

God Of My Life, To Thee  
by Charles Wesley

1 GOD of my life, to thee  
My cheerful soul I raise!  
Thy goodness bade me be,  
And still prolongs my days;  
I see my natal hour return,  
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,  
I glorify thy name,  
From whom alone my birth,  
And all my blessings, came,  
Creating and preserving grace  
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,  
To thee O let me live!  
To thee my every breath  
In thanks and praises give.  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,  
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul and all its powers  
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;  
All, all my happy hours  
I consecrate to thee;  
Me to thine image now restore,  
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,  
As angels do in heaven;  
In Christ a creature new,  
Most graciously forgiven,  
I wait thy perfect will to prove,  
All sanctified by spotless love.

6 Then, when the work is done,  
The work of faith with power,  
Receive thy favoured son,  
In death's triumphant hour;  
Like Moses to thyself convey,  
And kiss my raptured soul away.