

Thou, Lord, My Witness Art
by Charles Wesley

1 THOU, Lord, my witness art
I am not proud of heart;
Nor look with lofty eyes,
None envy nor despise:

2 Nor to vain pomp apply
My thoughts, nor soar too high;
But in behaviour mild,
And as a tender child

3 Weaned from his mother's breast,
On thee alone I rest
O Israel, adore
The Lord for evermore!

4 Be he the only scope
Of thy unfainting hope;
And in his saving grace
Thy constant comfort place.