

# O Lord, When Condemnation

LENT

(also known as O Lord, When My Sins Grieve Me or When Guilt and Shame Are Raising  
or When O'er My Sins and Sorrow or When Sorrow and Remorse)

Words: Justus Gesenius, 1646. Translated by William Mercer, 1857.

Music: 'Wenn Mein Sünd' Michael Praetorius, 1609. Setting: "Mehrstimmiges Choralbuch", 1906.  
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$\text{♩} = 110$

1. O Lord, when con - dem - na - tion And guilt op - press my soul,  
2. O won - der pas - sing mea - sure To faith's en - ligh - tened eye!  
3. My sins rise up to hea - ven, And count - less is their lost;  
4. Hence - - forth my heart shall bless Thee Whilst here its pul - ses move;  
5. Lord, let Thy bit - ter pas - sion My soul with strength in - spire

Then let Thy bit - ter pas - sion The ri - - sing storm con - trol:  
For slaves it was the plea - - sure Of their own Lord to die!  
But Christ Him - self hath gi - - ven, And paid the migh - ty cost:  
Its songs of praise add - ress Thee For all Thy dy - - ing love:  
To flee with in - - dig - na - - tion All sin - ful, low de - sire:

Re - mind me that Thy blood was spilt For me, O most  
The migh - ty God stoops from on high For me, lost, ruin - -  
Since then on Him my sins were laid, Of hell and all  
Thy wrongs and last deep a - - go - - ny Shall be my me - -  
Ah! ne - - ver would I, Lord, for - - get The great - ness of

un - - wor - - - - thy! To take a - - way my guilt.  
- ed cre - - - - ature, And deigns as man to die.  
its tor - - - - ments, I am no more a - - afraid.  
- di - - ta - - - - tion Till I am called to Thee.  
that ran - - - - som Which paid my end - - less debt.

6. Should earthly griefs assail me,  
If need be, shame and scorn,  
Let patience never fail me  
To bear as Thou hast borne;  
Grant that the world I may forsake,  
And Thee for my example,  
Oh! may I daily take.

7. Still let me do to others  
As Thou hast done to me,  
And look on all as brothers,  
Their willing servant be:  
O may I never seek my own,  
But help as Thou hast helped,  
With purest love alone.

8. At length when I am bidden  
With all things here to part,  
The wounds in which I'm bidden  
Speak peace into my heart;  
Relying then upon Thy blood,  
O give me full assurance  
That I shall see my God.