

The Thirsty Are Called To Their Lord
by Charles Wesley

1 THE thirsty are called to their Lord,
His glorious appearing to see;
And, drawn by the power of his word,
The promise I know is for me:
I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
I gasp for the Spirit of love,
I long for a glimpse of thy face,
And then to behold it above.

2 Thy call I exult to obey,
And come, in the spirit of prayer,
Thy joy in that happiest day,
Thy kingdom of glory, to share;
To drink the pure river of bliss,
With life everlasting o'erflowed,
Implunged in the crystal abyss,
And lost in the ocean of God.