Lord, We Confess Our Numerous Faults

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
Lord, we confess our numerous faults, How

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
great our guilt has been! Fool-

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
ish and vain were all our thoughts, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
all our lives were sin.

The other verses

2 But O, my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his Name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sovereign grace
Abounding thro' his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew;
And justify'd by grace
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); 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.