

When Shall Thy Love Constrain
by Charles Wesley

1 WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall!
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

7 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

8 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more,
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

9 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

10 Come and possess me whole.
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

11 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss
No other good below.

12 My Life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.