

FAIRFIELD. C.M.

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Edmund Jones

Hitchcock

1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand thoughts re - volve, Come, with your guilt and fear op - prest And make this last re - solve.

2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Hath like a moun - tain rose; I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What ev - er may op - pose.

3. Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con - fess; I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done, With - out His sov - 'reign grace.

Come, with your guilt and fear op - prest And make this last re - solve.

I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.

I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done, With - out His sov - 'reign grace.

4. I'll to the gracious King approach, Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps He will command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.
Perhaps He will command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.
5. Perhaps He will admit my plea, Perhaps will hear my pray'r,
But if I perish, I will pray, And perish only there.
But if I perish, I will pray, And perish only there.
6. I can but perish if I go; I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know I must forever die!
For if I stay away, I know I must forever die!
7. But if I die with mercy sought, When I the King have tried,
This were to die delightful thought! As sinner never died.
This were to die delightful thought! As sinner never died.