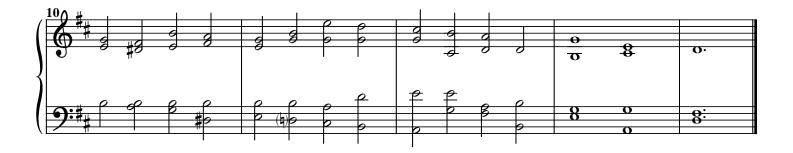
Thou hidden love of God







Thou hidden Love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed no one knows, I see from far Thy beauteous light, And inly sigh for Thy repose; My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove; And fain I would; but though my will Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove; Yet hindrances strew all the way; I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all that Thou has brought My mind to seek its peace in Thee; Yet while I seek, but find Thee not, No peace my wandering soul shall see. O when shall all my wanderings end, And all my steps to Theeward tend? Is there a thing beneath the sun That strives with Thee my heart to share? Ah, tear it thence and reign alone, The Lord of every motion there; Then shall my heart from earth be free, When it hath found repose in Thee.

O hide this self from me, that I No more, but Christ in me, may live! My vile affections crucify, Nor let one darling lust survive In all things nothing may I see, Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

Each moment draw from earth away My heart that lowly waits Thy call; Speak to my inmost soul and say, I am thy love, thy God, thy all! To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice, To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen