

In Grief And Fear, To Thee, O Lord
by Charles Wesley

1 IN grief and fear, to thee, O Lord,
We now for succour fly,
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
O shield us, lest we die!

2 The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

3 O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let thine angel stand between
The living find the dead!

4 With contrite hearts to thee, our King
We turn, who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed.