

O Thou, Whom All Thy Saints Adore
By Charles Wesley

O Thou, whom all Thy saints adore,
We now with all Thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful majesty.

Thee, King of nations, we proclaim:
Who would not our great Sovereign fear?
We long to experience all Thy Name,
And now we come to meet Thee here.

We come, great God, to seek Thy face,
And for Thy loving-kindness wait;
And O how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis Heaven's gate.

Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh;
To Thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to Thy holy hill.

There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above,
And take our seats at Thy right hand,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing,
Now on Thy great white throne appear,
And let my eyes behold my King,
And let me see my Savior there.