

My Sins, My Sins, My Savior!

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

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My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior!
My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior!
There - fore my songs, my Sav - ior,



They take such hold on me,
Their guilt I nev - er knew
e'en in this time of woe,



I am not a - ble to look up,
till with thee in the des - ert
shall tell of all thy good - ness



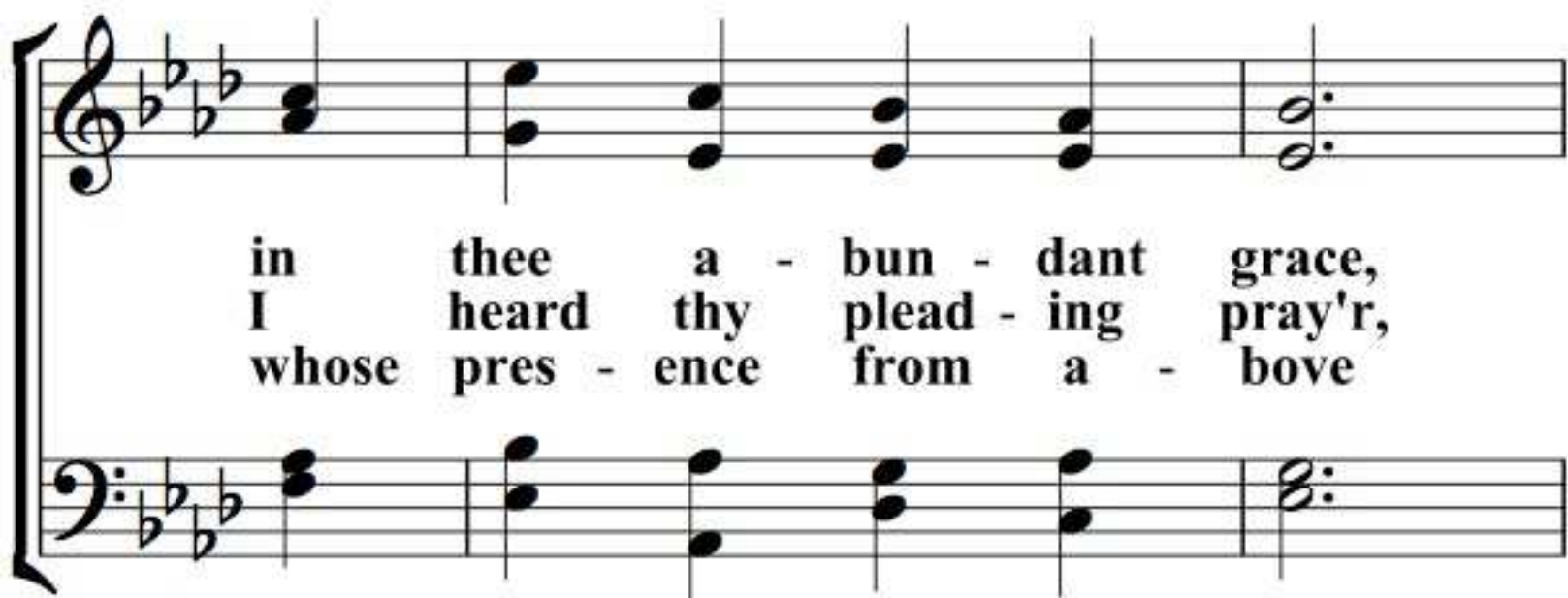
save on - ly Christ, to thee;
I near thy pas - sion drew;
to suf - f'ring man be - low;

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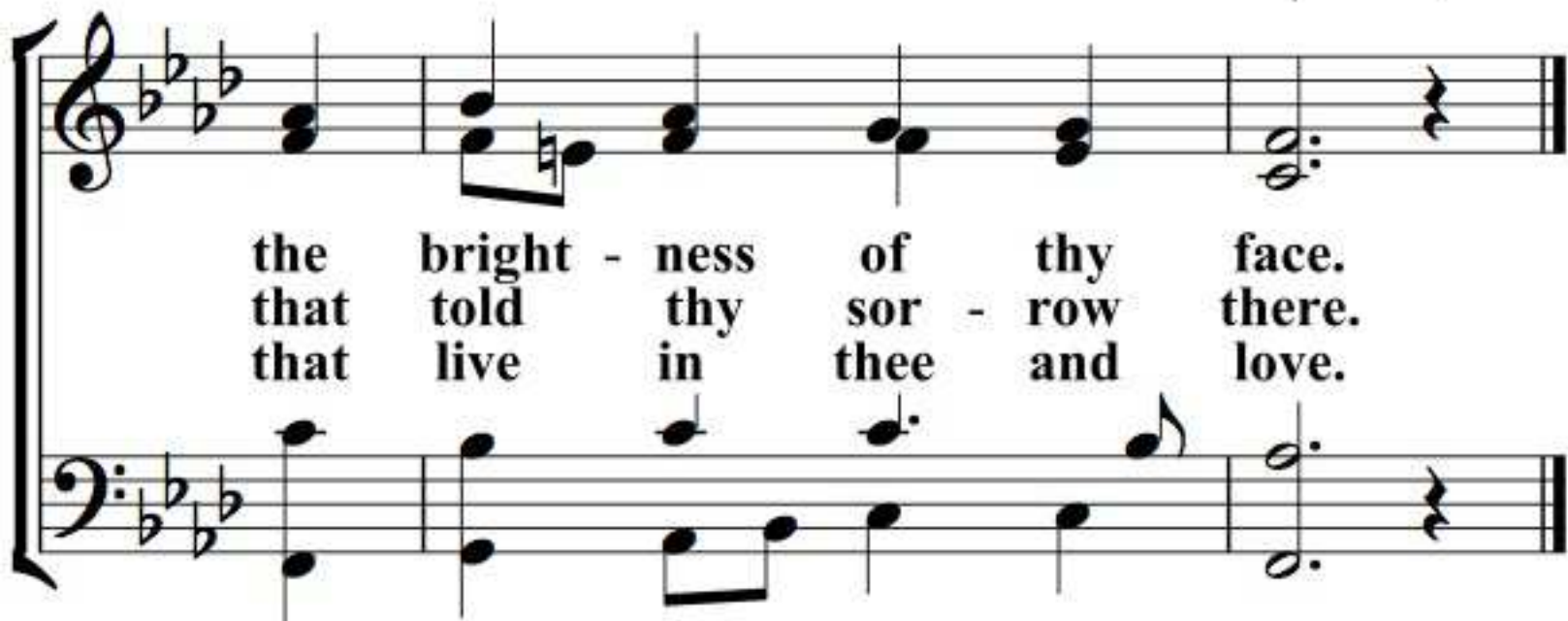
in thee is all for - give - ness,
till with thee in the gar - den
thy good - ness and thy fa - vor,



in thee a - bun - dant grace,
I heard thy plead - ing pray'r,
whose pres - ence from a - bove



my shad - ow and my sun - shine
and saw the sweat drops blood - y
re - jice those hearts, my Sav - ior,



the bright - ness of thy face.
that told thy sor - row there.
that live in thee and love.