

# I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God

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Beloit  
LM

**I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,  
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.**

**Take this poor heart, and let it be  
For ever closed to all but Thee!  
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.**

**How blest are they who still abide,  
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side;  
Who life and strength from thence derive,  
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.**

**Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.**

**First-born of many brethren, Thou!  
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow,  
To Thee our hearts and hands we give,  
Thine may we die, Thine may we live!**

John Wesley