



God of my salvation, hear, And help me to believe; Simply do I now draw near, Thy blessing to receive: Full of guilt alas! I am, But to thy wounds for refuge flee: Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh:
Now as yesterday the same,
Thou art, and will for ever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay, Nor can thy grace procure; Empty send me not away, For I, thou knowest, am poor: Dust and ashes is my name, My all is sin, and misery: Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me. No good word, or work, or thought, Bring I to buy thy grace:
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thine offer embrace:
Coming, as at first I came,
To take and not bestow on thee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Savior from thy wounded side, I never will depart; Here will I my spirit hide, When I am pure in heart, Till my place above I claim, This only shall be all my plea, Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

Charles Wesley