

Help, Lord, To Whom For Help I Fly  
by Charles Wesley

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,  
And still my tempted soul stand by,  
Throughout the evil day;  
The sacred watchfulness impart,  
And keep the issues of my heart,  
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;  
In each approach of sin alarm,  
And show the danger near;  
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,  
And fill with godly jealousy,  
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,  
O let me see thy gathering frown,  
And feel thy warning eye;  
And starting cry from ruin's brink  
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,  
O save me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,  
Before I wholly fall away,  
The keen conviction dart!  
Recall me by that pitying look,  
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke  
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,  
And make me like thyself below,  
Unblamable in grace;  
Ready prepared, and fitted here,  
By perfect holiness, to appear  
Before thy glorious face.