

A Thousand Oracles Divine  
By Charles Wesley

A thousand oracles divine  
Their common beams unite,  
That sinners may with angels join  
To worship God aright.

To praise a Trinity adored  
By all the hosts above,  
And one thrice holy God and Lord  
Through endless ages love.

Triumphant host! they never cease  
To laud and magnify  
The Triune God of holiness,  
Whose glory fills the sky.

Whose glory to this earth extends,  
When God Himself imparts,  
And the whole Trinity descends  
Into our faithful hearts.

By faith the upper choir we meet,  
And challenge them to sing  
Jehovah on His shining seat,  
Our Maker, God and King.

But God made flesh is wholly ours,  
And asks our nobler strain;  
The Father of celestial powers,  
The friend of earth born man!

Ye seraphs nearest to the throne,  
With rapturous amaze  
On us, poor ransomed worms look down  
For Heaven's superior praise.

The King Whose glorious face ye see,  
For us His crown resigned;  
That fullness of the Deity,  
He died for all mankind!