

Savior, Thy Dying Love  
Sylvanus Phelps, 1862.  
Robert Lowry, 1871.

Savior, Thy dying love Thou gavest me.  
Nor should I aught withhold, dear Lord, from Thee.  
In love my soul would bow, my heart fulfill its vow,  
Some offering bring Thee now, something for Thee.

O'er the blest mercy seat, pleading for me,  
My feeble faith looks up, Jesus, to Thee.  
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare,  
Some song to raise, or prayer, something for Thee.

Give me a faithful heart, likeness to Thee.  
That each departing day henceforth may see  
Some work of love begun, some deed of kindness done,  
Some wanderer sought and won, something for Thee.

All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free,  
In joy, in grief, through life, O Lord, for Thee!  
And when Thy face I see, my ransomed soul shall be  
Through all eternity, something for Thee.