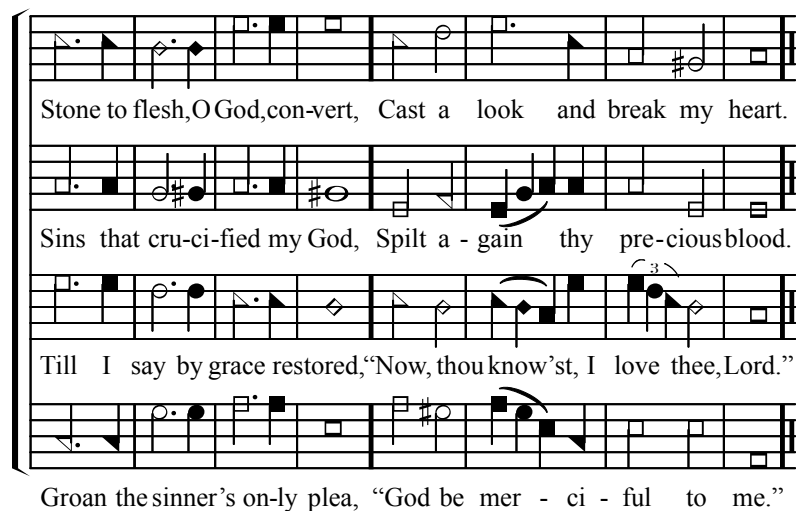


1. Sa-rior, Prince of Is - rael's race; See me from thy loft - y throne; Give the sweet re - lent - ing grace, Soft-en this ob - du - rate stone;

2. By thy Spir-it, Lord, re - prove, All my in - most sins re - veal; Sins a - gainst thy light and love, Let me see and let me feel;

3. Je - sus, seek thy wand'ring sheep, Make me rest - less to re - turn; Bid me look on thee, and weep, Bit - ter - ly as Pe - ter mourn'd;

4. Might I in thy sight ap - pear As the pub - li - can dis - trest; Stand not da - ring to draw near, Smite on my un - worth - y breast;



Stone to flesh, O God, con-vert, Cast a look and break my heart.

Sins that cru-ci-fied my God, Spilt a - gain thy pre-cious blood.

Till I say by grace restored, "Now, thou know'st, I love thee, Lord."

Groan the sinner's on-ly plea, "God be mer - ci - ful to me."