

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed; Christ and His cross my only plea: O God, be merciful to me.
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes, Nor dare uplift them to the skies; But Thou dost all my anguish see: O God, be merciful to me.
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a single sin atone; To Calvary alone I flee: O God, be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ransomed throng I dwell, My raptured song shall ever be, God has been merciful to me. Amen.

CORNELIUS BLVEN, 1852.

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