

Saviour, On Me The Grace Bestow  
by Charles Wesley

1 SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow  
To trample on my mortal foe;  
Conqueror of death with thee to rise,  
And claim my station in the skies,  
Fixed as the throne which ne'er can move,  
A pillar in thy church above.

2 As beautiful as useful there,  
May I that weight of glory bear,  
With all who finally o'ercome,  
Supporters of the heavenly dome;  
Of perfect holiness possessed,  
For ever in thy presence blessed.

3 Write upon me the name divine,  
And let thy Father's nature shine,  
His image visibly exprest,  
His glory pouring from my breast,  
O'er all my bright humanity,  
For ever like the God I see!

4 Inscribing with the city's name,  
The heavenly new Jerusalem,  
To me the victor's title give,  
Among thy glorious saints to live,  
And all their happiness to know,  
A citizen of heaven below.

5 When thou hadst all thy foes o'ercome,  
Returning to thy glorious home,  
Thou didst receive the full reward,  
That I might share it with my Lord;  
And thus thy own new name obtain,  
And one with thee for ever reign.