Isaac Watts, 1706
Confession and Pardon 66. 86. (S. M.)

Conviction

Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802

A minor
Jacob French, 1802

Treble
1. A – las, my a – ching heart! Here the keen tor – ment lies; It racks my

Counter
2. My sor – rows, like a flood, Im – pa–tient of re – straint, In – to _____ thy

Tenor
3. How of – ten have I stood A re – bel to _____ the skies, The calls, _____ the

Bass
4. Je – sus, the Sa – vior, stands, To court me from a – bove, And looks, _____ and

Tr.
wa – king hours with smart, and frights _____ my slum – bering eyes. Guilt will be hid no

C.
bo – som, O my God, Pour out _____ a long com – plaint. This im–pious heart of

T.
ten – ders, of _____ a God, And mer – cy's lou – dest cries. He of– fers all his

B.
spreads his woun – ded hands, And shows _____ the prints of love. But I, a stu–pid

Tr.
more; My griefs take vent a – pace; The crimes that blot my con – science o'er Flush

C.
mine Could once de – fy the Lord; Could rush with vio – lence on to sin In

T.
grace, And all his heav'n to me; Of – fers! But 'tis to sense – less brass, That

B.
fool, How long have I with – stood The bles – sings pur–chased with his soul, And

Tr.
crim – son in my face.

C.
pre – sence of thy sword.

T.
can – not feel nor see.

B.
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.