

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!