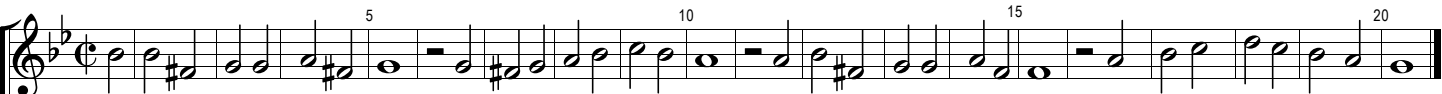
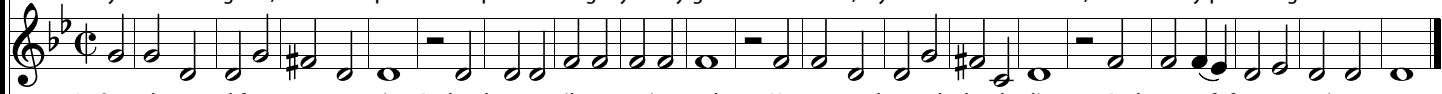


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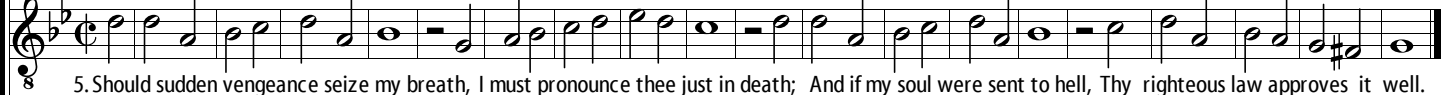
Transcribed from *The Columbian Repository*, 1803.

Tr. 

1. Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a repenting rebel live: Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?
2. My crimes are great, but not surpass The power and glory of thy grace: Great God, thy nature hath no bound, So let thy pardoning love be found.

C. 

3. O wash my soul from eve- ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past of-fen-ses pain my eyes.
4. My lips with shame my sins confess Against thy law, against thy grace: Lord, should thy judgment grow severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear.

T. 

5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just in death; And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word, Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

B. 