

THE PENITENT.

Issac Watts (verse 1); Gerard Noel (verse 2)

J.D. Wall

1. Oh if my soul were formed for woe, How would I vent my sighs? Re-pen-tance should like riv-ers flow From both my stream-ing eyes.

2. Oh shall not warm-er ac-cents tell The grat-i-tude we owe To him who died, our fears to quell, And save from death and woe.

'Twas for my sins my dear-est Lord hung on the curs-ed tree,

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And groaned a-way His dy-ing life, For thee, my soul, for thee.

tree, And groaned a-way His dy-ing life, For thee, my soul, for thee.

And groaned a-way His dy-ing life, For thee, my soul, for thee.

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