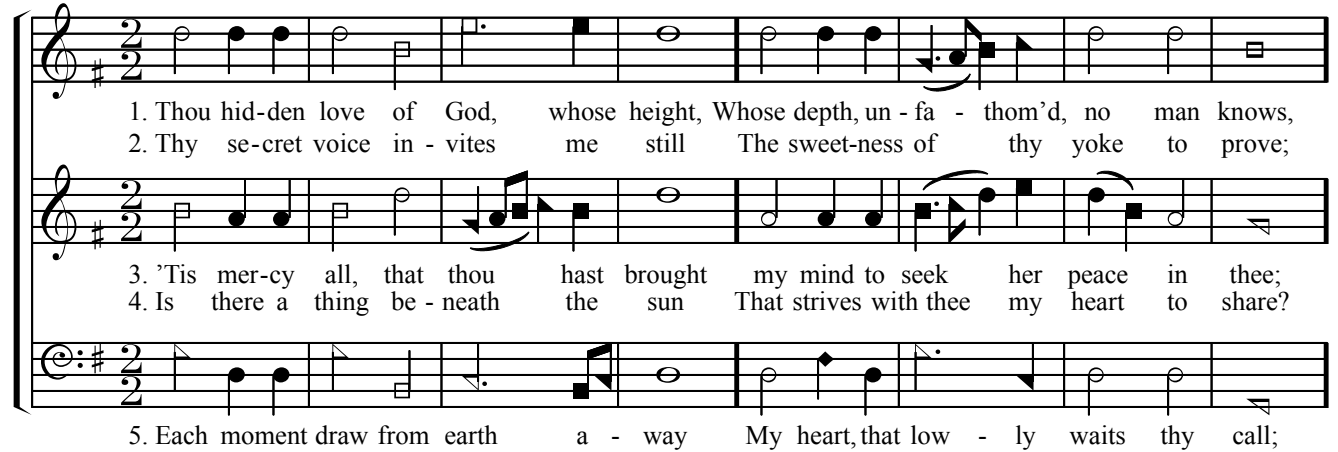


METRE 8 Gerhard Tersteegen

BROADMEAD 6 lines 8s in Dyer's *A New Selection of Sacred Music*, 1817



1. Thou hid-den love of God, whose height, Whose depth, un-fa-thom'd, no man knows,
2. Thy se-cret voice in-vites me still The sweet-ness of thy yoke to prove;

3. 'Tis mer-cy all, that thou hast brought my mind to seek her peace in thee;
4. Is there a thing be-neath the sun That strives with thee my heart to share?

5. Each moment draw from earth a-way My heart, that low-ly waits thy call;

BROADMEAD—Continued

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I see from far thy beau-teous light, I on - ly sigh for thy re - pose; My heart is pain'd, nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in thee.
And fain I would, but though my will seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove; Yet hindrances strew all the way—I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

Yet while I seek and find thee not, No peace my wand'ring soul shall see; O, when shall all my wand'rings end, And all my steps to thee-ward tend?
Ah! tear it thence and reign a - lone, The Lord of eve - ry mo-tion there; Then shall my heart from earth be free, When it has found re - pose in thee.

Speak to my in - most 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.