

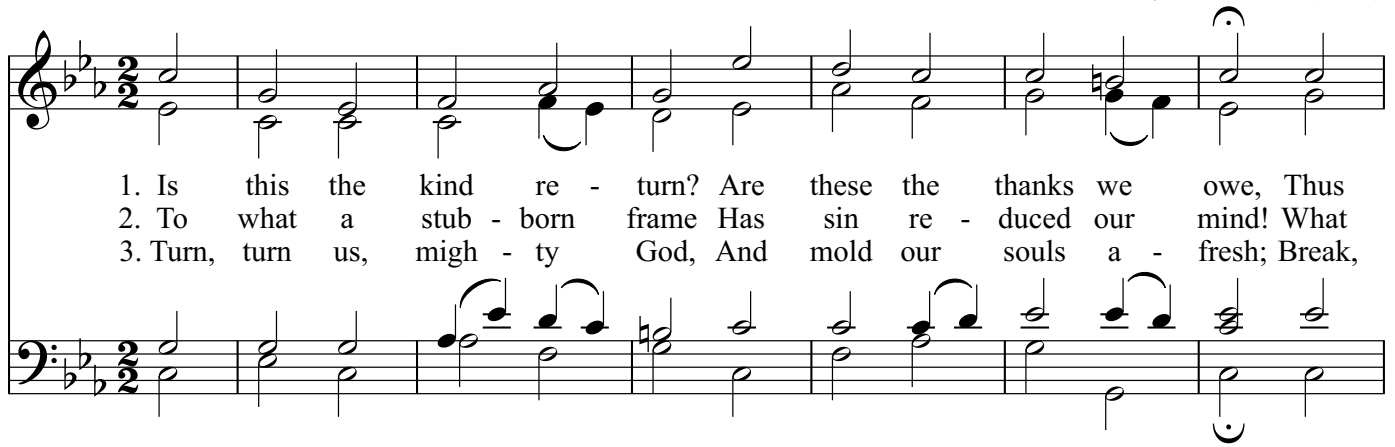
# LEIPSIC

S.M.

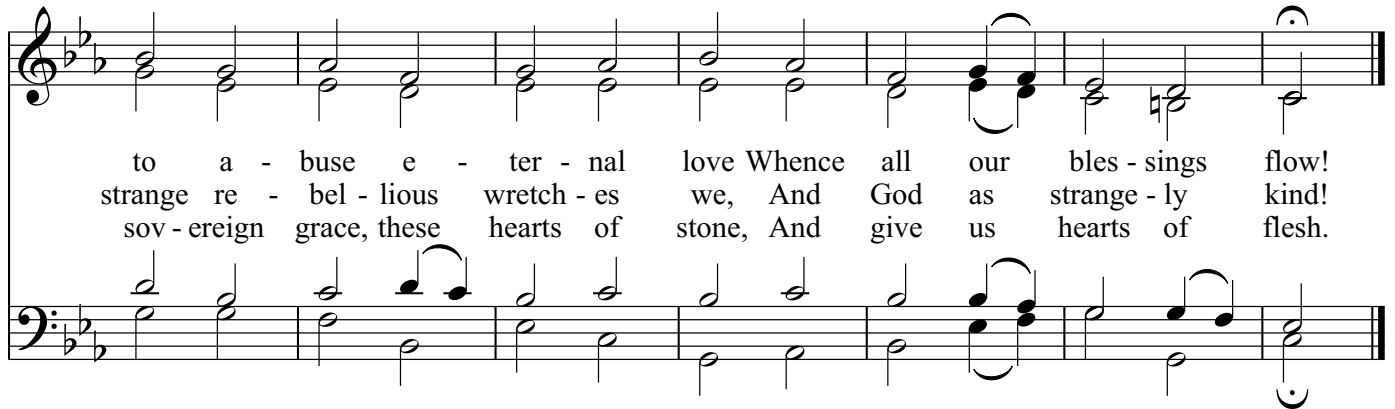
Adapted from

Mendelssohn, Psalm XXXI [written for C. D. Hackett, *National Psalmist* (London, 1839)]

Hill, *New York Sacred Music Society Collection* (1843)



1. Is this the kind re - turn? Are these the thanks we owe, Thus  
2. To what a stub - born frame Has sin re - duced our mind! What  
3. Turn, turn us, migh - ty God, And mold our souls a - fresh; Break,



to a - buse e - ter - nal love Whence all our bles - sings flow!  
strange re - bel - lious wretch - es we, And God as strange - ly kind!  
sov - ereign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.