

Thou, Lord, On Whom I Still Depend
by Charles Wesley

1 THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end;
I trust thy truth, and love, and power
Shall save me till my latest hour;
And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great name I go
To conquer death, my final foe;
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know and see
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then, thou searchest out in vain
What only conquest can explain.