

Thou Man Of Grievs, Remember Me
by Charles Wesley

1 THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget!
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat!

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load,
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire,
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring,
The heightened fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!