

My God! My God! And Can It Be
Frederick Faber, 1849.
Melchior Vulpius(1560-1616?)

My God! my God! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

I sin, and Heav'n and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done;
As if Thy blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, not ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace of Thy Passion merited,
Hatred of self, and love of Thee!

O by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear;
And by Thy woes and bloody sweat
Wash Thou my guilty conscience clear!

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olives' moon pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made;

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear.