

John Dowland

A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

17. Where Sinne sore wounding.

Where Sinne sore wounding, daily doth oppresse me,
There Grace abounding, freely doth redresse mee :
So that resounding still I shall confesse thee,
Father of mercy.

Though Sinne offending daily doth torment mee,
Yet Grace amending, since I doe repent mee,
At my liues ending will I hope present mee
cleare to thy mercy.

The wound Sinne gaue me was of Death assured,
Did not Grace saue mee, whereby it is cured :
So thou wilt haue mee to thy loue invred,
free without merit.

Sinnes stripe is healed, and his sting abated,
Deaths mouth is sealed, and the Graue amated,
Thy Loue reuealed, and thy Grace related
giues me this spirit.