

**R**EBUKE me not in anger, Lord,  
O chasten me no more,  
For peace and health have left my soul,  
And shame makes conscience sore.

2 I pant and groan for sense of Thee,  
I long to see Thy light;  
My dearest friends seem far away,  
The bonds of kinship slight.

3 I live as one who cannot hear,  
Or speak, or sense, or know  
The glorious kindness of my God,  
Nor of His saints below.

4 Thus broken-hearted I draw near,  
And all excuses fall;  
Now deep, abiding sorrow reigns;  
O Saviour, hear my call!

5 I will be sorry for my sin,  
And all Thy will obey;  
Forsake me not, but draw me near;  
In mercy bless today.

*Evangelical Psalter*