1. For ever here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side;
2. My dying Savior, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. Th'atonement of Thy blood apply, Till faith to sight improve,

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Savior died.
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet alone, My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fruition die, And all my soul be love.