

LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
One of the race whose guilty fall
Rendered it base; corrupting all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 So, now I fall before Thy face,
My only refuge is Thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The force of sin lies deep within.
- 4 No sacrifice of bird or beast;
No ritual known, nor earthly priest;
No works of mine can serve to pay,
Or wash this guilty stain away.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, Thy blood alone
Has power sufficient to atone;
Thy Cross secures my pardon free,
Ransoms, and draws me close to Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†