

Come, Dearest Lord

Isaac Watts, 1707.

Henry Oliver, 1832.

Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell

By faith and love in every breast;

Then shall we know, and taste, and feel

The joys that cannot be expressed.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,

Make our enlarged souls possess,

And learn the height, and breadth, and length

Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose power can do

More than our thoughts or wishes know,

Be everlasting honors done

By all the Church, through Christ His Son.