





Father of lights, from whom proceeds Whate'er thy every creature needs, Whose goodness, providently nigh, Heeds the young ravens when they cry, To thee I look; my heart prepare, Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

Since by thy light myself I see Naked, and poor, and void of thee, Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey, Preventing what my lips would say; Thou seest my wants, for help they call, And ere I speak thou know'st them all.

Thou know'st the baseness of my mind, Wayward, and impotent, and blind; Thou know'st how unsubdued my will, Averse from good and prone to ill; Thou know'st now wide my passions rove, Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love! Fain would I know, as known by thee, And feel the indigence I see; Fain would I all my vileness own, And deep beneath the burden groan; Abhor the pride that lurks within, Detest and loathe myself and sin.

Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel, My total misery reveal; Ah! give me, Lord (I still would say) A heart to mourn, a heart to pray; My business this, my only care, My life, my every breath, be prayer.

Charles Wesley