

FOR ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy wounded side;  
This all my hope and all my plea—  
For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;  
Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone:  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*