Fain would we, Jesus, know Thy love.

- 1. Fain would we, Jesus, know Thy love Which yet no measure knows; Would search the depth of all Thy wounds, The secret of Thy woes.
- 2. Fain would we strike the golden harp, And wear the promis'd crown, And, at Thy feet while bending low, Would sing what Grace has done.
- 3. Then leave us not in this dark world, As strangers long to roam, Come, Lord, and take us to Thyself, Come, Jesus, quickly come!