

Lord, Regard My Earnest Cry  
by Charles Wesley

1 LORD, regard my earnest cry,  
A potsherd of the earth;  
A poor guilty worm am I,  
A Canaanite by birth:  
Save me from this tyranny,  
From all the power of Satan save;  
Mercy, mercy upon me,  
Thou Son of David, have!

2 To the sheep of Israel's fold  
Thou in thy flesh wast sent;  
Yet the Gentiles now behold  
In thee their covenant:  
See me then, with pity see,  
A sinner whom thou came'st to save  
Mercy, mercy, upon me,  
Thou Son of David, have!

3 Still I cannot part with thee,  
I will not let thee go:  
Mercy, mercy upon me,  
Thou Son of David, show!  
Vilest of the sinful race,  
On thee, importunate, I call,  
Help me, Jesus, show thy grace;  
Thy grace is free for all.

4 Nothing am I in thy sight,  
Nothing have I to plead;  
Unto dogs it is not right  
To cast the children's bread:  
Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat  
That from the master's table  
Let the fragments be my meat;  
Thy grace is free for all.

5 Give me, Lord, the victory,  
My heart's desire fulfil;  
Let it now be done to me  
According to my will!  
Give me living bread to eat,  
And say, in answer to my call,  
"Canaanite, thy faith is great!  
My grace is free for all."

6 If thy grace for all is free,  
Thy call now let me hear;  
Show this token upon me,  
And bring salvation near;  
Now the gracious word repeat,  
The word of healing to my soul,  
"Canaanite, thy faith is great!  
Thy faith hath made thee whole."