

Bid Me Of Men Beware
by Charles Wesley

1 BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed,
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread;
O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above;
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love!

2 My spirit, Lord, alarm
When men and devils join;
'Gainst all of the powers of Satan arm
In panoply divine;
O may I set my face
His onsets to repel;
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell!

3 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom-foe,
Still let me seek for thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show;
Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-destructing care,
And deeply in the spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

4 Give me a sober mind,
A quick-discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart.

5 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath;
In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign!