

Jesus, from Whom All Blessings Flow  
By Charles Wesley

Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,  
Great Builder of Thy church below,  
If now Thy Spirit moves my breast,  
Hear, and fulfill Thine own request!

The few that truly call Thee Lord,  
And wait Thy sanctifying word,  
And Thee their utmost Savior own,  
Unite, and perfect them in one.

O let them all Thy mind express,  
Stand forth Thy chosen witnesses,  
Thy power unto salvation show,  
And perfect holiness below!

In them let all mankind behold  
How Christians lived in days of old,  
Mighty their envious foes to move,  
A proverb of reproach and love.

From every sinful wrinkle free,  
Redeemed from all iniquity,  
The fellowship of saints make known;  
And, O my God, might I be one!

O might my lot be cast with these,  
The least of Jesu's witnesses!  
O that my Lord would count me meet  
To wash His dear disciples' feet!

This only thing do I require:  
Thou knowest 'tis all my heart's desire  
Freely what I receive to give,  
The servant of Thy church to live;

After my lowly Lord to go,  
And wait upon Thy saints below;  
Enjoy the grace to angels given,  
And serve the royal heirs of Heaven.

Lord, if I now Thy drawings feel,  
And ask according to Thy will,  
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,  
And speak the answer to my heart.