

Our Jesus Is Gone Up On High
by Charles Wesley

1 OUR Jesus is gone up on high,
For us the blessing to receive;
It now comes streaming from the sky,
The Spirit comes, and sinners live.

2 To every one whom God shall call
The promise is securely made;
To you far off; he calls you all;
Believe the word which Christ hath said;

3 "The Holy Ghost, if I depart,
The Comforter shall surely come,
Shall make the contrite sinner's heart
His loved, his everlasting home."

4 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

5 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the guest divine.

6 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

7 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

8 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet:
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.