

But Can It Be, That I Should Prove  
by Charles Wesley

1 BUT can it be, that I should prove  
For ever faithful to thy love,  
From sin for ever cease?  
I thank thee for the blessed hope;  
It lifts my drooping spirits up,  
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,  
Mighty, and merciful, and just;  
Thy sacred word is passed;  
And I, who dare thy word receive,  
Without committing sin shall live,  
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;  
The name of Jesus is a tower,  
That hides my life above:  
Thou canst, thou wilt my helper be;  
My confidence is all in thee,  
The faithful God of love.

4 While still to thee for help I call,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,  
Thou canst not let me sin;  
And thou shalt give me power to pray  
Till all my sins are purged away,  
And all thy mind brought in.

5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,  
My soul to thy continual care  
I faithfully commend;  
Assured that thou through life shalt save,  
And show thyself beyond the grave  
My everlasting Friend.