

Jesu, If Still The Same Thou Art  
by Charles Wesley

1 JESU, if still the same thou art,  
If all thy promises are sure,  
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,  
And make me rich, for I am poor:  
To me be all thy treasures given,  
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest,  
And lo! for thee I ever mourn:  
I cannot, no, I will not rest,  
Till thou, my only rest, return,  
Till thou, the Prince of peace, appear,  
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness bestowed  
On all that hunger after thee?  
I hunger now, I thirst for God;  
See the poor fainting sinner, see,  
And satisfy with endless peace,  
And fill me with thy righteousness.

4 Ah, Lord! if thou art in that sigh,  
Then hear thyself within me pray  
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,  
Mark what my labouring soul would say:  
Answer the deep unuttered groan,  
And show that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom,  
Light in thy light I then shall see,  
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,  
Glory divine is risen on thee,  
Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er;  
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,  
And trust thou wilt not long delay:  
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,  
Upon thy word myself I stay;  
Into thine hands my all resign,  
And wait till all thou art is mine.