

A Prayer

Choral Version

Aaron Walker

1. Oh Lord, I come to Thee drowning In the mud and
2. Oh Lord, I come to Thee hurt-ing Under weight this
3. Oh Lord, I come to Thee doubt-ing. I fear my

clay of my sins; They blot my gar-ments and cow'r-ing,
world has laid on; I stum-ble to the al-tar, yearn-ing,
sins' stain a - gain; I hear the ac - cus - er shouting,

I plead, "Cre - a - tor, for - give Now,
For ea - gle - wings to take on. I
"This one his Mak - er of - fends, Now
Final: And

my works are dark-ness and death, But the power of Thy meth-od di -
fear I ask past my worth, Then You, my Ab - ba, do
let him be cast a - way," Then You, my Sav-ior, do
Lord, when - ev - er I fall, My God, still help me to

vine Can trans - fer the full right - eous - ness
say, "My child, have you not yet learned?
show Your hands and your side have paid
see That mer - cy, and not judg - ment calls,

Of the soul of Thy Son to mine."
I give in a - bun-dance a - way."
The debt of life-blood I owed.
It still calls my soul back to Thee.

Last time D.S. al Fine