

Father, To Thee My Soul I Lift  
by Charles Wesley

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,  
My soul on thee depends,  
Convinced that every perfect gift  
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
And power and wisdom too;  
Without the Spirit of thy Son  
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,  
One holy thought conceive,  
Unless, in answer to our Lord,  
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace;  
His blood's availing plea  
Obtained the help for all our race,  
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;  
Our good is all divine;  
The praise of every virtuous thought,  
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive  
The power on thee to call,  
In whom we are, and move, and live;  
Our God is all in all!