

Thee, O My God And King  
by Charles Wesley

1 THEE, O my God and King,  
My Father, thee I sing!  
Hear, well-pleased, the joyous sound,  
Praise from earth and heaven receive;  
Lost, I now in Christ am found,  
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

2 Father, behold thy son,  
In Christ I am thy own;  
Stranger long to thee, and rest,  
See the prodigal is come:  
Open wide thine arms and breast,  
Take the weary wanderer home.

3 Thine eye observed from far,  
Thy pity looked me near;  
Me thy bowels yearned to see,  
Me thy mercy ran to find,  
Empty, poor, and void of thee,  
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,  
Thy kiss forgave me all:  
Still thy gracious words I hear,  
Words that made the Saviour mine,  
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,  
His be righteousness divine!"