



Leaning Into the Heart of the Holy

2016 Lenten Devotions

Wednesday

March 2, 2016

A Hymn to God the Father

By John Donne

I

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

II

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin? and, made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two: but wallowed in, a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

III

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
Swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou hast done,
I fear no more.

Prayer:

Holy God,
in the light of your holiness we see ourselves as we really are,
and we are ashamed.
We confess that we are people of impure thoughts and unclean lips;
we think too highly of ourselves and too little of others.
We cling so tightly to the treasures of this world
that we cannot open our hands to receive blessings from above.
Our feet follow the paths of sin;
we wander so far astray that we become strangers to righteousness.
Forgive us, and set us again on the path that leads to life.
Deal with us not as we deserve, but according to your mercy;
not because we are worthy but because you are gracious.
We ask this in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord.

—From the Lenten liturgy of the Reformed Church in America

Psalm 39

I said, “I will guard my ways
that I may not sin with my tongue;
I will keep a muzzle on my mouth
as long as the wicked are in my presence.”
I was silent and still;
I held my peace to no avail;
my distress grew worse,
my heart became hot within me.
While I mused, the fire burned;
then I spoke with my tongue:

“Lord, let me know my end,
and what is the measure of my days;
let me know how fleeting my life is.
You have made my days a few handbreadths,
and my lifetime is as nothing in your sight.
Surely everyone stands as a mere breath.
Surely everyone goes about like a shadow.
Surely for nothing they are in turmoil;
they heap up, and do not know who will gather.

“And now, O Lord, what do I wait for?
My hope is in you.
Deliver me from all my transgressions.
Do not make me the scorn of the fool.
I am silent; I do not open my mouth,
for it is you who have done it.
Remove your stroke from me;
I am worn down by the blows of your hand.

“Hear my prayer, O Lord,
and give ear to my cry;
do not hold your peace at my tears.
For I am your passing guest,
an alien, like all my forebears.
Turn your gaze away from me, that I may smile again,
before I depart and am no more.”