Savior, Thy Dying Love

1. Savior, Thy dying love Thou gav'est me; Nor should I aught with-hold,

2. Give me a fa-th-ful heart Like-ness to Thee That each de-part-ing day

3. All that I am and have Thy gifts so free In joy, in grief, thru life,

Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
Hence-forth may see Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of
Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ransomed
fill its vow, Some of-fring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
kind-ness done, Some wand-’rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
soul shall be, Thru all e-ter-ni-ty, Some-thing for Thee.

Words: S. D. Phelps
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