

**[Untitled Translation from German]**

[Paul Gerhardt / John Wesley<sup>1</sup>]

To thee with heart and mouth I sing,  
To all the earth make known,  
My heart's desire, my God and King,  
What thou to me hast shewn.

That thou the everlasting source  
Of mercy art, I know;  
From whom with never ceasing course,  
Unnumber'd blessings flow.

What are we Lord? Of all we have  
What hath our eye survey'd,  
But what thy bounty, Father, gave;  
But what thy hand hath made?

Who hath yon beauteous starry place  
Fixed by his powerful voice?  
Who with soft dews and timely rain  
Bids our parched fields rejoice?

Who when chill snows earth's face bespread  
Gives cheerful fires to shine?  
Who crown's with oil our cheerful head  
And glads our hearts with wine?

Life, motion, sense! Whose gifts are these?  
Whose all-disposing hand  
Our borders guards and golden peace  
Preserves throughout our land?

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<sup>1</sup>Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* ([Herrnhut]: Wäsen-hause, 1735), 306–7 (Hymn #334, sts. 1–6, by Paul Gerhardt); translation in JW's hand at the end of his "Georgia Diary 2" (covering May 1736–Feb 1737; held at The Pitts Theological Library, Emory University, John Wesley Papers, 1/2), p. 7 counting from back. Only previous publication of this transcription in *WHS* 1 (1897), 52.