

Saviour, I Now With Shame Confess  
by Charles Wesley

1 SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess  
My thirst for creature happiness;  
By base desires I wronged thy love,  
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke;  
But when thou didst thy grace revoke,  
And when thou didst thy face conceal,  
Thy absence I refused to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone,  
In my own froward will went on,  
And lived to the desires of men;  
And thou hast all my wanderings seen.

4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!  
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,  
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,  
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 For this I at thy footstool wait,  
Till thou my peace again create;  
Fruit of thy gracious lips, restore  
My peace, and bid me sin no more!

6 Far off, yet at thy feet, I lie,  
Till thou again thy blood apply;  
Till thou repeat my sins forgiven,  
As far from God as hell from heaven.

7 But, for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
My comfort thou wilt give me back,  
And lead me on from grace to grace,  
In all the paths of righteousness;

8 Till, throughly saved, my new-born soul,  
And perfectly by faith made whole,  
Doth bright in thy full image rise,  
To share thy glory in the skies.