

In mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Pleading For Mercy
John Newton, 1779,
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 45

In mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my God!
My spirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.

2. Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
Regard my heavy groans;
O let thy voice of comfort speak,
And heal my broken bones!

3. By day my busy beating head
Is filled with anxious fears;
By night, upon my restless bed,
I weep a flood of tears.

4. Thus I sit desolate and mourn,
Mine eyes grow dull with grief;
How long, my Lord, ere thou return,
And bring my soul relief?

5. O come and show thy pow'r to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?

6. Satan, my cruel envious foe,
Insults me in my pain;
He smiles to see me brought so low,
And tells me hope is vain,

7. But hence, thou enemy, depart!
Nor tempt me to despair;
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart,
The Lord has heard my prayer.