

MY heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare!
Of Him I make my loftier songs,
I cannot from His praise forbear;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The glories of my heavenly King.

- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness Thou art;
Replenished are Thy lips with grace,
And full of love Thy tender heart;
God ever blessed! we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.
- 3 Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to Thee Thy power divine;
Stir up Thy strength, Almighty Lord,
All power and majesty are Thine:
Assert Thy worship and renown;
O all-redeeming God, come down!
- 4 Come, and maintain Thy righteous cause,
And let Thy glorious toil succeed;
O spread the victory of Thy Cross,
Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed!
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in every heart alone.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88