

Thou Lamb Of God, Thou Prince Of Peace
by Charles Wesley

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine,
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow,
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,
Alone thou hast the winepress trod;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.