

Regardless Now Of Things Below
by Charles Wesley

1 REGARDLESS now of things below,
Jesus, to thee my heart aspires,
Determined thee alone to know,
Author and end of my desires;
Fill me with righteousness divine:
To end, as to begin, is thine.

2 What is a worthless worm to thee?
What is in man thy grace to move?
That still thou seekest those who flee
The arms of thy pursuing love?
That still thine inmost bowels cry,
"Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why? "

3 Ah, show me, Lord, my depth of sin!
Ah, Lord, thy depth of mercy show!
End, Jesus, end this war within!
No rest my spirit e'er shall know,
Till thou thy quickening influence give:
Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.

4 There, there before the throne thou art,
The Lamb ere earth's foundation slain!
Take thou, O take this guilty heart!
Thy blood will wash out every stain:
No cross, no sufferings I decline;
Only let all my heart be thine.