

Us, Who Climb Thy Holy Hill
by Charles Wesley

1 US, who climb thy holy hill,
A general blessing make,
Let the world our influence feel,
Our gospel grace partake;
Grace to help in time of need,
Pour out on sinners from above,
All thy Spirit's fulness shed,
In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness;
Make us trees of paradise,
Which more and more thy praise may show,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.