

Into Thy Gracious Hands I Fall  
by Charles Wesley

1 INTO thy gracious hands I fall,  
And with the arms of faith embrace;  
O King of glory, hear my call,  
O raise me, heal me, by thy grace!  
Now righteous through thy wounds I am;  
No condemnation now I dread:  
I taste salvation in thy name,  
Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,  
Nor take thy light from me away,  
Still with me let thy grace abide,  
That I from thee may never stray:  
Let thy word richly in me dwell;  
Thy peace and love my portion be;  
My joy to endure and do thy will,  
Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord!  
Support my weakness with thy might,  
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,  
And shield me in the threatening fight:  
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,  
So in thy strength shall I go on,  
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,  
And glory end what grace begun.