

I Soon Shall Hear Thy Quickening Voice  
by Charles Wesley

1 I SOON shall hear thy quickening voice,  
Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice;  
(This is thy will and faithful word)  
My Spirit meek, my will resigned,  
Lowly as thine shall be my mind,  
The servant shall be as his Lord.

2 Already, Lord, I feel thy power;  
Preserved from evil every hour,  
My great Preserver I proclaim:  
Safety and strength in thee I have;  
I find, I find thee strong to save,  
And know that Jesus is thy name.

3 By faith I every moment stand,  
Strangely upheld by thy right hand,  
I my own wickedness eschew:  
A sinner, I am kept from sin;  
And thou shalt make me pure within,  
And thou shalt form my soul anew.

4 Come then, and loose my stammering tongue,  
Teach me the new, the joyful song,  
And perfect in a babe thy praise:  
I want a thousand lives to employ  
In publishing the sounds of joy,  
The gospel of thy general grace.

5 Come, Lord, thy Spirit bids thee come;  
Give me thyself, and take me home;  
Be now the glorious earnest given!  
The counsel of thy grace fulfil,  
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will  
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.