

# Review

Transcribed from *The Psalmodist's Assistant*, 1806.

1. When with my mind de - vout - ly pressed, Dear Sa - vior, my re - sol - ving  
2. This tongue with bles - phe - mies de - filed, These feet to er - ring paths be -  
3. These eyes that once a - bused the light, Now lift to thee their wat - ery  
4. These ears that once could en - ter - tain part, The mid - night oath, the lust - ful  
5. Thus art thou served in eve - ry part, The Go on, blest Lord, to cleanse my

breast Would past of - fen - ses trace; Trem - bling I make the black re - view, Yet  
guiled, In heav'n - ly league a - gree: Who would be - lieve such lips could praise, Or  
sight, And weep a si - lent flood, These hands are raised in cease - less prayer; O  
strain, A - round the fes - tive board: Now deaf to all th'en - chan - ting noise, A -  
heart, That dros - sy thing re - fine; That That grace may na - ture's pow'rs con - trol, And

pleased, be - hold, ad - mir - ing too, The power of chan - ging grace.  
think from dark and win - ding ways, I e'er should turn to thee?  
wash a - way the stains they wear, In pure re - dee - ming blood.  
void the throng, de - test the joys, And long to hear thy word.  
a new crea - ture, test bo - dy, soul, Be all and hear whol - ly thine!