

Conviction

Transcribed from *The Psalmodist's Assistant*, 1806.

Tr. 5 10

T.

B.

1. Lord, how secure my conscience was, And felt no inward dread! I was alive without the law, And thought my sins were dead.
2. My guilt appeared but small before, Till terribly I saw How perfect, holy, just, and pure, Was thine e - ter - nal law.
3. I'm like a helpless captive, sold Under the power of sin; I cannot do the good I would, Nor keep my conscience clean.

Tr. 15 20

T.

B.

1. My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright, But since the precept came With a convincing power and light, I find how vile I am.
2. Then felt my soul the heavy load, My sins revived again; I had provoked a dreadful God, And all my hopes were slain.
3. My God, I cry with every breath For some kind power to save, To break the yoke of sin and death, And thus re - deem the slave.