

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
by Charles Wesley

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the father, and the Word.
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give!
Mixed with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

2 One, inexplicably Three,
Three, in simplest Unity,
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us, thy lisping creatures, hear!
Thee while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings,
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

3 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!
Fain with them our souls would vie,
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall o'erwhelmed with love, or soar,
Shout, or silently adore!