

O Sovereign Love, To Thee I Cry

Jesus, my advocate above,
My friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails Thy prayer,
If now I find Thee pleading there,
If Thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty advocate, to Thine.

Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel,
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God.

Jesus, my heart's desire obtain!
My earnest suit present, and gain;
My fullness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow;
A deeper displacence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for Thee.

O sovereign love, to Thee I cry,
Give me Thyself, or else I die!
Save me from death, from hell set free,
Death, hell, are but the want of Thee.
Quickened by Thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possessed of Thee, I am;

My life, my only heaven Thou art,
O might I feel Thee in my heart!

-Charles Wesley