

Jesus, The Gift Divine I Know
by Charles Wesley

1 JESUS, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee;
That living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and thyself, on me;
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art,
Now let me find thee in my heart.

2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness;
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace,
In joy that none can take away,
In life which shall for ever stay.

3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
Unblamable before thy sight,
Whence all the streams of mercy flow;
Mercy, thy own supreme delight,
To me, for Jesu's sake, impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.

4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
While, listening to the wretch's cry,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all, for them to give.

5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,
Which purges me from every stain,
Unspotted from the world and sin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove,
By perfect purity and love.