

GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God;
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

- 2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?
Lord, my trembling soul reprieve,
Speak, and I shall rise and live.
- 4 Lo! He comes! He heeds my plea!
Lo! He comes! the shadows flee!
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847