

Equip Me For The War  
by Charles Wesley

1 EQUIP me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight,  
My simple, upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright;  
Control my every thought,  
My whole of sin remove;  
Let all my works in thee be wrought,  
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb! which was in thee,  
And let my knowing zeal be joined  
With perfect charity;  
With calm and tempered zeal  
Let me enforce thy call,  
And vindicate thy gracious will  
Which offers life to all.

3 O do not let me trust  
In any arm but thine!  
Humble, O humble to the dust  
This stubborn soul of mine  
A feeble thing of nought,  
With lowly shame I own,  
The help which upon earth is wrought,  
Thou dost it all alone.

4 O may I love like thee!  
In all thy footsteps tread,  
Thou hatest all iniquity,  
But nothing thou hast made.  
O may I learn the art  
With meekness to reprove;  
To hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love.