

Forgive My Foes? It Cannot Be
by Charles Wesley

1 FORGIVE my foes? it cannot be:
My foes with cordial love embrace?
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Unsaved, unchanged by hallowing grace,
Throughout my fallen soul I feel
With man this is impossible.

2 Great Searcher of the mazy heart,
A thought from thee I would not hide;
I cannot draw the envenomed dart,
Or quench this hell of wrath and pride:
Jesus, till I thy Spirit receive,
Thou know'st, I never can forgive.

3 Root out the wrath thou dost restrain;
And when I have my Saviour's mind,
I cannot render pain for pain,
I cannot speak a word unkind,
An angry thought I cannot know,
Or count mine injurer my foe.