

Oh, That You'd Rend the Heavens, Lord

Text: Isaiah 64:1-9

By Rev. John C. Stennfeld

Tune Meter: CM

Suggested Tune: Consolation

Oh, that you'd rend the heavens, Lord,
And come down from the sky,
That all your enemies would quake,
And never you deny.

For when you did your awesome deeds
That we did not foresee,
The mountains in your presence shook
In def'rent piety.

Since ancient times no one has heard,
And no ear has perceived
A God who comes to help all those
Who in Him have believed.

Yet in our sin we have become
Unclean in ev'ry way,
And all our righteous acts are like
The rags one throws away.

But you, O Lord, our Father are,
Our God from day to day,
The potter who created us,
And we your lumps of clay.

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Therefore, remember not our sins,
But look on us, we pray,
As your own people whom you love,
Lest we should waste away.

And wash us of our sins, O Lord,
Though we may filthy be;
Make us to be as white as snow
For all eternity.

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