

Talk with Us, Lord  
By Charles Wesley

Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing, we forget  
All time, and toil, and care;  
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If Thou, my God, art here.

Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice;  
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,  
And echo to Thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face,  
'Tis all I wish to seek;  
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,  
And hear Thee inly speak.

Let this my every hour employ,  
Till I Thy glory see;  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my heaven in Thee.