

O Thou Who Dost to Man Accord

Words: John Hewett, 1859.

Music: Heinrich Isaac, 1490.

O Thou Who dost to man accord
His highest prize, his best reward,
Thou Hope of all our race;
Jesu, to Thee we now draw near,
Our earnest supplications hear,
Who humbly seek Thy face.

With self accusing voice within,
Our conscience tells of many a sin
In thought, and word, and deed:
O cleanse that conscience from all stain,
The penitent restore again,
From every burthen freed.

If Thou reject us, who shall give
Our fainting spirits strength to live?
'Tis Thine alone to spare;
With cleansed hearts to pray aright,
And find acceptance in Thy sight,
Be this our lowly prayer.

'This Thou has blest this solemn fast;
So may its days by us be passed
In self control severe,
That, when our Easter morn we hail
Its mystic feast we may not fail
To keep with conscience clear.

O blessed Trinity, bestow
Thy pardoning grace on us below,
And shield us evermore;
Until, within Thy courts above,
We see Thy face, and sing Thy love,
And with Thy saints adore.