

JESUS, Thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my soul abroad;  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God.

- 2 O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,  
Burn up the dross of base desire  
And make the mountains flow!
- 3 O that it now from Heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume!  
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;  
Spirit of burning, come!
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter Thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.
- 5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move,  
While Christ is all the world to me,  
And all my heart is love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*