

- O** LORD, enlarge our scanty thought  
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell  
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 2 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe;  
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move:  
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 3 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,  
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring;  
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,  
Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 4 Our hearts then melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
Our words are lost; nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside,  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!
- 5 Firstborn of many brethren Thou;  
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;  
To Thee our hearts and hands we give:  
Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

*Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1700-60,  
Johann Nitschmann, 1712-83,  
Anna Nitschmann, 1715-60,  
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*