I bring my sins to Thee







I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I cannot count, That all may cleansèd be In Thy once opened Fount; I bring them, Savior, all to Thee; The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care, The care I cannot flee; Thou wilt not only share, But bear it all for me. O loving Saviour, now to Thee I bring the load that wearies me. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I cannot tell; No words shall needed be, Thou knowest all so well; I bring the sorrow laid on me, O suffering Savior, all to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has given, That each may be a wing To lift me nearer Heaven; I bring them, Savior, all to Thee, Who hast procured them all for me.

My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O Savior, let me be Thine ever, Thine alone; My heart, my life, my all I bring To Thee, my Savior and my King.

Frances Havergal