

O Blessed, Blessed Sounds Of Grace
by Charles Wesley

1 O BLESSED, blessed sounds of grace
Still echoing in my ear,
Glad is the hour, and loved the place -
But whence my sudden fear?

2 What if a sternly righteous doom
Have sealed this call my last!
Before me sickness, death, the tomb:
Behind, the unpardoned past?

3 My Sabbath suns may all have set,
My Sabbath scenes be o'er,
The place, at least, where we are met,
May know my steps no more;

4 The prophet of the cross no more
Again preach peace to me;
The voice of interceding prayer
A farewell voice may be.

5 While yet the life-proclaiming word
Doth through my conscience thrill,
Breathe life; and lo! divinely stirred,
I can repent; I will.

6 Thou that a will in me hast wrought,
Haste, work in me to do,
And lest the purpose leave my thought,
Now my whole heart renew.

7 Dying Redeemer, to thy breast,
A dying wretch I flee,
Bid me be reconciled and blest,
And born of God, through thee.