him alone:  
God be merciful to me.

He my cause will undertake,  
my interpreter will be;  
he's my all; and for his sake  
God be merciful to me.

Words: John Samuel Bewley Monsell, Jr., 1857

Music: St. Bees, Lew Trenchard, Tunbridge

Meter: 77 77