

**B**EHOLD the servant of the Lord!  
I wait Thy guiding hand to feel,  
To hear and keep Thy every word,  
To prove and do Thy perfect will;  
Ready from my own works to cease,  
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

- 2 O may my life be fit for use,  
Meanest of all Thy creatures, me:  
The deed, the time, the manner choose,  
Let all my fruit be found of Thee;  
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,  
By Thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak, though good design,  
O'errule, or change, as seems Thee fit;  
Jesus, let all my work be Thine!  
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,  
And pleasing in Thy Father's sight;  
Thou only hast done all things right.
- 4 Here then to Thee Thine own I leave;  
Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay;  
But let me all Thy stamp receive,  
And let me all Thy words obey,  
Serve with a single heart and eye,  
And to Thy glory live and die.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*