

Ever Fainting With Desire  
by Charles Wesley

1 EVER fainting with desire,  
For thee, O Christ, I call;  
Thee I restlessly require,  
I want my God, my all!  
Jesu, dear redeeming Lord,  
I wait thy coming from above;  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go  
Lamenting all my days?  
Shall I never, never know  
Thy sanctifying grace?  
Wilt thou not the light afford,  
The darkness from my soul remove?  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,  
The second gift impart;  
With the indwelling Spirit give  
A new, a contrite heart;  
If with love thy heart is stored,  
If now o'er me thy mercies move,  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope,  
O make the sinner clean!  
Dry corruption's fountain up,  
Cut off the entail of sin;  
Take me into thee, my Lord,  
And I shall then no longer rove:  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my Life, my treasure be,  
My Portion here below;  
Nothing would I seek but thee,  
Thee only would I know,  
My exceeding great reward,  
My heaven on earth, my heaven above!  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the bliss to feel  
Of those that are in thee;  
Son of God, thyself reveal,  
Engrave thy name on me;  
As in heaven be here adored,  
And let me now the promise prove;  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.