

Deepen The Wound Thy Hands Have Made
by Charles Wesley

1 DEEPEN the wound thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descends to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me to endure;
Till bold to say, My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I see the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that with all thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love!