

THOU hidden Love of God, Whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

- 2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee:
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
O, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?
- 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
O tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
'I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!'
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

*Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697-1769,
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*