

# Conviction

Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

1. A - las, my a - ching heart! Here the keen tor - ment lies; It racks my wa - king hours with smart, And frights my slum -  
2. My sor - rows, like a flood, Impatient of re - straint, In - to Thy bo - som, O my God, Pour out a long  
3. How of - ten have I stood A rebel to the skies, The calls, the ten - ders, of a God, And mer - cy's lou -  
4. Je - sus, the Sa - vior, stands To court me from a - bove, And looks and spreads his woun - ded hands. And shows the prints

1. -bering eyes. Guilt will be hid no more; My griefs take vent a - pace; The crimes that blot my conscience o'er Flush crim - son in my face.  
2. com - plaint. This impious heart of mine Could once de - fy the Lord; Could rush with violence on to sin. In pre - sence of Thy sword.  
3. -dest cries! He offers all his grace, And all his heav'n to mc; Of - fers! But 'tis to sense - less brass, That can - not feel nor see.  
4. of love. But I, a stupid fool, How long have I with - stood The blessings purchased with his soul, And paid for all in blood!

5. Lord, 'tis against Thy face  
My sins like arrows rise,  
And yet, and yet (O matchless grace!)  
Thy thunder silent lies.  
O shall I never feel  
The meltings of Thy love!  
Am I of such hell-hardened steel  
That mercy cannot move ?

6. Now, for one powerful glance,  
Dear Savior, from Thy face!  
This rebel heart no more withstands,  
But sinks beneath Thy grace.  
Overcome by dying love I fall;  
Here at Thy cross I lie:  
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,  
And weep, and love, and die.