

JESUS, commissioned from above,
Descends to us below,
And shows from Whom the springs of love
In endless mercy flow.

2 He, Whom the boundless Heaven adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Departed from those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me!

3 To me, who never sought His grace,
Who mocked His sacred Word:
Who never knew or loved His face,
But all His will abhorred.

4 To me, who could not even praise
When His kind heart I knew,
But sought a thousand devious ways
Rather than find the true.

5 Yet this redeeming Saviour came
So vile a worm to bless;
And took with gladness all my blame,
And gave His righteousness.

6 O, that my listless heart might glow
With ardour all divine!
And, for more love than seraphs know,
Like burning seraphs shine!

Ambrose Serle, 1742-1812