

Savior, Prince of Israel's Race  
By Charles Wesley

Savior, Prince of Israel's race,  
See me from Thy lofty throne;  
Give the sweet relenting grace,  
Soften this obdurate stone!  
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;  
Cast a look, and break my heart!

By Thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,  
All my inmost sins reveal,  
Sins against Thy light and love  
Let me see, and let me feel;  
Sins that crucified my God,  
Spilt again Thy precious blood.

Jesu, seek Thy wandering sheep,  
Make me restless to return;  
Bid me look on Thee, and weep,  
Bitterly as Peter mourn,  
Till I say, by grace restored,  
"Now Thou know'st I love Thee, Lord!"

Might I in Thy sight appear,  
As the publican distressed,  
Stand, not daring to draw near,  
Smite on my unworthy breast,  
Groan the sinner's only plea,  
"God, be merciful to me!"

O remember me for good,  
Passing through the mortal vale!  
Show me the atoning blood,  
When my strength and spirit fail;  
Give my gasping soul to see  
Jesus crucified for me!