

Jesus, Thine All Victorious Love  
By Charles Wesley

Jesus, Thine all victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad;  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God.

O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow;  
Burn up the dross of base desire  
And make the mountains flow!

O that it now from Heav'n might fall  
And all my sins consume!  
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,  
Spirit of burning, come!

Refining fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter Thy life through every part  
And sanctify the whole.