

Eternal Source Of Every Joy
by Charles Wesley

1 ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ.
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring at thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And, winters softened by thy care
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demands successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light, and evening shade.

5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.

6 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore
Where days and years revolve no more!