

A Prayer

Aaron Walker

1. Oh

Lord, I come to Thee drown ing In the mud and clay of my sins; They blot my gar ments and cow'r ing, I

plead, "Cre-a-tor, for-give Now, my works are dark ness and death, But the power of Thy meth od di-vine Can

trans fer the full right eous ness Of the soul of Thy Son to mine."

2. Oh

Lord, I come to Thee hurt ing Under weight this world has laid on; I stumble to the al-tar yearning For

ea-gle wings to take on. I fear I ask past my worth, Then You, my Ab ba, do say, "My child, have you not yet

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learned? I give in a-bundance a-way."

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3. Oh Lord, I come to Thee doubt ing. I

fear my sins' stain a-gain; I hear the ac cus er shout ing, "This one his Mak er of fends, Now let him be cast a-way," Then

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You, my Sav ior, do show Your hands and your side have paid The debt of lifeblood I owed.

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And Lord, when ev er I fall, My God, still help me to see That mer cy, and not judg ment

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calls, It still calls my soul back to Thee.

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