

DESIRE. 6, 7

Charles Wesley

1. Sav - ior, the world's and mine, Was ev - er grief like Thine? Thou my pain, my curse hast borne All my
2. To live is all my wish: I on - ly live for this: Grant me, Lord, my heart's de - sire, There by

3. Thy pow'r I pant to prove, Root - ed and fixed in love; Strength - ened by Thy Spir - it's might, Wise to in
4. Ah! give me this to know, With all Thy saints be - low; Swells my soul to com - pass Thee: Pants in

sins were laid on Thee; Help me, Lord, for Thee I mourn: Draw me, Sav - ior, af - ter Thee.
faith for - ev - er dwell; This I al - ways will re - quire, Thee, and on - ly Thee to feel.

fath - om things di - vine; What the length, and breadth, and height, What the depth of love like Thine!
Thee to live and move; Filled with all the de - i - ty, All im - mersed and lost in love.