Shew Pity, Lord, O Lord, Forgive

Doh is E · 4/4 Tune: UXBRIDGE

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| d - - - | d - r - m - r - | d - - - t, - - - |
  Shew        pity, Lord, O       Lord, for-

| d - - - m - - - | s - s - l - t - |
  give, Let           a repenting

| d' - - - l - - - | s - - - s - - - |
  rebel              live: Are

| d' - s - l - s - | f - - - m - - - |
  not thy mercies    large and

| r - - - r - - - | m - s - s - f - |
  free? May          not a sinner

| m - - - r - - - | d - - - |
  trust in           thee?
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The other verses

2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my Soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

7 Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

8 Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

9 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger, and my remedy.

10 Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

11 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

12 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

13 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

Tune UXBRIDGE by Lowell Mason (1792–1872); 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.