

Jesu, Thou Hast To Hoary Hairs  
by Charles Wesley

1 JESU, thou hast to hoary hairs  
My manners and my burdens borne,  
Carried me through ten thousand snares,  
And, when I would to sin return,  
With a high hand and outstretched arm  
Redeemed me from the mortal harm.

2 O let me still the promise plead,  
Thy kind continued aid engage!  
Thy aid I every moment need,  
In childhood, youth, and trembling age;  
A sinner I, on mercy cast,  
By mercy saved from first to last.

3 Still, O thou patient God of love,  
My souls infirmity sustain,  
Bear me on eagle's wings above  
The world of ill, the vale of pain,  
The flesh that weighs my spirit down,  
The fiend who strives to take my crown.

4 While, hanging on thy faithful word,  
My utter helplessness I feel,  
Carry me in thy bosom, Lord,  
Beyond the reach of earth or hell,  
Till on the margin of the grave  
I prove thine utmost power to save.

5 Thou know'st the trials yet behind,  
The strength of sin, the tempter's power;  
Support my feebleness of mind  
In every dark unguarded hour;  
Thy servant mightily defend,  
And love and save me to the end.

6 Walk with me through the lions' den,  
Walk with me through the floods and fires,  
In form of God distinctly seen;  
And O! to crown my last desires,  
In death my guide and Saviour be,  
My God through all eternity!