

O Thou, Who All Things Canst Control
Sigmund Gmelin(1679-1707)
William Bradbury, 1843.

O Thou, who all things canst control,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep Thy perfect law.

O, may one beam of Thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel the shades of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul and faint:
With steps unwavering, undismayed,
Give me in all Thy paths to tread.

With outstretched hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! how soon it dies away!

The deadly slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord; stir up Thy quickening power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

Single of heart, O! may I be,
Nothing may I desire but Thee:
Far, far from me the world remove,
And all that holds me from Thy love.