O, May the Pow'r Which Melts the Rock

Doh is E · 4/4 Tune: UXBRIDGE

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| d - - - | d - r - m - r - | d - - - t, - - - |
  O,          may the pow'r which     melts the

| d - - - m - - - | s - s - l - t - |
  rock Be             felt by all as-

| d' - - - l - - - | s - - - s - - - |
  sembled             here! Or

| d' - s - l - s - | f - - - m - - - |
  else our service    will but

| r - - - r - - - | m - s - s - f - |
  mock The            God whom we pro-

| m - - - r - - - | d - - - |
  fess to             fear!
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The other verses

2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land,
Thy peoples' eyes are fixed on thee!
We own thy just, uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.

3 How long hast thou bestowed thy care
On this indulged ungrateful spot?
While other nations, far and near,
Have envied and admired our lot.

4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our enemies have felt
That God has made our cause his own.

5 But ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love!
We, whom like children he has reared,
Rebels against his goodness prove.

6 His grace despised, his pow'r defied,
And legions of the blackest crimes,
Profaneness, riot, run, and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.

7 The Lord, displeased, has raised his rod;
Ah where are now the faithful few
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

8 Lord, hear thy people everywhere,
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turned away.

Tune UXBRIDGE by Lowell Mason (1792–1872); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.