Lord, How Secure My Conscience Was

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: ST ANNE

| s - | m - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - s - |
Lord, how secure my conscience was, And

| d' - s - l - fe - | s - - - - - t - |
felt no inward dread! I

| d' - l - r' - t - | d' - l - t - s - |
was alive with- out the law, And

| l - d' - r' - t - | d' - - - - - |
thought my sins were dead.

The other verses

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again,
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

Tune ST ANNE by William Croft (1678–1727); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.