O Lord, How Vile Am I

Doh is Ab · 4/4 Tune: SOUTHWELL

| l, - | d - d - t, - t, - | l, - - - - - d - |
O Lord, how vile am I, Un-

| d - d - r - r - | m - - - - - m - |
holy, and un- clean! How

| s - s - f - f - | m - m - r - m - |
can I dare to venture nigh With

| r - d - t, - t, - | l, - - - - - |
such a load of sin?

The other verses

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! I in every part,
What evils do I see!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And lisp thy holy name;
My thoughts are hurried soon away,
I know not where I am.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain;
Without desire, or love, or fear,
I like a stone remain.

6 Myself can hardly bear
This wretched heart of mine;
How hateful then must it appear
To those pure eyes of thine?

7 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

8 That blood which thou hast spilt;
That grace which is thine own;
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone.

9 Low at thy feet I bow,
O pity and forgive;
Here will I lie and wait, till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

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