

O LORD, from Whom there's nought concealed,
Who sees my inward frame;
To Thee I always stand revealed
Exactly as I am!

2 Since I, at times, can hardly bear
What in myself I see;
How vile and foul must I appear,
Most holy God, to Thee!

3 But since my Saviour stands between,
Who shed His precious blood,
'Tis He, instead of me is seen,
When I approach to God.

4 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe:
He pleads before the throne
His life and death on my behalf,
And calls my sins His own.

5 What wondrous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine!
My breaches of the law are His,
And His obedience mine.

John Newton, 1725-1807