

I Call the World's Redeemer Mine  
By Charles Wesley

I call the world's Redeemer mine;  
He lives Who died for me, I know;  
Who bought my soul with blood divine,  
Jesus, shall re-appear below,  
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,  
And fix on earth His heavenly throne.

Then the last judgment-day shall come;  
And though the worms this skin devour,  
The Judge shall call me from the tomb,  
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,  
And raise this individual me,  
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

In this identic body I,  
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,  
Shall see that self-same Savior nigh.  
See for myself my smiling Lord,  
See with ineffable delight;  
Nor faint to hear the glorious sight.

Then let the worms demand their prey,  
The greedy grave my reins consume;  
With joy I drop my moldering clay,  
And rest till my Redeemer come;  
On Christ, my Life, in death rely,  
Secure that I can never die.