

With Melting Heart and Weeping Eyes

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #238

Words: John Fawcett, 1740-1817.

Music: Clint Wells, 2005.



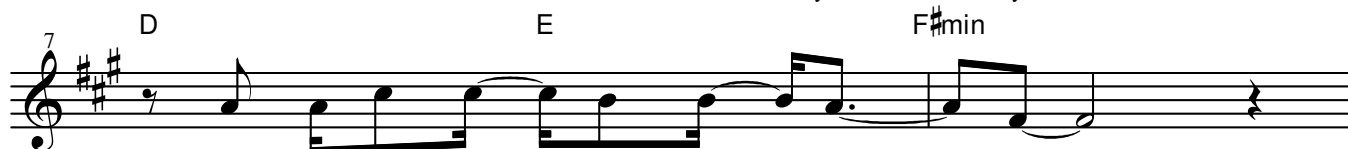
With melt - ing heart and weep - ing eyes,
Till late I saw no dan - ger nigh,
But when great God thy light div - ine,
Should ven - geance still my soul pur - sue,
Does not Thy sa - cred word pro - claim,



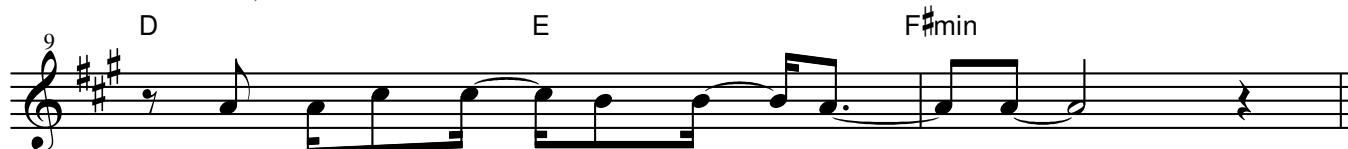
My guilt - y soul for mer - cy cries;
I lived at ease nor feared to die;
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Death and de - struct - ion are my due;
Sal - va - tion free in Je - sus' name?



What shall I do, or whi - ther flee,
Wrapped up in self - con - ceit and pride,
Then I be - held with tremb - ling awe,
Yet mer - cy can my guilt for - give,
To him I look and humb - ly cry,



To rid the ven - geance due of me?
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.
The ter - rors of Thy hol - y law.
And bid this dy - ing sin - ner live.
"Lord, save a wretch con - demned to die!"



To rid the ven - geance due of me?
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