

Father, To Thee I Lift Mine Eyes  
by Charles Wesley

1 FATHER, to thee I lift mine eyes,  
My longing eyes, and restless heart;  
Before the morning watch I rise,  
And wait to taste how good thou art,  
To obtain the grace I humbly claim,  
The saving power of Jesu's name.

2 This slumber from my soul O shake!  
Warn by thy Spirit's inward call;  
Let me to righteousness awake,  
And pray that I no more may fall,  
Or give to sin or Satan place,  
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

3 O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard,  
'Gainst every known or secret foe!  
A mind for all assaults prepared,  
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,  
Ever apprized of danger nigh,  
And when to fight, and when to fly.

4 O never suffer me to sleep  
Secure within the verge of hell!  
But still my watchful spirit keep  
In lowly awe and loving zeal;  
And bless me with a godly fear,  
And plant that guardian-angel here.

5 Attended by the sacred dread,  
And wise from evil to depart,  
Let me from strength to strength proceed,  
And rise to purity of heart;  
Through all the paths of duty move,  
From humble faith to perfect love.