

Isaac Watts, 1719

(Psalm 51, Part 2) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Springfield

Transcribed from *The Village Compilation*, 1806.

F minor

Daniel Belknap, 1802

Treble
Counter
Tenor
Bass

1. Lord, I am vile, con - ceived in sin; And born un - ho - ly and un - clean;
2. Soon as we draw our in - fant breath, The seeds of sin grow up for death;
3. Great God, cre - ate my heart a - new; And form my spi - rit pure and true;

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

10 15
Sprung from the man whose guil - ty fall Cor - rupts the race, and taints us all. No
Thy law de - mands a per - fect heart, But we're de - filed in eve - ry part. Be -
O make me wise be - times to spy My dan - ger and my rem - e - dy. While

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

20
blee - ding bird, nor blee - ding beast, Nor hys - sop branch, nor sprink - ling priest, Nor
hold, I fall be - fore thy face; My on - ly re - fuge is thy grace; No
guilt dis - turbs and breaks my peace, Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease; Lord,

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

25
run - ning brook, nor flood, nor sea, Can wash the dis - mal stain a - way.
out - ward forms can make me clean - The le - pro - sy lies deep with - in.
let me hear thy par - doning voice, And make my bro - ken bones re - joice.