

♩=100 "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger." Ps. 6. 1, 4 D. Herbert

1. O Lord, re - buke me not in wrath; Thy an - ger who can bear? 'Tis
 2. I'm but a mass of filth - i - ness; I own my wretch - ed case; O
 3. [Ah! must I die with this sad plague? What! is thy pit - y gone? Lord,
 4. On thee I'll wait; in thee I'll trust; For thou art still my God; Crush

heav'n to live be - neath thy smiles; Thy frowns cre - ate de - spair.
 heal my loath - some, stink - ing wounds, And mag - ni - fy thy grace.
 look, and heal my brok - en bones; O look on God the Son!]
 not my soul be - neath thy hand, O take a - way thy rod.

5. Lord, let not guilt thus plague my soul;
 I would be rid of sin.
 From head to foot I'm nought but wounds,
 But, ah! I'm worse within.

6. [Within, O what a hellish crew!
 Who knows what dwells within?
 How oft some darling lust creeps out,
 Some unsuspected sin!]

7. Lord Jesus, heal this malady,
 And set my broken bones;
 Let my petitions reach thy ears,
 Though only sighs and groans.

8. Base as I am, yet, blessed Lord,
 I dare to make this plea:
 As Jesus died to save the lost,
 Perhaps he died for me.