

Miserere, my Maker

Anonymous

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Mi- se- re- re, my Mak- er, and have mer- cy on me: wretch, strang-
Mi- se- re- re, my sav- ior. I, al- as, am, for my sins, fear-
Ho- ly Spir- it, mi- se- re- re; com- fort my dis- tress- ed soul, griev-

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ly dis- tress- ed, cast down, with sin op- press- ed, might-
ful- ly griev- ed and can- not be re- liev- ed but
ed for youth's fol- ly. Purge, cleanse, and make it ho- ly. With

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i- ly vex'd to the soul's bit- ter an- guish. E'en to the death, I
by thy death, which thou didst suf- fer for me, where- fore - I a-
Thy sweet dew of grace and peace in- spire me. Ho- ly, - I de-

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lan- guish. Yet let it please Thee to hear my cease- less cry-
dore Thee. And do be- seech Thee to hear my cease- less cry-
sire Thee. And strength- en me now in this, my cease- less cry-

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