

Miserere, my Maker

Anonymous

Mi-se-re-re, my Mak-er, and have
Mi-se-re-re, my sav-ior. I, al-
Ho-ly Spir-it, mi-se-re-re; com-fort

mer-cy on me: wretch, strang-ly dis-tress-
as, am, for my sins, fear-ful-ly griev-
my dis-tress-ed soul, griev-ed for youth's

ed, cast down, with sin op-press-
ed and can-not be liev-
fol-ly. Purge, cleanse, and make it ho-

ed, might- i-ly vex'd to the soul's bit-ter
ed but i-by thy death, which thou didst suf-fer
ly. With Thy sweet dew of grace and peace in-

an- guish. E'en to the death, I lan- guish.
 for me, where- fore - I a- dore Thee.
 spire me. Ho- ly, - I de- sire Thee.

Yet let it please Thee to hear my
 And do be- seech Thee to hear my
 And strength- en me now in this, my

20
 cease- less cry- ing:
 cease- less cry- ing: Mi- se- re- re, mi- se-
 cease- less cry- ing:

re- re, mi- se- re- re; I am dy- ing.