

**S**PEAK to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of Thy love.

- 2 With Thee conversing, we forget  
All time and toil and care;  
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If Thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, be pleased to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice;  
My willing heart shall own Thy sway,  
And echo to Thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face;  
'Tis all I wish to seek;  
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,  
And hear Thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,  
Till I Thy glory see;  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my Heaven in Thee.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*