

O THOU Who hears when sinners cry,
Though all my sins before Thee lie,
Hide not Thy gracious face from me,
Blot out all my iniquity.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let Thy blest Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 A broken spirit, O my King,
Is all the offering that I bring;
Thou, Saviour God, will ne'er despise
A contrite heart as sacrifice.
- 4 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy righteous sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 5 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 6 O may Thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.