

BLESSÈD are they, supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
Who find in Jesus' wounds their rest,
And see the smiling face of Heaven.

- 2 Blessèd are they to whom the Lord
No more imputes iniquity,
Whose spirit is by grace restored,
And from all lies and guile set free.
- 3 But while, through pride, I held my tongue,
Nor owned my helpless unbelief,
My being languished all day long,
And conscience roared without relief.
- 4 Resolved, at last, to God I cried,
'I will my evil ways confess,
No more evade, or seek to hide
My depth of shameful sinfulness.'
- 5 For this shall every child of God,
Thine all-surpassing love declare,
And take the grace on all bestowed,
Who pray the contrite sinner's prayer.
- 6 Blessèd are they, supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
Who find in Jesus' wounds their rest,
And see the smiling face of Heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88