

Isaac Watts, 1719  
(Psalm 51, Part 2) 88. 88. (L. M.)

# Springfield

Transcribed from *The Village Compilation*, 1806.

F minor  
Daniel Belknap, 1802

1. Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin; And born unholy and unclean; Sprung from the man whose guilty fall Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2. Soon as we draw our infant breath, The seeds of sin grow up for death; Thy law demands a perfect heart, But we're defiled in every part.

3. Great God, create my heart anew, And form my spirit pure and true; O make me wise betimes to spy My danger and my remedy.

5 10

1. No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast, Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest, Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea, Can wash the dismal stain away.

2. Behold, I fall before thy face; My only refuge is thy grace: No outward forms can make me clean - The leprosy lies deep within.

3. While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace, Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease; Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice, And make my broken bones rejoice.

15 20 25