

What length, breadth, height and depth

Jeremiah Ingalls'
Christian Harmony, 1805

What length, breadth, height and depth!
The love of Christ to me!
How else could such a wretch as I
Be blessed so graciously?

To bring me back unto Himself,
My Lord His all did spend;
So I would gladly bear the cross
And follow to the end.

My all I have forsaken now,
This blessed Christ to gain;
Now life or death is no concern—
What else can me restrain?

My dear ones, wealth ambition, fame—
What can they offer me?
My gracious Lord for me was poor;
For Him I poor would be.

My precious Savior now I love,
Him only would I please.
For Him all gain a loss becomes,
And comfort holds no ease.

Thou art my comfort, gracious Lord!
I've none in heav'n but Thee.
And who but Thee is there on earth
With whom I love to be?

Though loneliness and trials come,
My griefs I'd rise above.
This only would I ask Thee, Lord:
Surround me with Thy love!

O gracious Lord, I now beseech,
Guide me through every stage;
Stand by and strengthen me to go
Through this dark, evil age.

The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
Do tempt my soul apace;
Without Thy love and strength'ning
power
I may Thy name disgrace.

The time, dear Lord, is running short;
From earth my soul set free.
When Thou dost come, I'll sing with joy,
Hallelujah to Thee!

Watchman Nee (?)