

I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb of God

John Wesley, 1740.

Karl Reissiger(1798-1859)

I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,  
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take this poor heart, and let it be  
For ever closed to all but Thee!  
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

How blest are they who still abide,  
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side;  
Who life and strength from thence derive,  
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

What are our works, but sin and death,  
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?  
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move;  
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

How can it be, Thou heavenly King,  
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring;  
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,  
Decked with a never-falling crown?

Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
Our words are lost; nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside,  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!

Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many brethren, Thou!  
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow,  
To Thee our hearts and hands we give,  
Thine may we die, Thine may we live!