

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for help I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in.

- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
Lord, Thou alone canst make me whole;
Into my darkened spirit shine,
For I am lost, till Thou art mine.
- 3 At last I know it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee:
Here, then, to Thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.
- 4 Now, for Thyself, my life prepare;
Transform my heart and enter there.
Thy work alone can make me clean,
Make all things new, and cast out sin.
- 5 What can I say Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost—but Thou hast died.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88