

Master Supreme, I Look To Thee  
by Charles Wesley

1 MASTER supreme, I look to thee  
For grace and wisdom from above;  
Vested with thy authority,  
Endue me with thy patient love;

2 That, taught according to thy will  
To rule my family aright,  
I may the appointed charge fulfil,  
With all my heart, and all my might.

3 Inferiors as a sacred trust  
I from the sovereign Lord receive,  
That what is suitable and just  
Impartial I to all may give:

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;  
From vice and wickedness restrain;  
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,  
And govern with a looser rein.

5 The servant faithfully discreet,  
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,  
Him would I tenderly entreat,  
And scarce distinguish from a child.

6 Yet let me not my place forsake,  
The occasion of his stumbling prove,  
The servant to my bosom take,  
Or mar him by familiar love.

7 Order if some invert, confound,  
Their Lord's authority betray,  
I hearken to the gospel sound,  
And trace the providential way.

8 As far from abjectness as pride,  
With condescending dignity,  
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,  
And keep the post assigned by thee.

9 O could I emulate the zeal  
Thou dost to thy poor servants hear!  
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel  
Of souls entrusted to my care:

10 In daily prayer to God commend  
The souls whom Jesus died to save;  
And think how soon my sway may end,  
And all be equal in the grave!