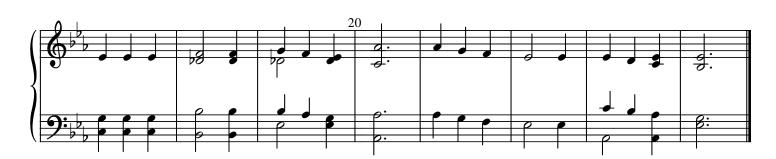
Thou hidden Love of God







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. 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.

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