

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, O Judge of all, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A wandering, foolish child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die!

2 Here on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet so insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to ensure;
Thy pardoning love on me bestow,
That I may find Thee here below,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this earth to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.