

But Who Sufficient Is To Lead  
by Charles Wesley

1 BUT who sufficient is to lead  
And execute the vast design?  
How can our arduous toil succeed,  
When earth and hell their forces join  
The meanest instruments to o'erthrow  
Which thou hast ever used below?

2 Mountains, alas! on mountains rise,  
To make our utmost efforts vain;  
The work our feeble strength defies,  
And all the helps and hopes of man;  
Our utter impotence we see;  
But nothing is too hard for thee.

3 The things impossible to men  
Thou canst for thine own people do:  
Thy strength be in our weakness seen;  
Thy wisdom in our folly show!  
Prevent, accompany, and bless,  
And crown the whole with full success.

4 Unless the power of heavenly grace,  
The wisdom of the Deity,  
Direct and govern all our ways,  
And all our works be wrought in thee,  
Our blighted works we know shall fail,  
And earth and hell at last prevail.

5 But, O almighty God of love,  
Into thy hands the matter take!  
The mountain-obstacles remove,  
For thy own truth and mercy's sake;  
Fulfil in ours thy own design,  
And prove the work entirely thine.