

340 With contrite heart I come to Thee

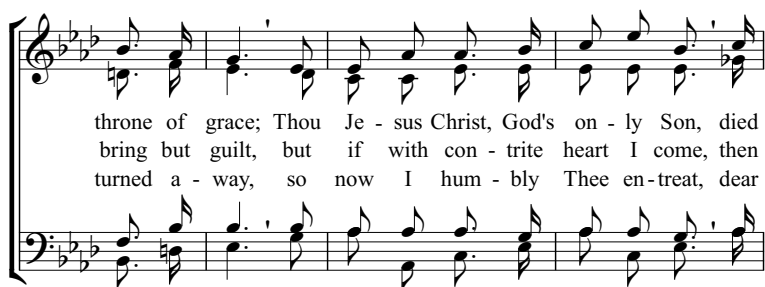
Poet unknown

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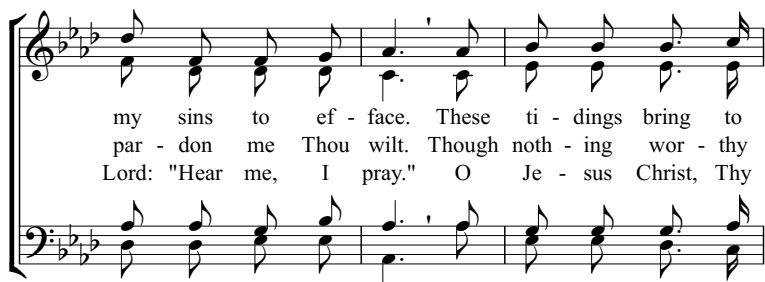
$\text{♩} = 80$



1. With con - trite heart I come to Thee, Thou bless - ed
2. As beg - gar I now come to Thee, I've naught to
3. Who in re - pen - tance comes to Thee is nev - er



throne of grace; Thou Je - sus Christ, God's on - ly Son, died
bring but guilt, but if with con - trite heart I come, then
turned a - way, so now I hum - bly Thee en - treat, dear



my sins to ef - face. These ti - dings bring to
par - don me Thou wilt. Though noth - ing wor - thy
Lord: "Hear me, I pray." O Je - sus Christ, Thy

all man - kind: There's grace for you and me; there's
 I can bring, la - men - ta - ble I stand and
 pre - cious blood from sin de - liv - ers me, I

o - pen now a door of grace, O soul, to make you
 cry: "O Lord, save Thou my soul; ex - tend to me Thy
 plunge with - in and now I am a - gain at peace with

Refrain

free.
 hand." Re - veal then clear - ly, Lord, Thy coun - te - nance to me; ex -
 Thee.

tend Thy grace that I may now be re - con - ciled to Thee.