

# LIMEHOUSE L.M.

1. Oh 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 with - out thy light, Cast out and ban - ish'd from thy sight;  
 4. Though I have griev'd thy spir - it, Lord, Thy help and com - fort still af - ford,

5. A bro - ken heart, my God, my king, Is all the sa - cri - fice I bring;

Be - hold them not with an - gry look, But blot their mem - 'ry from thy book.  
 Let thy good spir - it ne'er de - part, Nor hide thy pres - ence from my heart.

Thine ho - ly joys, my God, 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.

The God of grace will ne'er des - pise A bro - ken heart for sa - cri - fice.