

**Father, If Thou Must Reprove**  
by Charles Wesley

1 FATHER, if thou must reprove  
For all that I have done,  
Not in anger, but in love  
Chastise thine humbled son;  
Use the rod, and not the sword,  
Correct with kind severity;  
Bring me not to nothing, Lord!  
But bring me home to thee.

2 True and faithful as thou art,  
To all thy Church and me,  
Give a new, believing heart,  
That knows and cleaves to thee;  
Freely our backslidings heal,  
And, by thy precious blood restored,  
Grant that every soul may feel,  
"Thou art my pardoning Lord!"

3 Might we now with pure desire  
Thine only love request;  
Now, with willing heart entire,  
Return to Christ our rest!  
When we our whole hearts resign,  
O Jesus, to be filled with thee,  
Thou art ours, and we are thine,  
Through all eternity.