## FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY (2)



2. The madman in a tomb had made his mansion of despair; woe to the traveller who strayed with heedless footsteps there!

7. He called me in the time of dread, when death was full in view; I trembled on my feverish bed, and rose to sin anew.

3. The chains hung broken from his arm, such strength can hell supply, and fiendish hate, and fierce alarm, flashed from his hollow eye.

8. Yet could I hear him once again, as I have heard of old; methinks he should not call in vain his wanderer to the fold.

4. He met that glance so thrilling sweet, he heard those accents mild, and, melting at Messiah's feet, wept like a weaned child.

9. Oh thou that every thought canst know, and answer every prayer; oh give me sickness, want, or woe, but snatch me from despair!

5. Oh madder than the raving man! oh deafer than the sea; how long the time since Christ began to call in vain on me!

- 10. My struggling will by grace control, renew my broken vow!What blessed light breaks on my soul?Oh God! I hear thee now.
- 6. He called me when my thoughtless prime was early ripe to ill;I passed from folly on to crime, and yet he called me still.

Words: Reginald Heber. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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