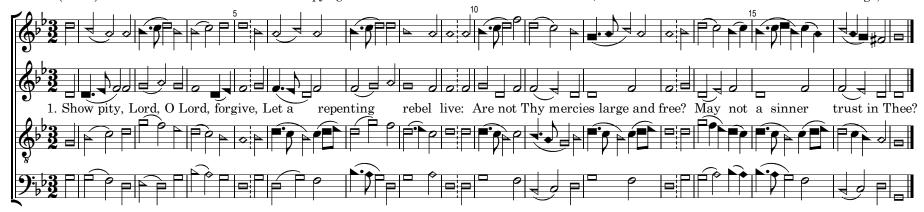
Isaac Watts, 1719 (Psalm 51) 88. 88. (L. M.).

Georgia

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G minor William Billings, 1779



- 2. My crimes are great, but not surpass The power and glory of thy grace: Great God, thy nature hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3. O wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4. My lips with shame my sins confess Against thy law, against thy grace: Lord, should thy judgment grow severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just in death; And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word, Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2015 F# in Treble measure 16 suggested by Nathan (1977).