

# No, not despairingly

Ann B. Spratt, 1866

Kedron

No, not despairingly come I to Thee;  
No, not distrustingly bend I the knee:  
Sin hath gone over me, yet is this still my plea,  
Jesus hath died.

Ah! mine iniquity crimson hath been,  
Infinite, infinite—sin upon sin:  
Sin of not loving Thee, sin of not trusting Thee—  
Infinite sin.

Lord, I confess to Thee sadly my sin;  
All I am tell with Thee, all I have been:  
Purge Thou my sin away, wash Thou my soul this day;  
Lord, make me clean.

Faithful and just art Thou, forgiving all;  
Loving and kind art Thou when poor ones call:  
Lord, let the cleansing blood, blood of the Lamb of God,  
Pass o'er my soul.

Then all is peace and light this soul within;  
Thus shall I walk with Thee, the loved Unseen;  
Leaning on Thee, my God, guided along the road,  
Nothing between.

Horatius Bonar