

# London Gallery Quire 658

Love divine, all loves excelling

Charles Wesley (1707–88)

*Fairest Isle* by Henry Purcell (1659–95)  
Edited, and a symphony by Nicholas Markwell

[♩ = 100]

Soprano [Air]

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven to earth come  
**2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing Spi - rit In - to ev - ery trou - bled**  
 3. Come, Al - migh - ty to de - li - ver, Let us all thy life re -  
**4. Fin - ish then thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and sin - less let us**

Alto

Tenor

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven to earth come  
**2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing Spi - rit In - to ev - ery trou - bled**  
 3. Come, Al - migh - ty to de - li - ver, Let us all thy life re -  
**4. Fin - ish then thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and sin - less let us**

Bass

8

S

down, Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown :  
**breast, Let us all in Thee in - he - rit, Let us find that se - cond rest :**  
 -ceive, Sud - den - ly re - turn, and ne - ver, Ne - ver more thy tem - ples leave.  
**be, Let us see thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stor'd in Thee ;**

A

T

down, Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown :  
**breast, Let us all in Thee in - he - rit, Let us find that se - cond rest :**  
 -ceive, Sud - den - ly re - turn, and ne - ver, Ne - ver more thy tem - ples leave.  
**be, Let us see thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stor'd in Thee ;**

B

S

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love, Thou art,  
 Take a - way our *power* of sin - ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be,  
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as thy host a - bove,  
 Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry 'Till in heaven we take our place,

A

T

B

S

Vi - sit us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.  
 End of faith as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at li - ber - ty.  
 Pray, and praise thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in thy per - fect love.  
 'Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise !

A

T

B

S

*Symphony* *tr*

A

T

B