

When, Gracious Lord, When Shall It Be
by Charles Wesley

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee,
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 Whom man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive,
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

5 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt!
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

6 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure;
I want, do thou enrich the poor;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up!

7 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!