Lord, from Whom all blessings flow







Lord, from whom all blessings flow, perfecting the Church below, steadfast may we cleave to Thee, love, the mystic union be:
Join our faithful spirits, join each to each, and all to thine, lead us thru' the paths of peace onto perfect holiness.

Move and actuate and guide; divers gifts to each divide: placed according to Thy will, let us all our work fulfil; Never from our office move; needful to each other prove; use the grace on each bestowed, tempered by the art of God.

Sweetly may we all agree, touched with softest sympathy; there is neither bond or free, great nor servile, Lord, in Thee: Love, like death, hath all destroyed, rendered all distinctions void: names, and sects, and parties fall, Thou, O Christ, art All in all.

Charles Wesley