1. Thou man of grief remember me, Who ne'er canst Thy self forget.

2. Father, if I may call Thee so, Regard my fearful heart's desire;

3. I tremble, lest the wrath divine, Which bruises now my wretched soul,

Thy last expiring agony, Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat.

Remove this load of guilty woe, Nor let me in my sins expire!

Should bruise this wretched soul of mine, Long as eternal ages roll.