Thou Hidden Love of God, Whose Height

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: MELITA

| d - | m - - m s - s - | l - l - s - s - |
Thou hidden love of God, whose height, Whose

| d' - r' - t - s - | s - fe - s - r - |
depth unfathomed, no man knows; I

| f - - f m - m - | s - - s fe - t - |
see from far Thy beauteous light, In-

| s - fe - m - l - | s - fe - m - m - |
ly I sigh for Thy repose. My

| m - - m f - f - | fe - - fe s - s - |
heart is pained; nor can it be At

| s - l - s - m - | r - - d d - |
rest, till it find rest in Thee.

The other verses

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

3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her 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 Thee-ward tend!

4 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.

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