O for That Tenderness of Heart
By Charles Wesley

O for that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just Thou art,
And trembling at Thy Word!

O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow!

Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

Savior, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;
The pledge Thou wilt, at last, receive
And bid me die in peace.