With broken heart and contrite sigh

Thomas Campian, 1613

Babylon's Streams
L.M.





With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry; Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free: O God, be merciful to me.

I smite upon my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed, Christ and His cross my only plea: O God, be merciful to me.

Far off I stand with tearful eyes, Nor dare uplift them to the skies; But Thou dost all my anguish see: O God, be merciful to me. Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a single sin atone; To Calvary alone I flee: O God, be merciful to me.

And when, redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ransomed throng I dwell, My raptured song shall ever be, God has been merciful to me.

Cornelius Elven

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