

Come, O Thou All Victorious Lord  
By Charles Wesley

Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord!  
Thy power to us make known;  
Strike with the hammer of Thy Word,  
And break these hearts of stone.

O that we all might now begin  
Our foolishness to mourn;  
And turn at once from every sin,  
And to our Savior turn!

Give us ourselves and Thee to know,  
In this our gracious day;  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.

Conclude us first in unbelief,  
And freely then release;  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.

Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,  
And then enrich the poor;  
The knowledge of our sickness give,  
The knowledge of our cure.

That blessed sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load;  
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart  
In the atoning blood.

Our desperate state through sin declare,  
And speak our sins forgiv'n;  
By perfect holiness prepare,  
And take us up to Heav'n.