

Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
I have long withstood his grace :
Long provok'd him to his face !
Would not hearken to his calls :
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.

2 I have spilt his precious blood,
Trampled on the son of God ;
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable !
I, who am not yet in hell !
Whence to me this waste of love ?
Ask my Advocate above ;
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the Throne of Grace.

3 Jesus, answer from above ;
Is not all thy nature love ?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet ;
If I rightly read thy heart ;
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear ! in mercy bow !
Pardon and accept me now.

6 Pity from thine eye let fall ;
By a look, my soul recall :
Now the stone to flesh convert ;
Cast a look, and break my heart,