1. O that I could repent! With all my idols part, And to Thy gracious eye present A humble, contrite heart.
2. A heart with grief oppressed, For having grieved my God, A troubled heart that cannot rest Till sprinkled with Thy blood.

3. Jesus, on me bestow The penitent desire; With true sincerity of woe, My aching breast inspire.
4. With softening pity look, And melt my hardness down; Strike with Thy love's resistless stroke, And break this heart of stone.