Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down:
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
pure, unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation,
enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
let us all thy life receive;
suddenly return, and never,
nevermore thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above,
pray and praise thee without ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish, then, thy new creation;
pure and spotless let us be:
let us see thy great salvation
perfectly restored in thee;
changed from glory into glory,
'til in heav'n we take our place,
'til we cast our crowns before thee,
lost in wonder, love, and praise.

 Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

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Ye holy angels bright,

who wait at God's right hand,
or through the realms of light

fly at your Lord's command,
assist our song,

for else the theme

too high doth seem

for mortal tongue.

Ye blessed souls at rest,

who ran this earthly race,
and now from sin released,

behold the Saviour's face,
his praises sound,

as in his sight

with sweet delight

ye do abound.

Ye saints who toil below,

adore your heavenly King,
and onward as ye go

some joyful anthems sing;
take what he gives

and praise him still

through good and ill,

who ever lives.

My soul, bear thou thy part,

triumph in God above,
and with a well-tuned heart

sing thou the songs of love;
let all thy days

till life shall end,

whate’re he send

be filled with praise.

 Richard Baxter (1615-1691)