

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away;  
And thaw with beams of love divine  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks may rend; the earth may quake;  
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,  
The hardest flint on earth would melt:  
But can I read each tender line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine?

4 Thy judgements, too, unmoved I hear,  
Amazing thought! which devils fear:  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this senseless heart of mine.

5 But there is One can do the deed,  
And His resistless touch I need!  
Thy Spirit can my dross refine,  
And move and melt this heart of mine.

*Joseph Hart, 1712-68*