

Justly Thou Might'st, In Helpless Age
by Charles Wesley

1 JUSTLY thou might'st, in helpless age,
Thy most unworthy servant leave,
Leave me to faint in life's last stage,
And never more my sins forgive,
Leave me to breathe my slighted prayer,
And perish in extreme despair.

2 But lo! I from thy justice, Lord,
To thy redeeming grace appeal!
Justice awakes its flaming sword
Against the Man thou lov'st so well;
He paid my ransom with his blood,
And God hath quenched the wrath of God.

3 Whate'er I have of evil done,
Or said, or thought, on him was laid;
My trust is in thy bleeding Son,
My fainting soul on Christ is stayed:
Father, regard his sacrifice,
And bid me live, for Jesus dies.

4 With humble faith his death I plead,
And, covered with the atoning blood,
Calmly I sink among the dead,
The dead who ever live to God,
Secure in that great day to rise,
And share thy kingdom in the skies.