

S AVIOUR! Thy dying love  
Thou gavest me;  
Nor should I aught withhold,  
My 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 prayer—  
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 wanderer sought and won,  
Something for Thee.

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