

BLESSÈD are they, supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
Who find in Jesus' wounds their rest,
And see the smiling face of Heaven.

- 2 Blessèd are they to whom the Lord
No more imputes iniquity,
Whose spirit is by grace restored,
And from all lies and guile set free.
- 3 But while, through pride, I held my tongue,
Nor owned my helpless unbelief,
My being languished all day long,
And conscience roared without relief.
- 4 Resolved, at last, to God I cried,
'I will my evil ways confess,
No more evade, or seek to hide
My depth of shameful sinfulness.'
- 5 For this shall every child of God,
Thine all-surpassing love declare,
And take the grace on all bestowed,
Who pray the contrite sinner's prayer.
- 6 Blessèd are they, supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
Who find in Jesus' wounds their rest,
And see the smiling face of Heaven.

LOOK upon me, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting sinner live;
By all Thy mercies large and free,
I come, dear Lord, to trust in Thee.

- 2 Great is my sin—but high above
Towers the great mercy of Thy love;
Such grace and kindness know no bound
Where'er repentant souls are found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
For on my heart the burden lies,
And my offences pain my eyes.
- 4 With shame I all my sin confess,
Sins against law and truth and grace;
And if my soul condemned should be,
That would be just and right for me.
- 5 Yet save a worthless sinner, Lord,
For I believe Thy gracious Word,
And trust the words of promise there,
That Thou wilt surely hear my prayer.

Based on Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

- I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I place in man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
Their thoughts are gone within an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy are they whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His Truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 4 The Lord has eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78