



- 2. When at thy mercy-seat I kneel, and strive indeed to pray, then most the power of sin I feel, and Satan's cruel sway.
- 3. But in that world on which I fix, by faith, my tearful eyes, no sin its hateful taint will mix, to spoil my sacrifice.
- 4. Nor ever from the blissful hour I gain that save retreat, shall any cruel foe have power to drive me from thy feet.
- 5. I shall not offer, then, to thee a cold, divided heart: all, all thine own my soul will be, renewed in every part.
- 6. When shall I bid a long adieu to scenes of sin and woe; and "face to face" that Saviour view I serve so ill below?
- 7. When with his saints shall I appear, and worship as I ought, without an unbelieving fear, without a wandering thought?

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