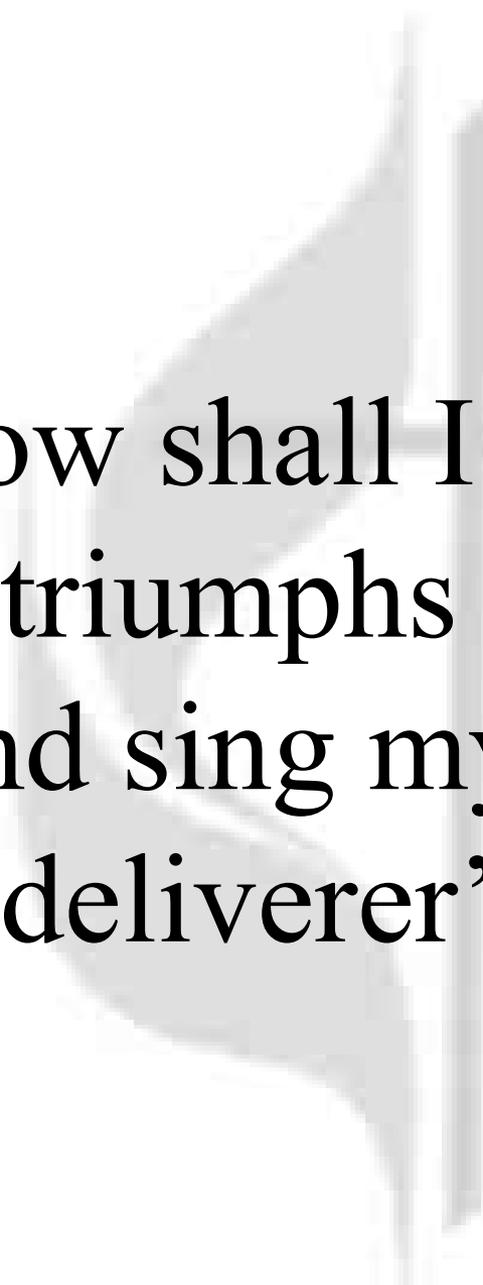


Where Shall My Wondering Soul Begin

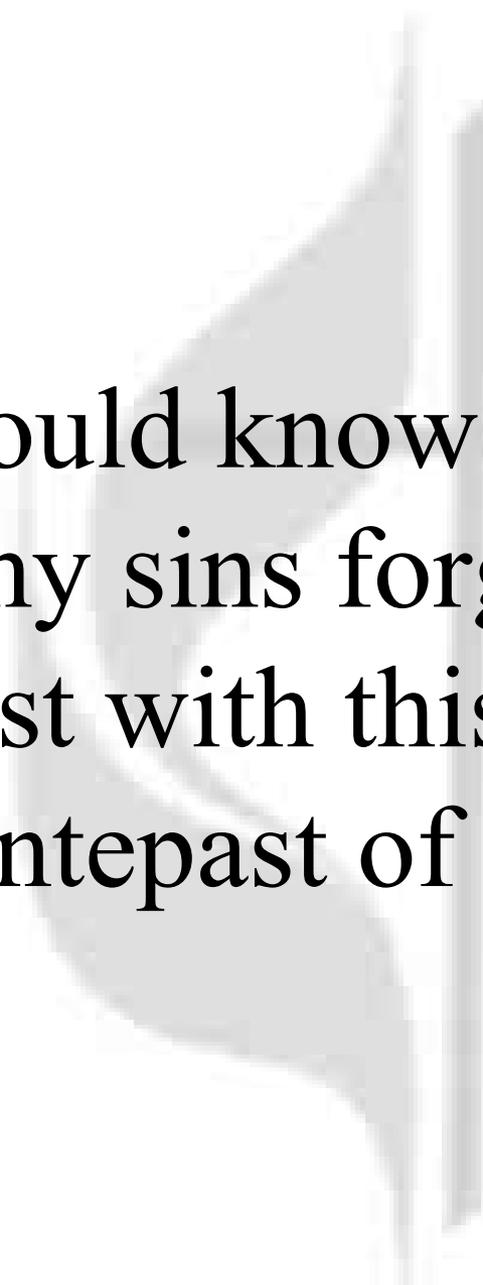
Charles Wesley, 1738

1. Where shall my
wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed
from death and sin,
a brand plucked from eternal fire,



