

Still For Thy Loving-Kindness, Lord  
by Charles Wesley

1 STILL for thy loving-kindness, Lord,  
I in thy temple wait;  
I look to find thee in thy word,  
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here, in thine own appointed ways,  
I wait to learn thy will;  
Silent I stand before thy face,  
And hear thee say, "Be still!"

3 "Be still! and know that I am God!" -  
'Tis all I live to know;  
To feel the virtue of thy blood,  
And spread its praise below.

4 I wait my vigour to renew,  
Thine image to retrieve,  
The veil of outward things pass through,  
And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work, and own the labour vain,  
And thus from works I cease;  
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,  
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,  
Must all my efforts prove;  
They cannot change a sinful heart;  
They cannot purchase love.

7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,  
And then the strife give o'er;  
To thee I then the whole resign,  
I trust in means no more.

8 I trust in him who stands between  
The Father's wrath and me;  
Jesu, thou great eternal Mean,  
I look for all from thee.