Lord, when we bend before thy throne





Lord, when we bend before Thy throne, And our confessions pour, Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits, pitying see; True penitence impart; And let a kindling glance from Thee Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer, May we our wills resign; And not a thought our bosoms share That is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each weak petition fill And waft it to the skies, And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still That grants it, or denies.

Joseph Carlyle

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