

# O thou, who camest from above

Charles Wesley (1707-88)

"Wareham", by William Knapp (1698-1768)

Edited by Francis Roads

[Air]  $\text{♩} = 100$

1. O thou, who cam - est from a - bove, The pure ce - les - tial fire t'im - part,  
 2. There let it for thy glo - ry burn With in - ex - tin - guish - a - ble blaze;  
 3. Je - sus, con - firm my heart's de - sire To work and speak and think for thee;  
 4. Re - ady for all thy per - fect will, My acts of faith and love re - peat,

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S  
 Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love On the mean al - tar of my heart.  
 And trem - bling to its source re - turn, In hum - ble pray'r and fer - vent praise.  
 Still let me guard the ho - ly fire, And still stir up thy gift in me.  
 Till death thine end - less mer - cies seal, And make my sac - ri - fice com - plete.

A  
 Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love On the mean al - tar of my heart.  
 And trem - bling to its source re - turn, In hum - ble pray'r and fer - vent praise.  
 Still let me guard the ho - ly fire, And still stir up thy gift in me.  
 Till death thine end - less mer - cies seal, And make my sac - ri - fice com - plete.

T  
 Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love On the mean al - tar of my heart.  
 And trem - bling to its source re - turn, In hum - ble pray'r and fer - vent praise.  
 Still let me guard the ho - ly fire, And still stir up thy gift in me.  
 Till death thine end - less mer - cies seal, And make my sac - ri - fice com - plete.

B  
 Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love On the mean al - tar of my heart.  
 And trem - bling to its source re - turn, In hum - ble pray'r and fer - vent praise.  
 Still let me guard the ho - ly fire, And still stir up thy gift in me.  
 Till death thine end - less mer - cies seal, And make my sac - ri - fice com - plete.