

Hymn Lyrics

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O thou who dost to man accord

O thou who dost accord us
the highest prize and guerdon,
thou hope of all our race,
Jesus, do thou afford us
the gift we ask of pardon
for all who humbly seek thy face.

With whispered accusation
our conscience tells of sinning
in thought and word and deed;
thine is our restoration,
the work of grace beginning
for souls from every burden freed.

For who, if thou reject us,
shall raise the fainting spirit?
'Tis thine alone to spare:
if thou to life elect us,
with cleansèd hearts to near it,
shall be our task, our lowly prayer.

O Trinity most glorious,
thy pardon free bestowing,
defend us evermore;
that in thy courts victorious,
thy love more truly knowing,
we may with all thy saints adore.

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