





sor - row - ful Pros - trate I fall. O cast me not a - way,  
 iq - ui - ty Thine eye hath seen; Cleanse Thou my soul to - day,  
 cross in shame Low - ly I bow. Lord, let that blood of Thine  
 ment and shame All, all for me. On Thee my guilt was laid,  
 layed too long, And griev - ed Thee. By all Thy love to me,

For - give my sin this day, For - give my sin, All, all my sin.  
 Wash all my sins a - way In Thine own blood, In Thine own blood.  
 Wash now this soul of mine; Wash Thou my soul, Wash Thou my soul.  
 By Thee my debt was paid, To set me free, To set me free.  
 I give my - self to Thee; Make me Thine own, All, all Thine own.




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Show Pity, Lord



Woods. L.M.

ISAAC WATTS

HAROLD A. MILLER, 1939



1. Show pit - y, Lord; O Lord, for - give! Let a re - pent - ing sin - ner live;
2. My crimes, though great, do not sur - pass The power and glo - ry of Thy grace;
3. My lips with shame my sins con - fess, A - gainst Thy law, a - gainst Thy grace;
4. Yet, save a trem - bling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hovering 'round Thy word,

Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not the guilt - y trust in Thee?  
 O, wash my soul from ev - ery sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean!  
 Lord, should Thy judgment be se - vere, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.  
 Would light on some sweet prom - ise there, Some sure sup - port a - gainst de - spair.

