1 Lord, in this Thy mercy’s day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die;

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forgo.

6 Grant us ‘neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face. Amen.

Isaac Williams, 1802 - 65.