

My God, My God, To Thee I Cry
by Charles Wesley

1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry,
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity;
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Tell me again my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live;
The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.

5 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are opened wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

6 O why did I my Saviour leave?
So soon unfaithful prove!
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love?

7 I forced thee first to disappear,
I turned thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

8 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

9 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

10 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies;
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

11 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be in my all.