

Christ, Of All My Hopes The Ground
by Charles Wesley

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in thee may I be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Let thy love my heart inflame,
Keep thy fear before my sight,
Be thy praise my highest aim,
Be thy smile my chief delight!

3 When affliction clouds my sky,
And the wintry tempests blow,
Let thy mercy-beaming eye
Sweetly cheer the night of woe.

4 When new triumphs of thy name
Swell the raptured songs above,
May I feel a kindred flame,
Full of zeal, and full of love!

5 Life's best joy, to see thy praise
Fly on wings of gospel light,
Leading on millennial days,
Scattering all the shades of night!

6 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live!"
==7s. SECOND PART

7 WHEN, with wasting sickness worn,
Sinking to the grave I lie,
Or, by sudden anguish torn,
Startled nature dreads to die;

8 Jesus, my redeeming Lord,
Be thou then in mercy near!
Let thy smile of love afford
Full relief from all my fear.

9 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely shall I pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

10 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul.

11 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me find it "gain to die!"