

O Thou That Hear'st When Sinners Cry

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Lowell Mason, 1824.

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from Thy book.

Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without Thy light
Cast out and banished from Thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Savior's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.