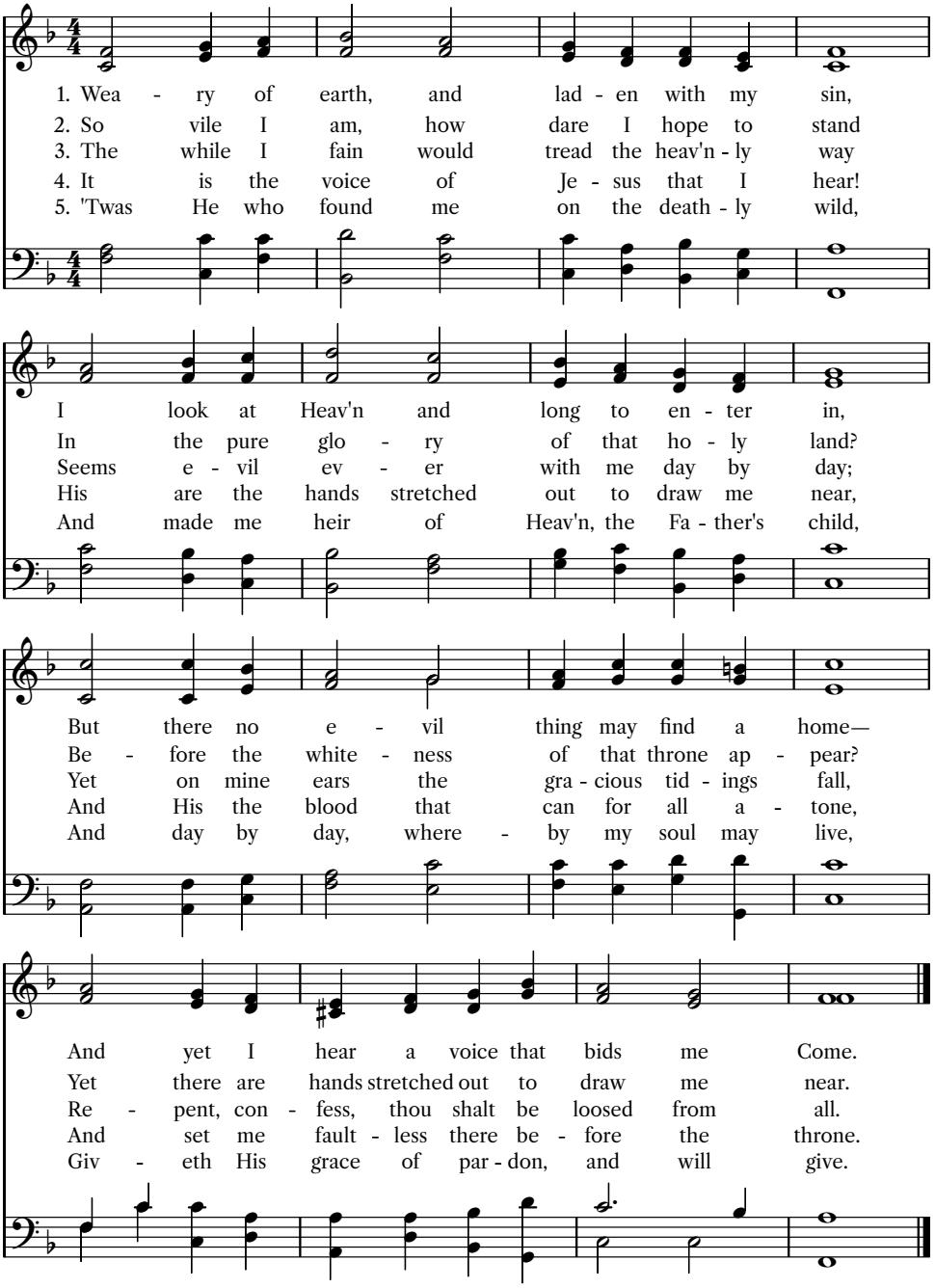Weary of Earth, and Laden with My Sin



6. O great Absolver! grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7. Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord!
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down!

8. Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart, what it can, bestow;
Like that sweet nard, let my devotion prove,
Greatly forgiven, how greatly I love.

Samuel John Stone, 1866

TOULON 10.10.10.10
Genevan Psalter, 1551