

Blest Spirit! From The Eternal Sire  
by Charles Wesley

1 BLEST Spirit! from the eternal Sire  
And Son proceeding; promised, sent!  
'Tis thine the first good thought to inspire,  
By thee the reprobate repent,  
The penitent by thee believe,  
The saints thy sanctity receive.

2 Thy Deity the saints adore,  
Thy offices of mercy bless,  
Thy help in utmost need implore,  
Thy all-sufficiency confess;  
Without thee, wretched, poor, and blind,  
Health, wisdom, joy in thee they find.

3 If e'er to forms of truth I gave  
The homage due, great Lord, to thee,  
E'er deemed the cross could, spell-like, save,  
While yet thou dwelledst not in me,  
Reprove my folly, but forgive,  
And make me understand and live.

4 Thou gav'st the word, and must apply;  
Thou know'st the Son, and must make known,  
In vain he died, and rose on high,  
And stoops beseeching from his throne,  
Till thou this alien heart prepare,  
And gain for Christ an entrance there.

5 O could I always know thee near,  
Midst means and ministries of grace!  
Thy footsteps in my closet hear,  
Thy finger on my Bible trace!  
My God! here find, here grant thy rest,  
Pleased inmate of my peaceful breast!

6 Nor me alone instruct, rejoice;  
All souls are thine, teach, comfort all!  
Let each soon recognise thy voice  
In every evangelic call,  
Then feel thy halcyon rest within  
Calming the storms of dread and sin.

7 Thus, searching the deep things of God,  
And witnessing his mind to us,  
Where'er peace dwells, or truth hath trod,  
Reveal thy glorious person thus!  
And, with all majesty divine,  
All praise, Blest Spirit, shall be thine.