

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare:
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am,
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
All idols from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies,
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Undaunted to the prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

*Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76,
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*