

TO whom, Lord, shall we go
When burdened, sick, and faint?
To whom could we our troubles show,
And pour out our complaint?

2 The Saviour bids us come:
O why do we delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from Him we stray.

3 What is it holds us back,
From which we cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of the heart?

4 Now, Lord, the hindrance show,
Which we so fear to see:
O let us all consent to know
What keeps our soul from Thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy saving power display,
Into its darkest corners shine,
And draw me to Thy way.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88