

Blest Is The Man, Supremely Blest
by Charles Wesley

1 BLEST is the man, supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
Who finds in Jesu's wounds his rest,
And sees the smiling face of heaven.

2 Blest is the man, to whom his Lord
No more imputes iniquity,
Whose spirit is by grace restored,
From all the guile of Satan free.

3 But while through pride I held my tongue,
Nor owned my helpless unbelief,
My bones were wasted all day long,
My strength consumed with pining grief.

4 Resolved at last, "To God," I cried,
"My sins I will at large confess;
My shame I will no longer hide,
My depth of desperate wickedness.

5 "All will I own unto my Lord,
Without reserve, or cloaking art:"
I said; and felt the pardoning word,
Thy mercy spoke it to my heart.

6 For this shall every child of God
Thy power and faithful love declare,
And claim the grace on all bestowed
Who make to thee their timely prayer.
==L.M. SECOND PART.

7 THOU art my hiding-place: in thee
I rest secure from sin and hell;
Safe in the love that ransomed me,
And sheltered in thy wounds, I dwell.

8 Still shall thy grace to me abound;
The countless wonders of thy grace
I still shall tell to all around,
And sing my great Deliverer's praise.

9 "I will instruct thy child-like heart,"
(My Teacher saith, for ever nigh)
"Nor let thee from my paths depart,
But guide thee with my gracious eye:

10 "Only my gracious look obey,
And yield my perfect will to approve,
Nor cast my easy yoke away,
Nor stop thine ears against my love."

11 Ye faithful souls, rejoice in him
Whose arms are still your sure defence;
Your Lord is mighty to redeem:
Believe, and who shall pluck you thence?