

O God, Mine Inmost Soul Convert  
Words: Charles Wesley, 1749  
Music: Lowell Mason, 1839.

O God, mine inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And save me ere it be too late;  
Wake me to righteousness.

Before me place in dread array  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When Thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at Thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful doom?

Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear  
Eternal bliss to ensure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,  
And suffer all Thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

Then, Savior, then my soul receive,  
Transported from the vale, to live  
And reign with Thee above,  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.