

How Do Thy Mercies Close Me Round!
by Charles Wesley

1 HOW do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored!
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard,
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease:
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.