

Come, Saviour Jesus, from above

1840 Manchester Hymnal #62

Come, Saviour Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

That path, with humble speed, I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss;
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this!

Nothing on earth do I desire
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.