

While Dead In Trespasses I Lie
by Charles Wesley

1 WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.

2 While, full of anguish and disease
My weak distempered soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole!

3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's name submit;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal
And place me at thy feet.

4 To Jesu's name if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-necked will obey!

5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am,
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's name.

6 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man;
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.

7 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

8 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
My faith shall make me whole.

10 I too with thee shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.