

# YET I SIN

*A Puritan Prayer and Devotion from the Valley of Vision*

*ETERNAL FATHER,*

*Thou art good beyond all thought,*

*But I am vile, wretched, miserable, blind;*

*My lips are ready to confess, but my heart is slow to feel,  
and my ways reluctant to amend.*

*I bring my soul to thee;*

*break it, wound it, bend it, mould it,*

*Unmask to me sin's deformity,*

*that I may hate it, abhor it, flee from it.*

*My faculties have been a weapon of revolt against thee;*

*as a rebel I have misused my strength*

*and served the foul adversary of thy kingdom.*

*Give me grace to bewail my insensate folly,*

*Grant me to know that the way of transgressors is hard,*

*that evil paths are wretched paths,*

*that to depart from thee is to lose all good.*

*I have seen the purity and beauty of thy perfect law,*

*the happiness of those in whose heart it reigns,*

*the calm dignity of the walk to which it calls,*

*yet I daily violate and condemn its precepts.*

*Thy loving Spirit strives within me;*

*brings me Scripture warnings,*

*speaks in startling providence,*

*allures by secret whispers,*

*yet I choose devices and desires to my own hurt;*

*impiously resent, grieve,*

*And provoke him to abandon me.*

*All these sins I mourn, lament, and for them cry pardon.*

*Work in me more profound and abiding repentance;*

*Give me the fullness of a godly grief that trembles and fears,*

*yet ever trusts and loves,*

*Which is ever powerful, and ever confident;*

*Grant that through the tears of repentance I may see more  
clearly*

*The brightness and glories of the saving cross.*