

My Father, My God, I Long For Thy Love
by Charles Wesley

1 MY Father, my God, I long for thy love,
O shed it abroad; Send Christ from above!
My heart ever fainting, He only can cheer,
And all things are wanting, Till Jesus is here.

2 O when shall my tongue Be filled with thy praise!
While all the day long I publish thy grace,
Thy honour and glory To sinners forth show,
Till sinners adore thee, And own thou art true.

3 Thy strength and thy power I now can proclaim,
Preserved every hour Through Jesus's name;
For thou art still by me, And holdest my hand;
No ill can come nigh me, By faith while I stand.

4 My God is my guide; Thy mercies abound,
On every side They compass me round;
Thou sav'st me from sickness, From sin dost retrieve,
And strengthen my weakness, And bid me believe.

5 Thou holdest my soul In spiritual life,
My foes dost control, And quiet their strife;
Thou rulest my passion, My pride and self-will,
To see thy salvation, Thou bidd'st me "Stand still!"

6 I stand, and admire Thine outstretched arm,
I walk through the fire, And suffer no harm;
Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit,
The world and the devil Fall under my feet.

7 I wrestle not now, But trample on sin,
For with me art thou, And shalt be within;
While stronger and stronger In Jesus's power,
I go on to conquer, Till sin is no more.