Blest are the humble souls that see



Great is our redeeming Lord, In power, and truth, and grace Him, by highest heaven adored, His church on earth doth praise: In the city of our God, In his holy mount below, Publish, spread his name abroad, And all his greatness show.

For thy loving-kindness, Lord, We in thy temple stay; Here thy faithful love record, Thy saving power display: With thy name thy praise is known, Glorious thy perfections shine; Earth's remotest bounds shall own Thy works are all divine.

See the gospel church secure, And founded on a rock; All her promises are sure; Her bulwarks who can shock? Count her every precious shrine; Tell, to after-ages tell, Fortified by power divine, The church can never fail.

Zion's God is all our own, Who on his love rely; We his pardoning love have known, And live to Christ, and die: To the new Jerusalem He our faithful guide shall be: Him we claim, and rest in him, Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley