

HOLY Spirit! pity me,
Pierced with grief for grieving Thee;
Present, though from sense apart,
Listen to a grieving heart.

- 2 Sins unnumbered I confess,
Of exceeding sinfulness;
Sins against Thyself alone,
Only to Omniscience known:
- 3 Deafness to Thy whispered calls,
Rashness 'midst remembered falls,
Transient fears beneath Thy rod,
Traucherous trifling with my God.
- 4 Tasting that the Lord is good,
Pining then for poisoned food;
At the fountains of the skies
Craving creaturely supplies.
- 5 Worldly cares at worship time;
Faithless aims in works sublime;
Pride, when God is passing by;
Sloth, when souls in darkness die.
- 6 O how lightly have I slept
With my daily wrongs unwept,
Sought Thy chidings to defer,
Shunned the wounded Comforter.
- 7 Still Thy comforts do not fail,
Still Thy healing helps avail;
Patient Inmate of my breast,
Thou art grieved, yet I am blest.

8 O be merciful to me,
Now in longing, Lord, for Thee!
Father, pardon through Thy Son
Sins against the Spirit done!

William Bunting, 1805-66