## I bring my sins to Thee







I bring my sins to thee, The sins I cannot count, That I may cleansed be In thy once opened fount. I bring them, Saviour, 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.

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 Saviour, now to thee. 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.

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, Saviour, all to thee; For thou hast purchased all for me.

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

Frances Havergal