

Great God, This Sacred Day Of Thine
by Charles Wesley

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers;
We would employ in works divine
These solemn, these devoted hours:
Our willing hearts adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

2 We bid life's cares and trifles fly,
And where thou art appear no more:
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 The word of life, dispensed to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest;
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed!

4 Thy Spirit's gracious aid impart,
And let thy word, with power divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart,
And make the day entirely thine!
Thus may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!