

O THOU THAT HEAR'ST WHEN SINNERS CRY

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

1. O Thou that hear'st when sin - ners cry, Though all my crimes be - fore Thee lie,
 2. Cre - ate my na - ture pure with - in, And form my soul a - verse to sin:
 3. I can - not live wit - hout Thy light, Cast out and ban - ish'd from Thy sight:
 4. Though I have griev'd Thy Spi - rit, Lord, His help and com - fort still af - ford;

Be - hold me not with an - gry look, But blot their mem - 'ry from Thy book.
 Let Thy good Spi - rit ne'er de - part, Nor hide Thy pre - sence from my heart.
 Thy sav - ing strength, o Lord re - store, And guard me that I fall no more.
 And let a wretch come near Thy throne, To plead the mer - its of Thy Son.

5. A bro - ken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac - ri - fice I bring;
 6. My soul lies hum - bled in the dust, And owns Thy dread - ful sen - tence just;
 7. Then will I teach the world Thy ways; Sin - ners shall learn Thy sov - 'reign grace;
 8. O may Thy love in - spire my tongue! Sal - va - tion shall be all my song;

The God of grace will ne'er de - spise A bro - ken heart for sac - ri - fice.
 Look down, o Lord, with pit - ying Eye, And save the soul con - demn'd to die.
 I'll lead them to my Sav - iour's blood, And they shall praise a pard - 'ning God.
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless The Lord my strength and righ - teous - ness.