

Jesus, Let Thy Pitying Eye  
Charles Wesley, 1749.  
William Oakley(1809-1881)

Jesus, let Thy pitying eye  
Call back a wandering sheep;  
False to Thee, like Peter, I  
Would fain, like Peter, weep.  
Let me be by grace restored;  
On me be all long-suffering shown;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

Savior, Prince, enthroned above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Give me, through Thy dying love,  
The humble, contrite heart;  
Give what I have long implored,  
A portion of Thy grief unknown;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

See me, Savior, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die;  
Life, and happiness, and love  
Drop from Thy gracious eye;  
Speak the reconciling word,  
And let Thy mercy melt me down;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

Look, as when Thy languid eye  
Was closed that we might live;  
"Father," at the point to die  
My Savior prayed, "forgive!"  
Surely, with that dying word,  
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"  
O my bleeding, loving Lord,  
Thou break'st my heart of stone!