

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 Stronger His love than death and hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God:
O, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O, that I could for ever sit,
Like Mary at the Saviour's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my Heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88