Lord, in this thy mercy's day

Lord, in this thy mercy's day,
ere for us it pass away,
on our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
fill us with heart-searching fears,
ere that awful doom appears.

Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
kneeling lowly at thy door,
ere it close forevermore.

By thy night of agony,
by thy supplicating cry,
by thy willingness to die,

By thy tears of bitter woe,
for Jerusalem below,
let us not thy peace forego.

Judge and Savior of our race,
when we thee see thy face,
grant us 'neath thy wings a place.

Words: Isaac Williams, 1842
Music: St. Philip, Heiliger Geist (Berlin)
Meter: 777