

O'er Jerusalem Thou Weapest
Anna Hoppe, 1918.
Genevan Psalter, 1551.

O'er Jerusalem Thou weapest
In compassion, dearest Lord,
Love divine, of love the deepest,
O'er Thine erring Israel poured,
Crieth out in bitter moan:
"O loved city, hadst thou known
This thy day of visitation,
Thou wouldst not reject salvation."

By the love Thy tears are telling,
O Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Make my heart Thy temple dwelling,
Purged from every guilty stain.
Oh, forgive, forgive my sin!
Cleanse me, cleanse me, Lord, within!
I am Thine since Thou hast sought me,
Since Thy precious blood hath bought me.

O Thou Lord of my salvation,
Grant my soul Thy blood-bought peace.
By Thy tears of lamentation
Bid my faith and love increase.
Grant me grace to love Thy Word,
Grace to keep the message heard,
Grace to own Thee as my treasure,
Grace to love Thee without measure.