

Jesu, Thy Far-Extended Fame
by Charles Wesley

1 JESU, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have;
The good, the kind physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 Though eighteen hundred years are past
Since thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last;
And still thy healing power is here!

6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
And surely thou shalt make it whole.

7 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess;
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

8 That token of thine utmost good
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.