

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).