

**I** BRING my sins to Thee,  
The sins I cannot count,  
That I now cleansed may be  
In Thy once-opened fount:  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;  
The burden is too great for me.

2 My heart to Thee I bring,  
The heart I cannot read,  
A faithless, wandering thing,  
An evil heart indeed:  
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,  
That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 My life I bring to Thee,  
I would not be my own;  
O Saviour, may I be  
Thine ever, Thine alone!  
My heart, my life, my all, I bring  
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*