

MY Lord, my life, my love,  
To Thee, to Thee I call:  
I cannot live, if Thou remove,  
For Thou art All-in-all.

- 2 The smilings of Thy face,  
Such happiness they are!  
'Tis Heaven to rest in Thine embrace,  
And nowhere else but there.
- 3 Not all the earth or sky,  
Can one delight afford;  
No fleeting touch of deeper joy,  
Without Thy presence, Lord.
- 4 Thou art the source of love  
Whence all my pleasures flow;  
The sphere in which my interests move,  
And all my hopes below.
- 5 To Thee my feelings fly  
With infinite desire;  
And yet, how far from Thee I lie!  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*