

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy Truth to me,
To every saint, abound,
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Whose depths we cannot sound.
- 4 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move!
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 5 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the Truth of God remains,
Such goodness shall endure.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88