

The Holy Unconcern
by Charles Wesley

1 THE holy unconcern
That I, even I may learn,
Show me, Lord, the dazzling prize,
Thou thyself my teacher be;
Then I shall my life despise,
Only wish to live for thee.

2 When I my Saviour love,
Nor life nor death can move
Partner of thy weal or woe,
For that blissful sight I sigh,
Crucified to all below,
Only wish for thee to die.

3 Thy gospel-minister,
I see my business here,
Witness of thy saving will,
Of thy free unbounded grace,
First mine office to fulfil,
Then to win and close my race.

4 I ask not how or when,
But be my Saviour then;
Grant in death my sole desire,
Bid me lay this body down,
Joyful in thine arms expire,
Share thine everlasting crown.