



1. When with my mind de-vout-ly press'd, Dear Sa-rior, my re-volv-ing breast, Dear Sa-rior, my re-volv-ing breast Would past of-fen-ces trace;

2. This tongue with blas-phe-my de-filed, These feet to err-ing paths beguiled, These feet to err-ing paths be-guiled, In heaven-ly league a-gree;

3. These eyes that once a-bused the light, Now lift to thee their wat-ry sight, Now lift to thee their wat-ry sight, And weep a si-lent flood.

4. These ears, that once could en-ter-tain The mid-night oath, the fes-tive strain, The mid-night oath, the fes-tive strain, A-round the sin-ful board;



Trem-bling I make the black re-view, Yet pleased, be-hold, ad-mi-ring too, Yet pleased, be-hold, ad-mi-ring too, The pow'r of chang-ing grace.

Who would be-lieve such lips could praise, Or think from dark and wind-ing ways, Or think from dark and wind-ing ways, I e'er should turn to thee.

These hands are raised in cease-less pray'r—Oh wash a-way the stains they wear, Oh wash a-way the stains they wear In pure re-deem-ing blood.

Now deaf to all th'enchant-ing noise, A-void the thron, de-test their joys, A-void the thron, de-test their joys, And long to hear thy word.