

My Sins, My Sins, My Savior

DAKEN

Poco con moto, ma quieto

1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior! They take such hold on me,
2. My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior! How sad on Thee they fall!
3. My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior! Their guilt I nev - er knew
4. There - fore my songs, my Sav - ior! E'en in this time of woe.

I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee;
Seen thru Thy gen - tle pa - tience, I ten - fold feel them all;
Till, with Thee, in the de - sert I near Thy Pas - sion drew;
Shall tell of all Thy good - ness To suf - fring man be - low;

In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace,
I know they are for - giv - en, But still, their pain to me
Till, with Thee in the gar - den I heard Thy plead - ing pray'r
Thy good - ness and Thy fa - vor, Whose pres - ence from a - bove,

My shad - ow and my sun - shine The bright - ness of Thy face.
Is all the grief and an - guish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
And saw the sweat - drops blood - y That told Thy sor - row there.
Re - jice those hearts, my Sav - ior, That live in Thee and love.