

GOD of unfathomable love,
Whose stores of deep compassion move
To Adam's fallen race:
Here, at Thy feet, a sinner see,
In tender mercy look on me,
And all my sins efface.

2 Thee, Holy God, have I defied;
In judgement Thou art justified;
Why should I be forgiven?
I long abused Thy patient grace,
And long provoked Thee to Thy face;
I dared the wrath of Heaven.

3 O let Thy love to me o'erflow,
Thine all-surpassing kindness show:
Abundantly forgive;
Remove my vile and guilty load,
Blot out my sin with Jesus' blood,
And bid this sinner live.

4 Take the strong power of sin away,
Nor let me in its bondage stay;
My inmost soul convert;
O wash me from my ugly stain,
Come, Lord, and make me thoroughly clean,
Create me pure in heart.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88