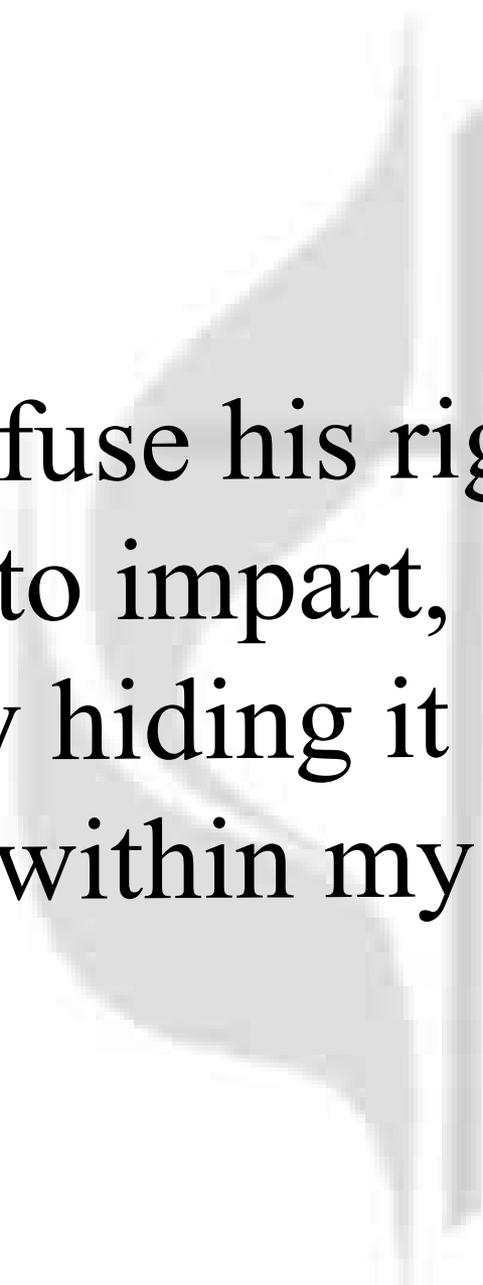
how shall I equal
triumphs raise,
and sing my great
deliverer's praise?

2. O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou
to me hast showed?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called
a child of God!



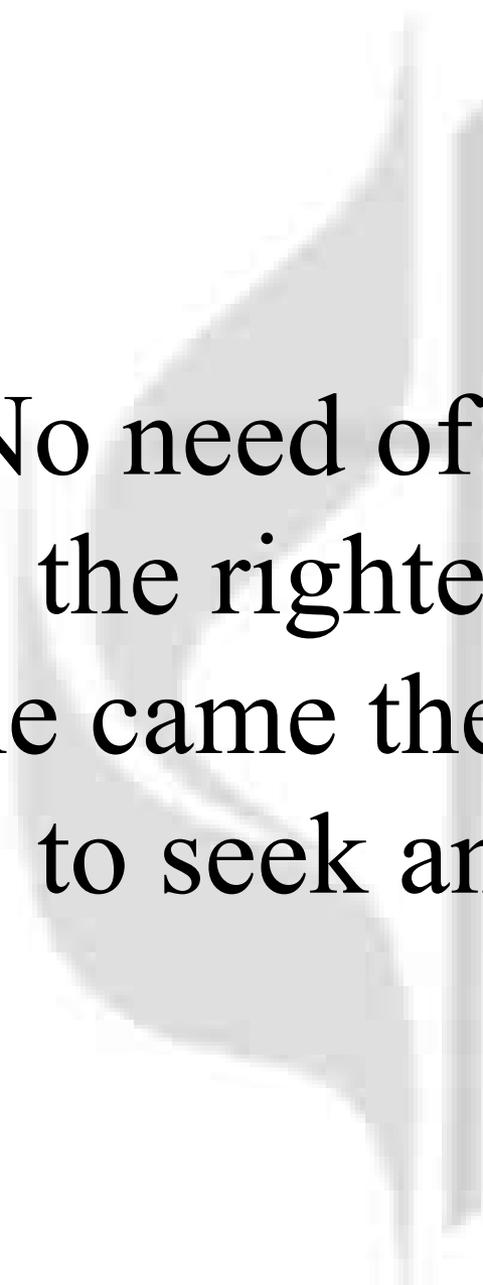
Should know, should feel
my sins forgiven,
blest with this
antepast of heaven!

