

Thou Son of God, Whose Flaming Eyes
By Charles Wesley

Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to Thee we give.

We bow before Thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is everyone
Thy real worshiper?

Is here a soul who knows Thee not,
Nor feels his need of Thee;
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And his fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Extort the cry, "What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

"I must this instant now begin,
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.

"I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with Thee;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity."