

O Jesus, My Hope  
Charles Wesley, 1749.  
From Sacred Melody, 1761.

O Jesus my hope, for me offered up,  
Who with clamor pursued Thee to Calvary's top,  
The blood Thou hast shed, for me let it plead,  
And declare Thou hast died in Thy murderer's stead.

Thy blood, which alone for sin could atone,  
For the infinite evil I madly have done,  
That only can seal my pardon, and fill  
My heart with a power of obeying Thy will.

Come then from above, its hardness remove,  
And vanquish my heart with the sense of Thy love;  
Thy love on the tree display unto me.  
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

Neither passion nor pride Thy cross can abide,  
But melt in the fountain that streams from Thy side;  
Let Thy life-giving blood remove all my load,  
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me to God.

Now, now let me know its virtue below,  
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;  
Let it hallow my heart, and thoroughly convert,  
And make me, O Lord, in the world as Thou art.

Each moment applied my weakness to hide,  
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide,  
My Advocate prove with the Father above,  
And speak me at last to the throne of Thy love.