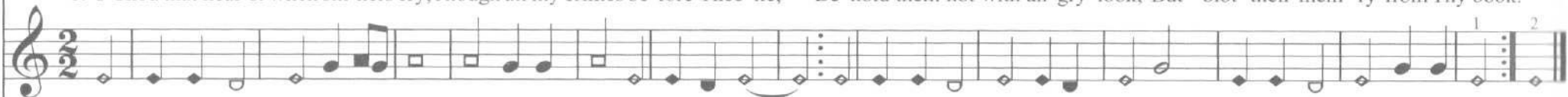


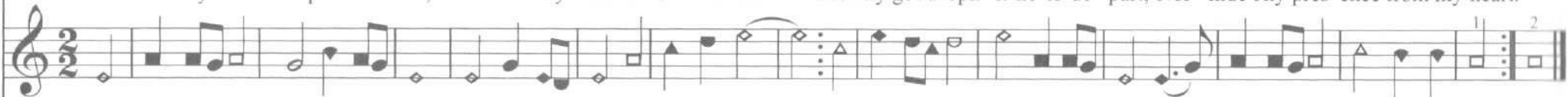
Isaac Watts

*Grave and solemn.*

1. O Thou that hear'st when sin-ners cry, Though all my crimes be-fore Thee lie, Be-hold them not with an-gry look, But blot their mem-'ry from Thy book.



2. Cre - ate my na - ture pure with - in, And form my soul a - verse to sin: Let Thy good Spir - it ne'er de - part, Nor hide Thy pres - ence from my heart.



3. I can - not live with - out Thy light, Cast out and ban - ished from Thy sight; Thy ho - ly joys, my God, re - store, And guard me that I fall no more.

