

O Joyful Sound of Gospel Grace!

Charles Wesley, 1742.

John Dykes, 1862.

O joyful sound of Gospel grace!

Christ shall in me appear;

I, even I, shall see His face,

I shall be holy here.

This heart shall be His constant home;

I hear His Spirit's cry,

"Surely," He saith, "I quickly come,"

He saith, who cannot lie.

The glorious crown of righteousness

To me reached out I view:

Conqueror through Him, I soon shall seize,

And wear it as my due.

The promised land, from Pisgah's top,

I now exult to see;

My hope is full, O glorious hope!

Of immortality.

He visits now the house of clay,

He shakes His future home;

O wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day,

Into Thy temple come!

With me, I know, I feel, Thou art;

But this cannot suffice,

Unless Thou plantest in my heart

A constant paradise.

My earth Thou waterest from on high,

But make it all a pool;

Spring up, O well, I ever cry,

Spring up within my soul!

Come, O my God, Thyself reveal,

Fill all this mighty void:

Thou only canst my spirit fill;

Come, O my God, my God!

Fulfill, fulfill my large desires,

Large as infinity;

Give, give me all my soul requires,

All, all that is in Thee!