

Jesu, Let Thy Pitying Eye
by Charles Wesley

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thine eye pursued
Thy first apostate man,
Saw him weltering in his blood,
And bade him rise again:
Speak my paradise restored,
Redeem me by thy grace alone;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look, as when thy pity saw
Thine own in a strange land,
Forced to obey the tyrant's law,
And feel his heavy hand:
Speak the soul-redeeming word,
And out of Egypt call thy son;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

6 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The harlot in distress,
Dried her tears, her pardon sealed,
And bade her go in peace:
Vile, like her, and self-aborred,
I at thy feet for mercy groan;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

7 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed, that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die
My Saviour gasped) "forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!