

GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love
Which longs to build Thy house again;
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And fill me from this very hour.

2 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

3 My talents, gifts and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessèd hands receive,
And let me live to preach Thy Word,
And let me to Thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinners' Friend.

4 Enlarge, inflame and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine:
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine;
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88