

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