

All Wise, All Good, Almighty Lord  
By Charles Wesley

All wise, all good, almighty Lord,  
Jesus, by highest Heav'n adored,  
Ere time its course began;  
How did Thy glorious mercy stoop,  
To take Thy fallen children up,  
When Thou Thyself wert man?

Th'eternal God from Heav'n came down;  
The King of glory dropped His crown  
And veiled His majesty;  
Emptied of all but love He came,  
Jesus, I call Thee by the Name,  
Thy pity bore for me.

O holy Child, still let Thy birth  
Bring peace to us poor worms of earth,  
And praise to God on high!  
Come, Thou who didst my flesh assume;  
Now to the abject sinner come,  
And in a manger lie.

Didst Thou not in person join  
The natures human and divine,  
That God and man might be  
Henceforth inseparably one?  
Haste then and make Thy nature known  
Incarnated in me.

In my weak, sinful flesh appear,  
O God, be manifested here,  
Peace, righteousness and joy;  
Thy kingdom, Lord, set up within  
My faithful heart; and all my sin,  
The devil's work, destroy.

I long Thy coming to confess,  
The mystic power of godliness,  
The life divine to prove:  
The fulness of Thy life to know,  
Redeemed from all my sins below,  
And perfected in love.

O Christ, my Hope, make known to me  
The great, the glorious mystery  
The hidden life impart;  
Come, Thou Desire of nations, come,  
Formed in a spotless virgin's womb,  
A pure, believing heart.

Come quickly, dearest Lord, that I  
May own, tho' Antichrist deny,  
Thy incarnation's power:  
May cry, a witness to my Lord,  
"Come in my flesh is Christ the Word,  
And I can sin no more!"