

O That Thou Wouldst The Heavens Rent
by Charles Wesley

1 O THAT thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down;
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!

2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow.

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.

5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all,
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

6 Who, shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence,
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save thou art,
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye,
Thy promised aid I claim;
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's name.

9 Salvation in that name is found
Balm of grief and care;
A medicine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there!