

A Sinner Cries to Thee

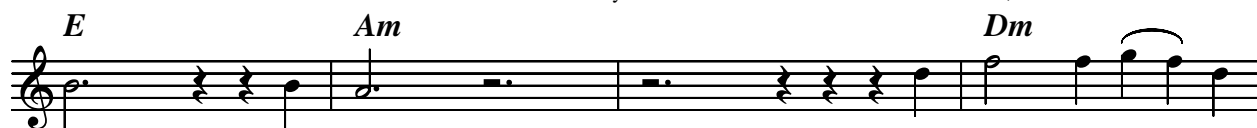
Gadsby Hymnal #385



Here, gra cious God, a sin ner's cry, For I have no where
 To thee I come a sin nier weak and scarce know how to
 To thee I come a sin ner lost nor have I aught where



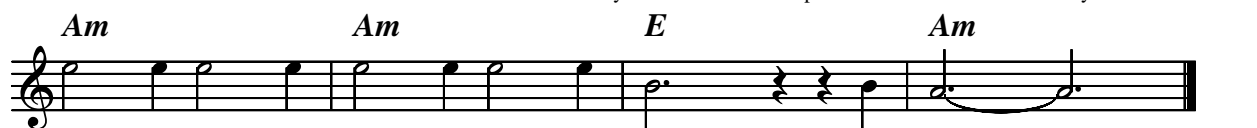
else to fly; My hope, my on ly hope's in thee; O God, be mer ci
 pray or speak from fear and weak ness set me free O God, be mer ci
 in to trust But where thou art my lord I'd be O God, be mer ci



ful to me! To thee I come, a
 ful to me To thee I come a
 ful to me to gl ory bring me,



sin ner poor and wait for mer cy at thy door; In deed I've no where
 sin ner great and well thou know est all my state Yet full for giv' ness
 Lord at last and there when all my fears are past with all thy saints I'll



else to flee O God, be mer ci ful to me
 is with thee o God be mer ci ful to me
 then a gree my God has show mer cy to me