

Yes, From This Instant Now, I Will
by Charles Wesley

1 YES, from this instant now, I will
To my offended father cry;
My base ingratitude I feel,
Vilest of all thy children, I,
Not worthy to be called thy son;
Yet will I thee my father own.

2 Guide of my life hast thou been,
And rescued me from passion's power?
Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
Nor let the greedy grave devour?
And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love thy child again?

3 Ah, canst thou find it in thy heart
To give me up, so long pursued?
Ah, canst thou finally depart,
And leave thy creature in his blood?
Leave me, out of thy presence cast,
To perish in my sins at last?

4 If thou hast willed me to return,
If weeping at thy feet I fall,
The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
But pity, and forgive me all,
In answer to my Friend above,
In honour of his bleeding love!