

God Of My Life, Whose Gracious Power  
by Charles Wesley

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power  
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,  
Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head;

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling Providence I see:  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Oft hath the sea confessed thy power,  
And given me back at thy command;  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave  
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head,  
Sudden, I found thee near to save;  
The fever owned thy touch, and fled.

5 Whither, O whither should I fly,  
But to my loving Saviour's breast?  
Secure within thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

6 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art!  
I ever into ruin run,  
But thou art greater than my heart.

7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known;  
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,  
The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;  
Enter, and in me ever stay,  
The crooked then shall straight become,  
The darkness shall be lost in day.