

Too Strong I Was To Conquer Sin
by Charles Wesley

1 TOO strong I was to conquer sin,
When 'gainst it first I turned my face;
Nor knew my want of power within,
Nor knew the omnipotence of grace.

2 In nature's strength I sought in vain
For what my God refused to give;
I could not then the mastery gain,
Or lord of all my passions live.

3 But, for the glory of thy name,
Vouchsafe me now the victory;
Weakness itself thou know'st I am,
And cannot share the praise with thee.

4 Because I now can nothing do,
Jesus, do all the work alone;
And bring my soul triumphant through,
To wave its palm before thy throne.

5 Great God, unknown, invisible,
Appear, my confidence to abase,
To make me all my vileness feel,
And blush at my own righteousness.

6 Thy glorious face in Christ display,
That, silenced by thy mercy's power,
My mouth I in the dust may lay,
And never boast or murmur more.