

Unclean, Of Life And Heart Unclean
by Charles Wesley

1 UNCLEAN, of life and heart unclean,
How shall I in his sight appear?
Conscious of my inveterate sin,
I blush and tremble to draw near;
Yet, through the garment of his word,
I humbly seek to touch my Lord.

2 Turn then, thou good Physician, turn,
Thou source of unexhausted love,
Sole Comforter of souls forlorn,
Who only canst my plague remove,
O cast a pitying look on me
Who dare not lift mine eyes to thee!

3 Yet will I in my God confide,
Who mildly comes to meet my soul;
I wait to feel thy blood applied,
Thy blood applied shall make me whole;
And lo! I trust thy gracious power
To touch, to heal me - in this hour.