

God Of My Salvation, Hear
by Charles Wesley

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe!
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of sin, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye!
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh:
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure,
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor:
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to gain thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace,
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide
When I am pure in heart:
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.