

Father Of Jesus Christ, My Lord (119)
by Charles Wesley

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face,
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pardoning grace.

2 Entering into into my closet, I
The busy world exclude,
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to he renewed.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spirit of love and power,
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven,
And do on earth thy perfect will
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require;
For Jesu's sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend,
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.