Savior! Thy Dying Love

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

2. O'er the blest mercy seat Pleading for me,
   Upward in faith I look, Jesus, to Thee:
   Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare,
   Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.

3. Give me a faithful heart—Like-ness to Thee,
   That each departing day Henceforth may see
   Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done,
   Some wanderer sought and won, Something for Thee.

4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—
   Ever, in joy or grief, My Lord, for Thee;
   And when Thy face I see, My ransomed soul shall be,
   Through all eternity, Something for Thee.

Words: S. Dryden Phelps, 1862
Music: D. Mansell Ramsey