

My Soul, Inspired with Sacred Love

Charles Wesley, 1743.

Henri Hemy, 1851.

My soul, inspired with sacred love,  
The Lord thy God delight to praise;  
His gifts I will for Him improve,  
To Him devote my happy days;  
To Him my thanks and praises give,  
And only for His glory live.

Long as my God shall lend me breath,  
My every pulse shall beat for Him;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
My spirit shall resume the theme.  
The gracious theme, for ever new,  
Through all eternity pursue.

Soon as the breath of man expires,  
Again he to his earth shall turn;  
Where then are all his vain desires,  
His love and hate, esteem and scorn?  
All, all at that last gasp are o'er,  
He falls to rise on earth no more.

He, then, is blest, and only he,  
Whose hope is in the Lord his God,  
Who can to Him for succor flee,  
That spread the earth and Heaven abroad;  
That still the universe sustains,  
And Lord of His creation reigns.

True to His everlasting Word,  
He loves the injured to redress:  
Poor helpless souls the bounteous Lord  
Relieves, and fills with plenteousness:  
He sets the mournful prisoners free,  
He bids the blind their Savior see.

The Lord thy God, O Sion, reigns,  
Supreme in mercy as in power,  
The endless theme of heavenly strains,  
When time and death shall be no more:  
And all eternity shall prove  
Too short to utter all His love.