1. O that I could revere My much offended God! O that I could but stand in fear Of thy afflict ing rod!

2. Show me the naked sword Im pen- ding o ver my head; O let me trem ble at thy word, And to my ways take heed!

3. Thou great tre men dous God; The con scious aw e in part; The grace be now on me bestowed, The ten der, fresh ly heart;

4. For Jesu's sake alone The stone heart re move, And melt at last, O melt me do, In to the mould of love!