

Be It According To Thy Word  
by Charles Wesley

1 BE it according to thy word;  
This moment let it be!  
O that I now, my gracious Lord,  
Might lose my life for thee!

2 Now, Jesus, let thy powerful death  
Into my being come;  
Slay the old Adam with thy breath;  
The man of sin consume.

3 My old affections mortify,  
Nail to the cross my will;  
Daily and hourly bid me die,  
Or altogether kill.

4 Jesus, my life, appear within,  
And bruise the serpent's head;  
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,  
Cast out the cursed seed.

5 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord?  
Would I not die this hour?  
Then speak the killing, quickening word;  
Slay, raise me, by thy power.

6 Slay me, and I in thee shall trust,  
With thy dead men arise,  
Awake, and sing out of the dust,  
Soon as this nature dies.

7 O let it now make haste to die,  
The mortal wound receive!  
So shall I live; and yet not I,  
But Christ in me shall live.

8 Be it according to thy word!  
This moment let it be!  
The life I lose for thee, my Lord,  
I find again in thee.