

Lift up to heav'n sad wretch thy heavy sprite

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S & A

1) Lift up to heav'n sad wretch thy heavy sprite,
The Lord ex - ceeds in mer - cy as in might;
2) With cheer - ful voice to him then for grace,
Re - morse for all that tru - ly mourn hath place;

T & B

S & A

What though thy sins great thy due de - struc - tion threat?
His ruth is and faint - ing of hope, thy with crimes be great.
Thy faith, but men of him them - selves prayer re - vive;
Not God, but men of him them - selves de - prive:

T & B

S & A

Re - pent - ance needs not fear the heav'n's' just
Strive then, and he will help; call him, he'll

T & B

S & A

rod, It stays ev'n thun - der in the hand of God.
hear; The son needs not the fa - ther's fur - y fear.

T & B