



2. My sins, my sins, my Saviour! how sad on thee they fall, seen through thy gentle patience, I tenfold feel them all; I know they are forgiven, but still, their pain to me is all the grief and anguish they laid, my Lord, on thee.

3. My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
their guilt I never knew
till, with thee, in the desert
I near thy passion drew;
till with thee in the garden
I hear thy pleading prayer,
and saw the sweat-drops bloody
that told thy sorrow there.

4. Therefore my songs, my Saviour, through this long time of woe, shall tell of all thy goodness to suff'ring man below; thy goodness and thy favour, whose presence from above delights those hearts, my Saviour, that live in thee and love.

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