

Saviour, If Thy Precious Love
by Charles Wesley

1 SAVIOUR, if thy precious love
Could be merited by mine,
Faith these mountains would remove;
Faith would make me ever thine:
But when all my care and pains
Worth can ne'er create in me,
Nought by me thy fulness gains;
Vain the hope to purchase thee.

2 Cease, O man, thy worth to weigh,
Give the needless contest o'er;
Mine thou art! while thus I say,
Yield thee up, and ask no more:
What thy estimate may be,
Only can by him be told
Who, to ransom wretched thee,
Thee to gain, himself was sold.

3 But when all in me is sin,
How can I thy grace obtain?
How presume thyself to win?
God of love, the doubt explain:
Or if thou the means supply,
Lo to thee I all resign!
Make me Lord - I ask not why,
How I ask not, - ever thine.