

My God, If I May Call Thee Mine  
by Charles Wesley

1 My God, if I may call thee mine,  
From heaven and thee removed so far,  
Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,  
And cast not out my languid prayer.

2 Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead,  
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee;  
O break not then a bruised reed,  
Nor quench the smoking, flax in me!

3 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,  
And burst the barriers of my tomb,  
In all the marks of death appear,  
Forth at thy call, though bound I come.

4 Give me, O give me fully, Lord,  
Thy resurrection's power to know;  
Free me indeed, repeat the word,  
And loose my bands, and let me go.

5 Fain would I go to thee, my God,  
Thy mercies and my wants to tell;  
To feel my pardon sealed in blood,  
Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.

6 Freed from the power of cancelled sin,  
When shall my soul triumphant prove?  
Why breaks not out the fire within  
In flames of joy, and praise, and love?

7 Jesus, to thee my soul aspires;  
Jesus, to thee I plight my vows;  
Keep me from earthly, base desires,  
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.

8 Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,  
Thou art the good I seek below,  
Fulness of joy in thee there is,  
Without, -'tis misery all, and woe.