

O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face;
Open Thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

- 2 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore:
O, for Thy Truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 3 The stone to flesh do Thou convert,
The trait of sinfulness remove;
O speak into my wayward heart,
And melt it down by dying love;
This rebel heart, O now subdue,
And make it tender, form it new.
- 4 O give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88