

Let the World Their Virtue Boast  
By Charles Wesley

Let the world their virtue boast,  
Their works of righteousness,  
I, a wretch undone and lost,  
Am freely saved by grace;  
Other title I disclaim;  
This, only this, is all my plea:  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

I, like Gideon's fleece, am found  
Unwatered still, and dry,  
While the dew on all around,  
Falls plenteous from the sky;  
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,  
The Savior's grace for all is free:  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

Surely He will lift me up,  
For I of Him have need;  
I cannot give up my hope,  
Though I am cold and dead;  
To bring fire on earth He came;  
O that it now might kindled be!  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

Jesus, Thou for me hast died,  
And Thou in me wilt live;  
I shall feel Thy death applied,  
I shall Thy life receive;  
Yet, when melted in the flame  
Of love, this shall be all my plea:  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.