

LOOSSED from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro,
Through life in endless circles round,
Not finding peace and rest below:
To Thee, my God, at last I fly,
O bless me, Saviour, now draw nigh.

2 Selfish pursuits and pleasure's maze,
The things of earth, for Thee I leave;
Stretch forth Thy pardoning hand of grace,
And my lost life to Thee receive;
Take this unstable soul of mine,
And make it, Saviour, ever Thine.

3 Fill me with life, and love, and peace,
Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In Thee may all my wanderings cease,
From Thee no more may I depart;
Thy utmost kindness may I prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

Charles Wesley, 1707-88†