My God! my God! and can it be







My God! my God! and can it be That I should sin so lightly now, And think no more of evil thoughts Than of the wind that waves the bough?

I walk the earth with lightsome step, Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air, Do my own will, not ever heed Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord? Wilt Thou not work this hour in me The grace of Thy Passion merited, Hatred of self, and love of Thee! Ever when tempted, make me see, Beneath the olives' moon pierced shade, My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised, And bleeding, on the earth He made;

And make me feel it was my sin, As though no other sins there were, That was to Him who bears the world A load that He could scarcely bear.

Frederick Faber