

JESUS my Lord, my God, my All,  
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace:

*Jesus my Lord, I Thee adore;  
O make me love Thee more and more.*

- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
- 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,  
So far exceeding hope or thought:
- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;  
To Thee my heart and soul belong;  
All that I have or am is Thine,  
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:

*Henry Collins, 1827-1919*