

Saviour, The World's And Mine
by Charles Wesley

1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine!
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee;
Help me, Lord; to thee I look,
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 'Tis done! my God hath died;
My Love is crucified!
Break, this stony heart of mine;
Pour, mine eyes, a ceaseless flood;
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!

3 When, O my God, shall I
For thee submit to die?
How the mighty debt repay?
Rival of thy passion prove?
Lead me in thyself, the Way;
Melt my hardness into love.

4 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this;
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There by faith for ever dwell;
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee, to feel.

5 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fixed in love;
Strengthened by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

6 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below;
Swells my soul to compass thee,
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Filled with all the Deity,
All immersed and lost in love!