

Saviour, On Me The Want Bestow  
by Charles Wesley

1 SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,  
Which all that feel shall surely know  
Their sins on earth forgiven;  
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,  
And taste, in holiness divine,  
The happiness of heaven.

2 Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,  
That I in the new earth may claim  
My hundred-fold reward;  
My rich inheritance possess,  
Co-heir with the great Prince of peace,  
Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,  
That sacred, infinite desire,  
And feast my hungry heart;  
Less than thyself cannot suffice;  
My soul for all thy fulness cries,  
For all thou hast, and art.

4 Mercy who show shall mercy find;  
Thy pitiful and tender mind  
Be, Lord, on me bestowed;  
So shall I still the blessing gain,  
And to eternal life retain  
The mercy of my God.

5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;  
Bless me with purity of heart,  
That, now beholding thee,  
I soon may view thy open face,  
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,  
And God for ever see!

6 Not for my fault or folly's sake,  
The name, or mode, or form, I take,  
But for true holiness,  
Let me be wronged, reviled, abhorred  
And thee, my sanctifying Lord,  
In life and death; confess.

7 Called to sustain the hallowed cross,  
And suffer for thy righteous cause,  
Pronounce me doubly blest;  
And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,  
Assure me of my great reward,  
In heaven's eternal rest.