

Isaac Watts, 1706

The Penitent Pardoned 88. 88. (L. M.)

Farmington

Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

F# minor

Jacob French, 1802

Tr. 1. Hence from my soul, my sins, de - part; Your fa - tal friend - ship now I see;
2. You gave my dy - ing Lord his wound, Yet I ca - ressed your vipe - rous brood;

C. 3. Black hea - vy thoughts like moun - tains roll O'er my poor breast with bo - ding fears;
4. For - give my trea - sons, Prince of grace! The bloo - dy Jews were trai - tors too;

T. 5. Great Ad - vo - cate! look down and see A wretch whose smar - ting sor - rows bleed!
6. Peace, my com - plaints: let eve - ry groan Be still, and si - lence wait his love;

B. 7. Lo, from the ev - er - las - ting skies, Gent - ly as mor - ning dews dis - till,
8. How sweet the voice of par - don sounds! Sweet the re - lief to deep dis - tress!

Tr. Long have you dwelt too near my heart; Hence, to e - ter - nal dis - tance flee.
And in my heart - strings lapped you round, You, the vile mur - derers of my God.

C. And, cru - shing hard my tor - tured soul, Wring through my eyes the bri - ny tears.
Yet thou hast prayed for that curs'd race: "Fa - ther, they know not what they do."

T. O plead the same ex - cuse for me! For, Lord, I knew not what I did.
Com - pas - sions dwell a - midst his throne, And through his in - most bo - wels move.

B. The dove im - mor - tal down - ward flies, With peace - ful o - live in his bill.
I feel the balm that heals my wounds, And all my powers a - dore the grace.