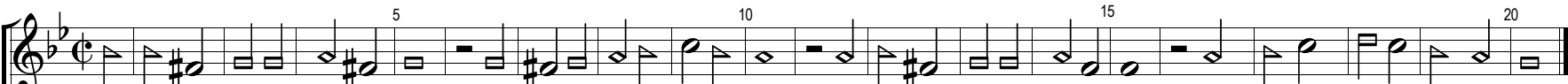


Isaac Watts, 1717
(Psalm 51, Part 1) 88. 88. (L. M.)

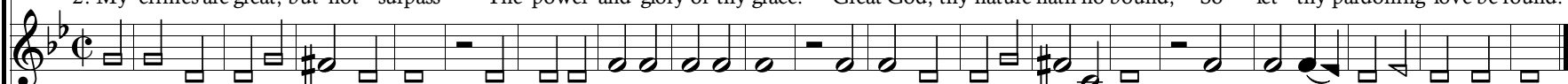
Brownford

Transcribed from *The Columbian Repository*, 1803.

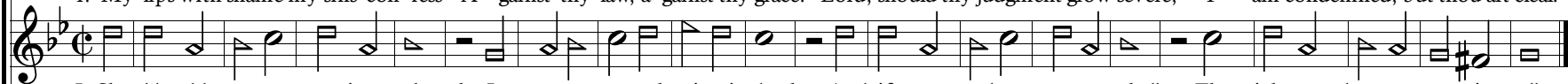
G minor
Samuel Holyoke, 1803

Tr. 

1. Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re-pen-ting re-bel live: Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?
2. My crimes are great, but not surpass The power and glory of thy grace: Great God, thy nature hath no bound, So let thy pardoning love be found.

C. 

3. O wash my soul from eve-ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past of-fen-ses pain my eyes.
4. My lips with shame my sins con-fess A-gainst thy law, a-gainst thy grace: Lord, should thy judgment grow severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear.

T. 

5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just in death; And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word, Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure sup-port a-gainst despair.

B. 