

Lord, when we bend before thy throne

Lord, when we bend before thy throne,
and our confessions pour,
teach us to feel the sins we own,
and hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits, pitying see;
true penitence impart;
and let a kindling glance from thee
beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
may we our wills resign;
and not a thought our bosoms share
that is not wholly thine.

Let faith each weak petition fill
and waft it to the skies,
and teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
that grants it or denies.

Words: Joseph Dacre Carlyle, 1802

Music: Windsor, [Martyrdom](#), Hunnys, Walsall

Meter: CM