

Son of the Carpenter, Receive
By Charles Wesley

Son of the carpenter, receive
This humble work of mine;
Worth to my meanest labor give,
By joining it to Thine.

Servant, at once, and Lord of all,
While dwelling here below,
Thou didst not scorn our earthly toil
And weariness to know.

Thy bright example I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise,
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free:
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.

O when wilt Thou, my life, appear?
Then gladly will I cry,
'Tis done, the work Thou gav'st me here,
'Tis finished, Lord," and die!