

IN Thy wrath and hot displeasure,
Chasten not Thy servant, Lord;
Let Thy mercy, without measure,
Help and peace to me afford.

- 2 Heavy is my tribulation,
Sore my punishment has been;
Broken by Thine indignation,
I am troubled by my sin.
- 3 With my burden of transgression,
Heavy-laden, overborne,
Humbled low I make confession,
For my folly now I mourn.
- 4 Weak and wounded I implore Thee,
Lord, to me Thy mercy show;
All my prayer is now before Thee,
All my trouble Thou dost know.
- 5 Lord my God, do not forsake me,
Let me know that Thou art near;
Under Thy protection take me,
As my Saviour now appear.