

Plunged In A Gulf Of Dark Despair  
by Charles Wesley

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of peace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and - O amazing love!  
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he sped;  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.