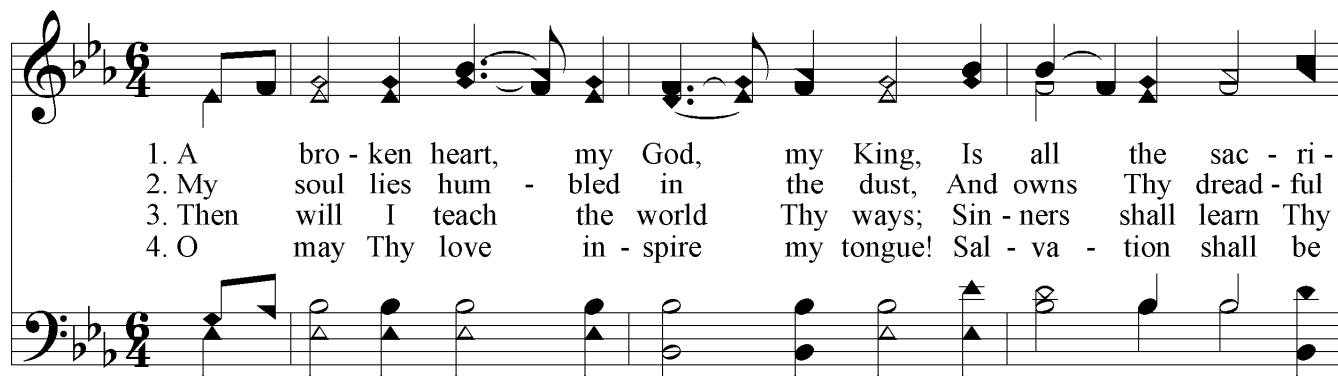
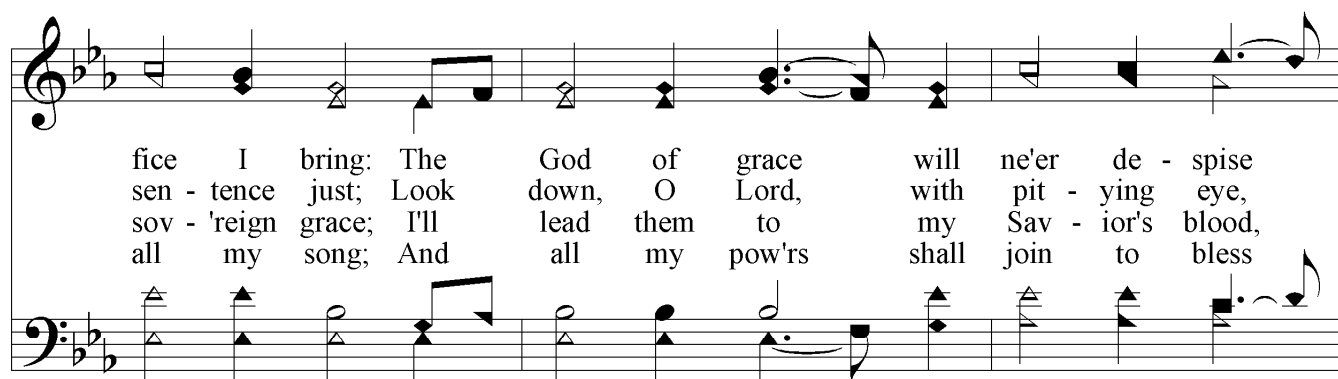


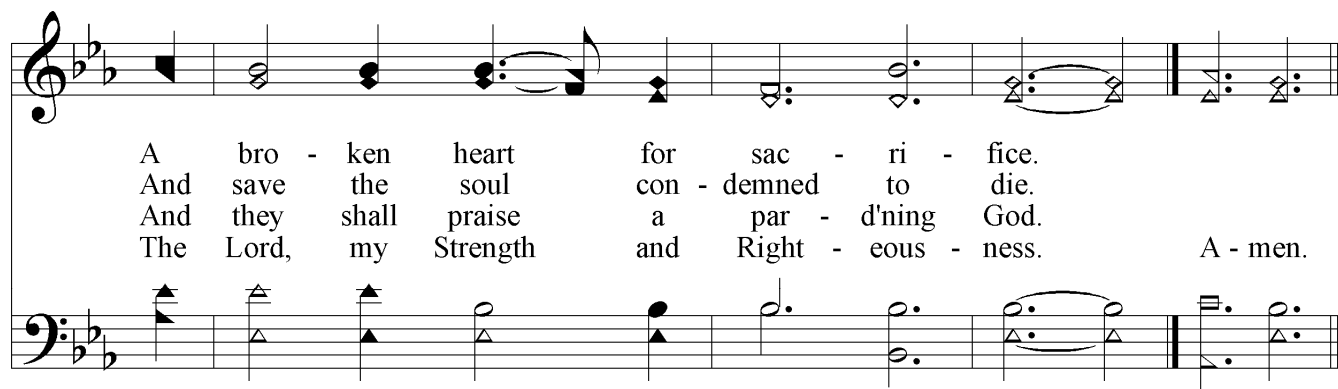
Woodworth L. M.



1. A bro - ken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac - ri -
2. My soul lies hum - bled in the dust, And owns Thy dread - ful
3. Then will I teach the world Thy ways; Sin - ners shall learn Thy
4. O may Thy love in - spire my tongue! Sal - va - tion shall be



fice I bring: The God of grace will ne'er de - spise
sen - tence just; Look down, O Lord, with pit - ying eye,
sov - 'reign grace; I'll lead them to my Sav - ior's blood,
all my song; And all my pow'rs shall join to bless



A bro - ken heart for sac - ri - fice.
And save the soul con - demned to die.
And they shall praise a par - d'ning God.
The Lord, my Strength and Right - eous - ness. A - men.