

Object of All Our Knowledge Here
Charles Wesley, 1746.
Thomas Campbell, 1824.

Object of all our knowledge here,
Our one Desire, and Hope below,
Jesus, the Crucified, draw near,
And with Thy sad disciples go:
Our thoughts and words to Thee are known,
We commune of Thyself alone.

How can it be, our reason cries,
That God should leave His throne above?
Is it for man th'Immortal dies?
For man, who tramples on His love?
For man, who nailed Him to the tree?
O Love! O God! He dies for me!

Why then, if Thou for me hast died,
Dost Thou not yet Thyself impart?
We hoped to feel Thy blood applied,
To find Thee risen in our heart,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
Saved, to the utmost saved, thro' Thee.

Have we not then believed in vain,
By Christ unsanctified, unfreed?
In us He is not ris'n again,
We know not but He still is dead,
No life, no righteousness we have,
Our hopes seem buried in His grave.

Ah! Lord, if Thou indeed art ours,
If Thou for us hast burst the tomb,
Visit us with Thy quickening powers,
Come to Thy mournful followers, come,
Thyself to Thy weak members join,
And fill us with the life divine.

Thee, the great Prophet sent from God,
Mighty in deed and word we own;
Thou hast on some the grace bestowed,
Thy rising in their hearts made known;
They publish Thee to life restored,
Attesting they have seen the Lord.

Alas for us, whose eyes are held!
Why cannot we our Savior see?
With us Thou art yet still concealed:
O might we hear one word from Thee!
Speak, and to our unbelief reprove,
Our baseness to mistrust Thy love.

Fools as we are, and slow of heart,
So backward to believe the Word!
The Prophets' only aim Thou art:
They sang the sufferings of their Lord,
Thy life for ours a ransom given,
Thy rising to ensure our Heaven.

Ought not our Lord the death to die,
And then the glorious life to live?

To stoop; and then to go up on high?
The pain, and then the joy receive?
His blood, the purchase price lay down,
Endure the cross, and claim the crown?

Ought not the members all to pass
The way their Head had passed before?
Thro' sufferings perfected He was,
The garment dipped in blood He wore,
That we with Him might die, and rise
And bear His nature to the skies!