Ah! wither should I go





Ah! whither should I go, Burdened and sick and faint? To whom should I my trouble show, And pour out my complaint?

My Savior bids me come; Ah! why do I delay? He calls the weary sinner home, And yet from Him I stay.

What is it keeps me back, From which I cannot part, Which will not let the Savior take Possession of my heart?

Some cursed thing unknown Must surely lurk within, Some idol, which I will not own, Some secret bosom-sin. Jesus, the hindrance show, Which I have feared to see; Yet let me now consent to know What keeps me out of Thee.

Searcher of hearts, in mine Thy trying power display; Into its darkest corners shine, And take the veil away.

I now believe in Thee, Compassion reigns alone; According to my faith, to me O let it, Lord, be done!

Charles Wesley