







O God of God, in whom combine The heights and depths of love divine, With thankful hearts to thee we sing! To thee our longing souls aspire, In fervent flames of strong desire; Come, and thy sacred unction bring.

O powerful Love, to thee we bow; Object of all our wishes thou, Our hearts are naked to thine eye; To thee, who from the eternal throne Cam'st emptied of thy glory down, For us to groan, to bleed, to die. Grace we implore; when billows roll, Grace is the anchor of the soul; Grace every sickness knows to heal; Grace can subdue each fond desire, And patience in all pain inspire, Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

Be heaven, even now, our souls abode, Hid be our life with Christ in God, Our spirit, Lord, be one with thine; Let all our works in thee be wrought, And filled with thee be all our thought, Till in us thy full likeness shine.

Charles Wesley