

Jesus, I Believe Thee Near
by Charles Wesley

1 JESUS, I believe thee near,
Now my fallen soul restore!
Now my guilty conscience clear,
Give me back my peace and power,
Stone to flesh again convert,
Write forgiveness on my heart.

2 I believe thy pardoning grace,
As at the beginning, free;
Open are thy arms to embrace
Me, the worst of rebels, me;
In me all the hindrance lies;
Called, I still refuse to rise.

3 Yet, for thy own mercy's sake,
Patience with thy rebel have;
Me thy mercy's witness make,
Witness of thy power to save;
Make me willing to be free,
Restless to be saved by thee.

4 Now the gracious work begin,
Now for good some token give;
Give me now to feel my sin,
Give me now my sin to leave;
Bid me look on thee and mourn,
Bid me to thy arms return.

5 Take this heart of stone away,
Melt me into gracious tears;
Grant me power to watch and pray.
Till thy lovely face appears,
Till thy favour I retrieve,
Till by faith again I live.