3. And shall I slight
my Father's love,
or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favors prove,
shall I, the hallowed
cross to shun,



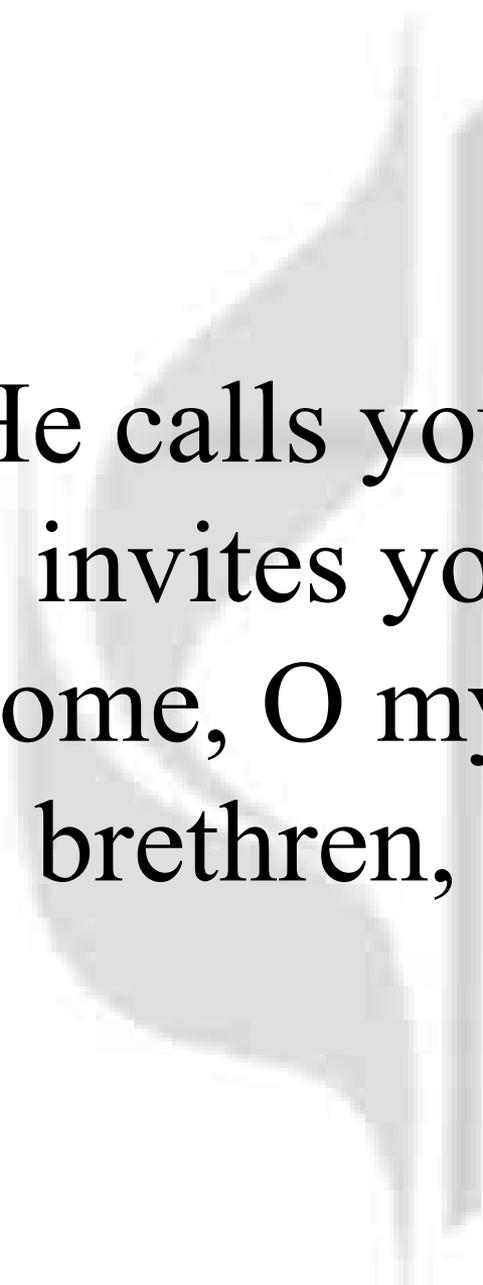
refuse his righteousness
to impart,
by hiding it
within my heart?

4. Outcast of men, to you I call,
harlots and publicans
and thieves;
he spreads his arms
to embrace you all,
sinners alone his grace receive.



