

Saviour Of All, What Hast Thou Done
by Charles Wesley

1 SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done,
What hast thou suffered on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of thy passion show,
The end of all thy griefs below,

2 Thy soul, for sin an offering made,
Hath cleared this guilty soul of mine;
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To change my human to divine,
To cleanse from all iniquity,
And make the sinner all like thee.

3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding Sacrifice expired;
But didst thou not my Pattern die,
That, by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suffering sure?

4 Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in thy footsteps tread,
Might like the Man of sorrows grieve,
And groan, and bow with thee my head,
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all thy state of suffering share.

5 Thy every perfect servant, Lord,
Shall as his patient Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conformed to thee,
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize.

6 This is the strait and royal way,
That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight
From Calvary's to Zion's height.