

WHEN shall I hear the inward voice
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
Come by the promised Comforter;
I cannot rest in sins forgiven,
Where is the earnest of my Heaven?

2 Where is the sure and certain seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of Heaven, of God!

3 Come, O Thou Comforter, O come!
Nor visit as a passing guest,
But make in me Thy constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
O say that righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

Charles Wesley, 1707-88†