

Still Lord, I Languish For Thy Grace  
by Charles Wesley

1 STILL Lord, I languish for thy grace;  
Reveal the beauties of thy face,  
The middle wall remove;  
Appear, and banish my complaint,  
Come, and supply my only want,  
Fill all my soul with love.

2 O conquer this rebellious will!  
Willing thou art and ready still,  
Thy help is always nigh;  
The hardness from my heart remove  
And give me, Lord, O give me love,  
Or at thy feet I die!

3 To thee I lift my mournful eye:  
Why am I thus? - O tell me why  
I cannot love my God!  
The hindrance must be all in me  
It cannot in my Saviour be,  
Witness that streaming blood!

4 It cost thy blood my heart to, win,  
To buy me from the power of sin,  
And make me love again;  
Come then, my Lord, thy right assert,  
Take to thyself my ransomed heart,  
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.