







Jesus, Thou soul of all our joys, For Whom we now lift up our voice, And all our strength exert; Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim, Compose into a thankful frame, And tune Thy people's heart.

While in the heavenly work we join, Thy glory be our whole design, Thy glory, not our own: Still let us keep our end in view, And still the pleasing task pursue, To please our God alone. The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To offend Thy glorious eyes,
To desecrate our hallowed strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice!

With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth Thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above!

Charles Wesley