

# Miserere, my Maker

Anonymous

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

5  
 wretch, strang-ly dis-tress-ed, cast down, with sin op-  
 sins, fear-ful-ly griev-ed and can-not be re-  
 soul, griev-ed for youth's fol-ly. Purge, cleanse, and make it

10  
 press-ed, might-i-ly vex'd to the soul's bit-ter  
 liev-ed but by thy death, which thou didst suf-fer  
 ho-ly. With Thy sweet dew of grace and peace in-

15

an- guish. E'en to the death, I lan- guish. Yet  
 for me, where- fore - I a- dore Thee. And  
 spire me. Ho- ly, - I de- sire Thee. And

20

let it please Thee to hear my cease- less cry- ing:  
 do be- seech Thee to hear my cease- less cry- ing: Mi- se-  
 strength- en me now in this, my cease- less cry- ing:

25

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