Goshen L.M.





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- 2. My lips with shame my sins confess Agaainst thy law, agaainst thy grace; Lord, should thy judgment grow severe, I am condem'd, but thou aart clear
- 3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just in death; And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy rightous law approves it well.
- Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hoope still hovering round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

L.M. = Long Meter (8.8.8.8)