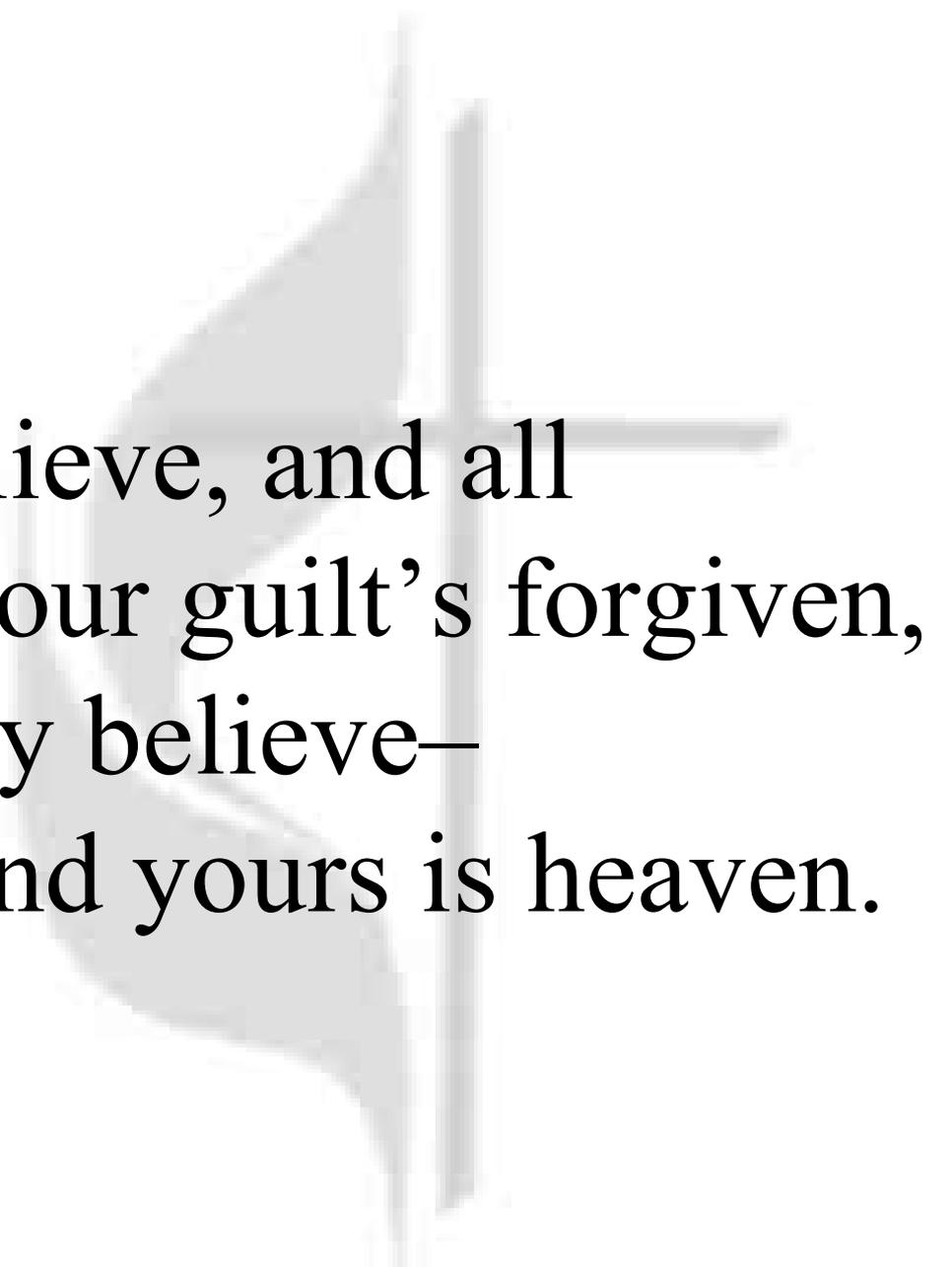
No need of him —
the righteous have;
he came the lost
to seek and save.

5. Come, O my guilty
brethren, come,
groaning beneath
your load of sin;
his bleeding heart
shall make you room,
his open side shall take you in.



He calls you now,
invites you home:
come, O my guilty
brethren, come.

6. For you the purple
current flowed
in pardon from
his wounded side,
languished for you
the eternal God,
for you the Prince of Glory died.



Believe, and all
your guilt's forgiven,
only believe—
and yours is heaven.