

1 If Thou stretch forth Thy hand, if Thou lift up the rod,
 2 Hear now Thy peo - ple's cry; ab - solve us from our sin;
 3 Thou hast sal - va - tion wrought, Thy good - ness, God, how great!
 4 Bound by sin's i - ron hands, help - less we press the sod;

who guilt - less shall be - fore Thee stand, or an - swer Thee, O God?
 we for com - plete de - liv - erance sigh, from foes with - out, with - in.
 Be - fore Thy throne our cause is brought; for grace we on Thee wait.
 ab - solve and loose us from our bands; de - li - ver us, O God!

Cast all our sins a - way, and wash us from their stain;
 We plead be - fore Thee now, our sins as scar - let red:
 We who have known the right, and loved Thy ho - ly will,
 Free us from sin at last; to plough-shares beat our swords;

our ran - som Christ the Lord did pay, our pen - al - ty and pain.
 make them, O God, as white as snow: Je - sus His blood hath shed.
 have tres - passed in Thy per - fect sight, in frail - ty dwell - ing still.
 and this we fer - vent - ly do ask through Je - sus Christ our Lord.

Text: attr. Eliza Humphreys; ad. Arlie Coles, st. 4
 Tune: *Diademata*, George Job Elvey (1816-1893)