

Out Of The Depth Of Self-despair
by Charles Wesley

1 OUT of the depth of self-despair,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

2 If thou art rigorously severe,
Who may the test abide?
Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justified?

3 But O forgiveness is with thee,
That sinners may adore,
With filial fear thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.

4 My soul, while still to him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray:
O that his mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel-day!

5 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
Mercy with him remains,
Plenteous redemption through his blood,
To wash out all your stains.

6 His Israel himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem;
The Lord Our Righteousness is near,
And we are just in him.