

O Filial Deity
by Charles Wesley

1 O FILIAL Deity,
Accept my new-born cry!
See the travail of thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for me, for me, hast died!

2 Of life thou art the tree,
My immortality!
Feed this tender branch of thine,
Ceaseless influence derive;
Thou the true, the heavenly Vine;
Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the fountain thou,
I know - I feel it now!
Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou art in me; thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Into life eternal rise.

4 Thou the good Shepherd art,
From thee I ne'er shall part;
Thou my keeper and my guide,
Make me still thy tender care;
Gently lead me by thy side,
Sweetly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily Bread;
O Christ, thou art my Head!
Motion, virtue, strength, to me,
Me thy living member, flow;
Nourished I, and fed by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will;
Never mortal spake like thee,
Human prophet like divine;
Loud and strong their voices be,
Small, and still, and inward thine.

7 On thee, my Priest, I call,
Thy blood atoned for all;
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever offering up my prayers,
These presenting with thine own.

8 Jesu, thou art my King,
From thee my strength I bring;
Shadowed by thy mighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports; by faith I stand,
Strong in thy omnipotence.