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How shall I, a wretch polluted,
Answer then for sins imputed,
When the just man's case is mooted ?

Awful Monarch of Creation !
Saving without compensation,
Save me, Fountain of Salvation !

Lose me not then, Jesus, seeing
I am Thine by gift of being,—
Doubly Thine by price of freeing !

Thou, the Lord of Life and Glory,
Hung'st a victim, gashed and gory :
Let not all be nugatory !

Pardon Thou whose vengeance smiteth,
But whom mercy most delighteth,
Ere that reek'ning day affrighteth !

As a culprit, stand I groaning,
Blushing, my demerit owning,—
Sprinkle me with blood atoning !

Thou, who Mary's sins remittedst,
And the softened Thief acquittedst,
Likewise hope to me permittedst.

Weak these prayers Thy Throne assailing ;
But let grace, o'er guilt prevailing,
Save me from eternal wailing !

While the goats afar are driven,
'Mid Thy sheep me place be given,—
Blood-wash'd favorites of Heaven !

While "Depart !" shall doom and gather
Those to flame, address me rather—
"Come thou blessed of my Father !"

In my final hour, when faileth
Heart and flesh, and my cheek paleth,
Grant that succor which availeth.