

Charles Wesley

M.B. Oakley

1. Je - sus, let Thy pity-ing eye Call back a wan-d'ring sheep; False to Thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.

2. Sav - ior, Prince, en - throned a - bove, Re - pen - tance to im - part, Give me through Thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble con - trite heart:

Let me be by grace re-stored; On me be all long suf-f'ring shown; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Give what I have long im-plored, A por-tion of Thy grief un-known; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.