







No, not despairingly come I to Thee; No, not distrustingly bend I the knee: Sin hath gone over me, yet is this still my plea, Jesus hath died.

Ah! mine iniquity crimson hath been, Infinite, infinite—sin upon sin: Sin of not loving Thee, sin of not trusting Thee— Infinite sin.

Lord, I confess to Thee sadly my sin; All I am tell with Thee, all I have been: Purge Thou my sin away, wash Thou my soul this day; Lord, make me clean.

Faithful and just art Thou, forgiving all; Loving and kind art Thou when poor ones call: Lord, let the cleansing blood, blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.

Then all is peace and light this soul within; Thus shall I walk with Thee, the loved Unseen; Leaning on Thee, my God, guided along the road, Nothing between.

Horatius Bonar