

To-day, While It Is Called To-day
by Charles Wesley

1 TO-DAY, while it is called to-day,
My willing heart I bow;
I harden it no more, but pray
And look for mercy now:
I look - till thou my peace create,
My promised pardon seal,
And every solemn moment wait,
Thy sprinkled blood to feel.

2 To-day, before to-morrow come,
I yield to be renewed,
My Saviour's mean, but constant home,
A temple filled with God.
Now, Saviour, now thy servant bless,
Who always ready art,
And fully from this hour possess
My unopposing heart.