O Jesus, my Savior

I know thou art mine, For
thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
Of objects most pleasing I love thee the best, With
out thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.
Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind, Then taught me the way of salvation to find: And

when I was sinking in gloomy despair, Thy mercy relieved me and bid me not fear.
In vain I attempt to describe what I feel, The language of mortals or angels would fail; *mf* My Jesus is precious, my soul’s in a flame, I’m raised to a rapture while praising his name.
I find him in singing, I find him in prayer.
In sweet meditation He always is near;
His love overwhels me; had I wings I'd fly
To praise him in mansions prepared in the sky.
with increasing intensity

Then millions of ages my soul would em-

ploy In praising my Jesus my love and my

joy f With out interruption, when all the glad

throng With pleasure unceasing unite in the song.