

If But One Faithless Soul Be Here
by Charles Wesley

1 IF but one faithless soul be here,
Jesus assembled with thine own,
Wilt thou not in the midst appear,
Thy resurrection's power make known,
Sprinkle the sinner with thy blood,
And show thyself his Lord and God?

2 Slower of heart than Thomas, I
With thy sincere disciples meet;
A conscious unbeliever sigh
For faith and pardon at thy feet:
Thy feet, alas, I cannot see,
Or feel the blood that flows for me.

3 But nothing can obstruct thy way,
Thou omnipresent God of love:
Come, Saviour, come, thy wounds display,
My stubborn unbelief remove,
And me among thy people bless,
And fill our hearts with heavenly peace.

4 Occasion from my slowness take
Thy faithful followers to cheer,
For a poor abject sinner's sake,
Jesus, the second time appear,
Increase thy saints' felicity,
And bless them all by blessing me.