

**Afflicted By A Gracious God**  
by Charles Wesley

1 AFFLICTED by a gracious God,  
The stroke I patiently sustain,  
Grievous to feeble flesh and blood;  
Unable to rejoice in pain,  
Beneath my Father's hand I bow,  
And groan to feel his chastening now.

2 But when he hath my patience proved,  
And sees me to his will resigned,  
His heavy hand and rod removed  
Shall leave the blest effect behind,  
The sure, inviolable peace,  
The ripened fruit of righteousness.

3 This pain, this consecrated pain,  
With which my soul and flesh are filled,  
His instrument if he ordain,  
The pure and perfect love shall yield;  
But by whatever means 'tis done,  
The work and praise are all his own.