

Saviour, Cast A Pitying Eye
by Charles Wesley

1 SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
Bid my sins and sorrows end;
Whither should a sinner fly?
Art not thou the sinner's friend?
Rest in thee I gasp to find,
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

2 Haste, O haste, to my relief!
From the iron furnace take;
Bid me of my sin and grief,
For thy love and mercy's sake;
Set my heart at liberty,
Show forth all thy power in me.

3 Me, the vilest of the race,
Most unholy, most unclean;
Me, the farthest from thy face,
Full of misery and sin;
Me with arms of love receive,
Me, of sinners chief, forgive!

4 Jesus, on thine only name
For salvation I depend,
In thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, save me to the end;
Let the utmost grace be given,
Save me quite from hell to heaven.