

Stupendous Love Of God Most High!
by Charles Wesley

1 STUPENDOUS love of God most high!
He comes to meet us from the sky
In mildest majesty;
Full of unutterable grace,
He calls the weary burdened race,
"Come all for help to me."

2 Tired with the greatness of my way,
]From him I would no longer stray,
But rest in Jesus have;
Weary of sin, from sin would cease,
Weary of mine own righteousness,
And stoop, myself to save.

3 Weary of passions unsubdued,
Weary of vows in vain renewed,
Of forms without the power,
Of prayers, and hopes, complaints, and groans,
My fainting soul in silence owns
I can hold out no more.

4 Beneath this mountain load of grief,
Of guilt and desperate unbelief,
Jesus, thy creature see;
With all my nature's weight oppressed,
I sink, I die for want of rest,
Yet cannot come to thee.

5 Mine utter helplessness I feel;
But thou, who gav'st the feeble will,
The effectual grace supply;
Be thou my strength, my light, my way,
And bid my soul the call obey,
And to thy bosom fly.

6 Fulfil thine own intense desire,
And now into my heart inspire
The power of faith and love;
Then, Saviour, then to thee I come,
And find on earth the life, the home,
The rest of saints above.