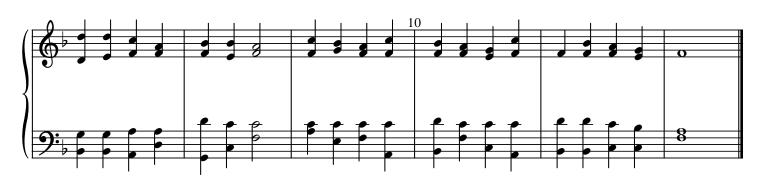
Oft I in my heart have said





Oft I in my heart have said, Who shall ascend on high, Mount to Christ, my glorious Head, And bring him from the sky? Borne on contemplation's wing, Surely I shall find him there, Where the angels praise their King, And gain the morning-star

Oft I in my heart have said, Who to the deep shall stoop, Sink with Christ among the dead, From thence to bring him up? Could I but my heart prepare, By unfeigned humility, Christ would quickly enter there, And ever dwell with me. But the righteousness of faith Hath taught me better things: "Inward turn thine eyes," it saith, (While Christ to me it brings) "Christ is ready to impart Life to all, for life who sigh; In thy mouth, and in thy heart, The word is ever nigh."

Charles Wesley

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