

WITH glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see,
May God, th'Unsearchable, be found?
Will He appear to me?

2 Would He forsake His throne above,
Himself to us impart?
Come, teach us from Thy Word of love,
And move in every heart!

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design,
That brought the suffering Son of Man,
To shed His blood divine.

4 Didst Thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That we may now perceive Thee near,
And our Redeemer know?

5 Come now, and to our souls reveal
That dear disfigured face,
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
The heights and depths of grace.

6 O Saviour, in Thy person show,
Our Sovereign crucified!
And then the pardoning God we'll know,
And feel Thy blood applied.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88