When o'er my sins I sorrow







When o'er my sins I sorrow, Lord, I will look to Thee And hence my comfort borrow That Thou wast slain for me; Yea, Lord, Thy precious blood was spilt For me, O most unworthy, To take away my guilt.

Oh, what a marvelous offering! Behold, the Master spares His servants, and their suffering And grief for them He bears. God stoopeth from His throne on high; For me, His guilty creature, He deigns as man to die. My manifold transgression
Henceforth can harm me none
Since Jesus' bloody Passion
For me God's grace hath won.
His precious blood my debts hath paid;
Of hell and all its torments
I am no more afraid.

Therefore I will forever Give glory unto Thee, O Jesus, loving Savior, For what Thou didst for me. I'll spend my breath in songs of thanks For Thy sad cry, Thy sufferings, Thy wrongs, Thy guiltless death.

Justus Gesenius