

HYMNS

Savior, When in Dust to Thee

419



1 Sav - ior, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the a -
2 By Thy help - less in - fant years, By Thy life of
3 By Thine hour of dire de - spair, By Thine ag - o -
4 By Thy deep ex - pir - ing groan, By the sad se -



dor - ing knee; When, re - pen - tant, to the skies
want and tears, By Thy days of deep dis - tress
ny of prayer, By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
pul - chral stone, By the vault whose dark a - bode



Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes; O, by all Thy
In the sav - age wil - der - ness, By the dread, mys -
Pierc - ing spear, and tor - turing scorn, By the gloom that
Held in vain the ris - ing God, O, from earth to



pains and woe Suf - fered once for us be - low, Bend - ing
te - rious hour Of the in - sult - ing tempt - er's pow'r, Turn, O
veiled the skies O'er the dread - ful sac - ri - fice, Lis - ten
heav'n re - stored, Might - y, re - as - cend - ed Lord, Bend - ing



from Thy throne on high, Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
turn a fa - v'ring eye; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
to our hum - ble sigh; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
from Thy throne on high, Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!

Lord, to You I Make Confession

608



1 Lord, to You I make con - fes - sion: I have sinned and
 2 Yet, though con - science' voice ap - pall me, Fa - ther, I will
 3 For Your Son has suf - fered for me, Giv'n Him - self to
 4 Lord, on You I cast my bur - den— Sink it in the



gone a - stray, I have mul - ti - plied trans - gres - sion,
 seek Your face; Though Your child I dare not call me,
 res - cue me, Died to save me and re - store me,
 deep - est sea! Let me know Your gra - cious par - don,



Cho - sen for my - self my way. Led by You to
 Yet re - ceive me in Your grace. Do not for my
 Rec - on - ciled and set me free. Je - sus' cross a -
 Cleanse me from in - iq - ui - ty. Let Your Spir - it



see my er - rors, Lord, I trem - ble at Your ter - rors.
 sins for - sake me; Let Your wrath not o - ver - take me.
 lone can van - quish These dark fears and soothe this an - guish.
 leave me nev - er; Make me on - ly Yours for - ev - er.

*Text: Johann Franck, 1618–77;
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
 Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

From Depths of Woe I Cry to Thee

607



1 From depths of woe I cry to Thee, In trial and
 2 Thy love and grace a - lone a - vail To blot out
 3 There - fore my hope is in the Lord And not in
 4 And though it tar - ry through the night And till the
 5 Though great our sins, yet great - er still Is God's a -



trib - u - la - tion; Bend down Thy gra - cious
 my trans - gres - sion; The best and ho - liest
 mine own mer - it; It rests up - on His
 morn - ing wak - en, My heart shall nev - er
 bun - dant fa - vor; His hand of mer - cy



ear to me, Lord, hear my sup - pli - ca - tion.
 deeds must fail To break sin's dread op - pres - sion.
 faith - ful Word To them of con - trite spir - it
 doubt His might Nor count it - self for - sak - en.
 nev - er will A - ban - don us, nor wa - ver.



If Thou re - mem - b'rest ev - 'ry sin, Who then could heav - en
 Be - fore Thee none can boast - ing stand, But all must fear Thy
 That He is mer - ci - ful and just; This is my com - fort
 O Is - rael, trust in God your Lord. Born of the Spir - it
 Our shep - herd good and true is He, Who will at last His



ev - er win Or stand be - fore Thy pres - ence?
 strict de - mand And live a - lone by mer - cy.
 and my trust. His help I wait with pa - tience.
 and the Word, Now wait for His ap - pear - ing.
 Is - rael free From all their sin and sor - row.

*Text: Martin Luther, 1483–1546;
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.
 Tune: Martin Luther, 1483–1546
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Create in Me

956

Cre-ate in me a clean heart, O God, and re - new
a right spir - it with - in me. Cast me not a - way
from Thy pres - ence; and take not Thy Ho - ly Spir - it
from me. Re - store un - to me the joy of Thy sal - va - tion;
and up - hold me with Thy free spir - it. A - men.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics printed below each staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

*Text: Psalm 51:10-12
Tune: Johann Georg Winer, 1583-1651, adapt.
Text and Tune: Public domain*

Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness

563



1 Je - sus, Thy blood and righ - teous - ness My beau - ty
 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day, Cleansed and re -
 3 Lord, I be - lieve Thy pre - cious blood, Which at the
 4 Lord, I be - lieve, were sin - ners more Than sands up -



are, my glo - rious dress; Midst flam - ing worlds, in
 deemed, no debt to pay; Ful - ly ab - solved through
 mer - cy seat of God Pleads for the cap - tives'
 on the o - cean shore, Thou hast for all a



these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
 these I am From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
 lib - er - ty, Was al - so shed in love for me.
 ran - som paid, For all a full a - tone - ment made.

- 5 When from the dust of death I rise
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 This then shall be my only plea:
 Jesus hath lived and died for me.
- 6 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
 Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
 For me, and all Thy hands have made,
 An everlasting ransom paid.

*Text: Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1700–60;
 tr. John B. Wesley, 1703–91, alt.
 Tune: George J. Elvey, 1816–93
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

When in the Hour of Deepest Need

615



1 When in the hour of deep - est need We know not
2 Then is our com - fort this a - lone That we may
3 For You have prom - ised, Lord, to heed Your chil - dren's
4 And so we come, O God, to - day And all our



where to look for aid; When days and nights of
meet be - fore Your throne; To You, O faith - ful
cries in time of need Through Him whose name a -
woes be - fore You lay; For sore - ly tried, cast



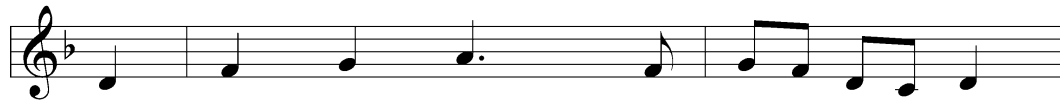
anx - ious thought No help or coun - sel yet have brought,
God, we cry For res - cue in our mis - er - y.
lone is great, Our Sav - ior and our ad - vo - cate.
down, we stand, Per - plexed by fears on ev - 'ry hand.

- 5 O from our sins, Lord, turn Your face;
Absolve us through Your boundless grace.
Be with us in our anguish still;
Free us at last from ev'ry ill.
- 6 So we with all our hearts each day
To You our glad thanksgiving pay,
Then walk obedient to Your Word,
And now and ever praise You, Lord.

*Text: Paul Eber, 1511-69;
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.
Tune: Louis Bourgeois, c. 1510-61
Text and Tune: Public domain*

“Forgive Our Sins as We Forgive”

843



1 “For - give our sins as we for - give,”
2 How can Your par - don reach and bless
3 In blaz - ing light Your cross re - veals
4 Lord, cleanse the depths with - in our souls



You taught us, Lord, to pray; But You a - lone can
The un - for - giv - ing heart That broods on wrongs and
The truth we dim - ly knew: What triv - ial debts are
And bid re - sent - ment cease; Then, bound to all in



grant us grace To live the words we say.
will not let Old bit - ter - ness de - part?
owed to us, How great our debt to You!
bonds of love, Our lives will spread Your peace.

*Text: Rosamond E. Herklots, 1905–87, alt.
Tune: A Supplement to the Kentucky Harmony,
Harrisonburg, 1820; Public domain
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