

**My God! my God! and can it be**

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 walk the earth with lightsome step,  
smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,  
do my own will, nor ever heed  
Gethsemane and thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord?  
Wilt thou not work this hour in me  
the grace thy passion merited,  
hatred of self, and love of thee!

Ever when tempted, make me see,  
beneath the olive's 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.

Words: Frederick William Faber (1814-1863)

Music: Der Tag bricht an

Meter: LM