

Thou Bidd'st Me Ask, And With The Word
by Charles Wesley

1 THOU bidd'st me ask, and with the word
Dost give the power to pray;
I ask the mercy of my Lord
To take my sins away;
The sins with which I cannot part
I pray thee to remove,
And calm, and purify my heart
By thy forgiving love.

2 If my obduracy impede
The current of thy grace,
If unlamented crimes forbid,
And will not let thee bless;
The contrite sense, the grief divine,
Thou only canst bestow;
Strike this hard rocky heart of mine;
And let the waters flow.

3 Repentance, permanent and deep,
To thy poor suppliant give,
Indulge me at thy feet to weep,
When thou hast bid me live;
When thou record'st my sins no more,
O may I still lament,
A sinner, saved by grace, adore,
A pardoned penitent.

4 I ask not aught whereof to boast,
But let me feel applied
The blood that ransomed sinners lost.
And by thy cross abide;
Myself the chief of sinners know,
Till all my griefs are past;
And of my gracious acts below,
Repentance be the last.