

# Fairton

Tr. 5  
10 15

1. O God of mercy, hear my call, My load of guilt re - move; Break down this se-pa-ra-ting wall, That bars me, that bars me from my love.  
2. Give me the presence of thy grace, Then my re - joi - cing tongue Shall speak aloud thy righteousness, And make thy, and make thy praise my song.

T. 3

3. No blood of goats nor heifers slain, For sin could e'er a - tone; The death of Christ shall still remain Suf - fi - cient, sufficient and a - lone.  
4. A soul oppressed with sin's desert, My God will ne'er des - pise; A humble groan, a broken heart, Is our best, Is our best sac - ri - fice.

B.

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A folk hymn (Lowens 1964).

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2020

1. The first note of measure 10 has been moved two beats left.
2. Ends of lines made uniformly dotted half-notes.