

Jesus, Thou Know'st My Sinfulness
by Charles Wesley

1 JESUS, thou know'st my sinfulness,
My faults are not concealed from thee;
A sinner in my last distress,
To thy dear wounds I fain would flee,
And never, never thence depart,
Close sheltered in thy loving heart.

2 How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind?
Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray!
Ah, Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
And in thy arms of mercy take,
And bring the weary wanderer back.

3 Weary and sick of sin I am
I hate it, Lord, and yet I love;
When wilt thou rid me of my shame?
When wilt thou all my load remove?
Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
And speak the word of power, "Be clean!"

4 O Lord, if I at last discern
That I am sin, and thou art love,
If now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
Give me a token from above;
And conquer my rebellious will,
And bid my murmuring heart be still.

5 Sin only let me not commit,
(Sin never can advance thy praise)
And lo! I lay me at thy feet,
And wait unwearied all my days,
Till my appointed time shall come,
And thou shalt call thine exile home.