

Jehovah's Fellow, And His Son
by Charles Wesley

1 JEHOVAH'S Fellow, and his Son,
What numbers fall by thee and rise!
Precious, elect, and corner-stone,
Built on thy strength we reach the skies,
Or by thy cross ourselves o'erthrow,
And sink into eternal woe.

2 Thine anger casts the sinner down,
That lifted up by pardoning grace
He may his Prince and Saviour own,
Thy justice and thy mercy praise,
Raised from the dust to stand restored
In all the image of his Lord.

3 Jesus, thy killing, quickening power
On a poor abject worm exert,
Confound, abase me from this hour,
Humble, and break this stubborn heart,
And then my Resurrection be,
And live, my heavenly Life, in me.