

The Complaint of a Sinner

4. Then since the case so stands,
That even the man right-wise:
Falleth oft in sinful hands,
Whereby thy wrath may rise.
Lord, I that am unjust,
And right-wise-ness none have:
Whereto then shall I trust,
My sinful soul to save.
5. But truly to that post,
Whereto I cleave and shall:
Which is thy mercy most,
Lord let thy mercy fall.
And mitigate thy mood,
Or else we perish all:
The price of this thy blood,
Wherein mercy I call.
6. Thy scripture doth declare,
No drop of blood in thee:
But that thou didst not spare,
To shed each drop for me.
Now let those drops most sweet,
So moist my heart so dry:
That I with sin replete,
May live and sin may die.
7. That being mortified,
This sin of mine in me:
I may be sanctified,
By grace of thine in thee.
So that I never fall,
Into such mortal sin:
That my foes infernal,
Rejoice my death therein.
8. But vouchsafe me to keep,
From those infernal foes:
And from that lake so deep,
Whereas no mercy goes.
And I shall sing the songs,
Confirmed with the just:
That unto thee belongs,
Which art mine only trust.