Have mercy on me, O God, according to your steadfast love; in your great compassion blot out my offenses.

Wash me through and through from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I know my offenses, and my sin is ever before me.

Against you only have I sinned and done what is evil in your sight; so you are justified when you speak and right in your judgment.

Indeed, I was born steeped in wickedness, a sinner from my mother's womb.

Indeed, you delight in truth deep within me, and would have me know wisdom deep within.

Remove my sins with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be purer than snow.

Let me hear joy and gladness; that the body you have broken may rejoice.

Hide your face from my sins, and blot out all my wickedness.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from your presence, and take not your Holy Spirit from me.

Restore to me the joy of your salvation and sustain me with your bountiful Spirit.

Let me teach your ways to offenders, and sinners shall be restored to you.

Rescue me from bloodshed, O God of my salvation, and my tongue shall sing of your righteousness.

O Lord, open my lips, and my mouth shall proclaim your praise.

For you take no delight in sacrifice, or I would give it. You are not pleased with burnt offering.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit; a troubled and broken heart, O God, you will not despise.

Favor Zion with your good pleasure; build up the walls of Jerusalem.

Then you will delight in the appointed sacrifices, in burnt and whole offerings; then young bulls shall be offered up on your altar.
1 Your only Son, no sin to hide, but you have
sent him from your side to walk upon this guilty
sod and to become the Lamb of God.
God, sweet Lamb of God, I love the holy Lamb of God. Oh, wash me
in your precious blood, my Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God.

2 Your gift of love we crucified. We laughed and
scorned him as he died. The humble king we named a
fraud and sacrificed the Lamb of God.
O Lamb of

3 I was so lost, I should have died, but you have
brought me to your side to be led by your staff and
rod and to be called a lamb of God.
Jesus, Remember Me

Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.

Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.
1 O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
now scornfully surrounded with thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred head, what glory, what bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.
mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to thee.
for all who die believing die safely in thy love.

2 How pale thou art with anguish, with sore abuse and scorn;
how does thy face now languish, which once was bright as morn!
Thy grief and bitter passion were all for sinners' gain;
mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.
Oh, make me thine forever, and should I fainting be,
These eyes, new faith receiving, from thee shall never move;
for all who die believing die safely in thy love.

3 What language shall I borrow to thank thee, dearest friend,
for this thy dying sorrow, thy pity without end?
Thy grief and bitter passion were all for sinners' gain;
mine, mine was the transgression, but thine the deadly pain.
These eyes, new faith receiving, from thee shall never move;
for all who die believing die safely in thy love.
for all who die believing die safely in thy love.

4 Lord, be my consolation; shield me when I must die;
remind me of thy passion when my last hour draws nigh.
These eyes, new faith receiving, from thee shall never move;
for all who die believing die safely in thy love.
for all who die believing die safely in thy love.
for all who die believing die safely in thy love.
Were You There

1 Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Were you there?
2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
3 Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
4 Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
5 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Were you there?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there?

Refrain

Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Were you there?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? Were you there?