

Sylvanus Dryden Phelps
(1816-95)

Saviour! Thy dying love

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

Winterton (64. 64. 66. 64)



1 Saviour, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or pray'r,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, thro' life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransom'd soul shall be,
Thro' all eternity,
Something for Thee.