

Fulfil Ye My Joy

Phil 2. 2

Devastated with divinest thirst,
Tortured and pressed with strong imperious claim;
Unsated in the midst of boundless store,
I turn with moistened cup all unappeased.
 Fill up, fill up my heart with boundless joy,
 I know no rest until beside the marge,
 Of ocean fulness of the Master's mind,
 I see reflections of thy saintly grace.