

Jesus from whom all blessings flow

Wesley's Collection
1840 Manchester Hymnal, #32

Jesus from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy church below;
If now thy spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request!

The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own:
Unite and perfect them in one.

O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses:
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

In them let all mankind behold,
How Christians lived in days of old:
Mighty their envious foes to move;
A proverb of reproach - and love.

Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below.

From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And, O my God, might I be one!

O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesus witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live.

After my lowly Lord I go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so!"
The word hath passed thy lips, and I,
Shall with thy people live and die.