

WINKWORTH.

Six 8's.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1869.

1 Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue declare;

rall. *a tempo.*

O knit my thankful heart to Thee, And reign without a ri - val there! Thine

whol-ly, Thine a-lone, I am; Be Thou a - lone my constant flame. A-men.

- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart re-
move;
May every act, word, thought be love!
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!
- 4 Still let Thy love point out my way!
What wondrous things Thy love
hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark, final hour
Of death, be Thou my Guide and
Friend,
That I may love Thee without end.

Amen.

PAULUS GERHARDT, 1653; *Tr.* JOHN WESLEY, 1739, *alt.**Alternative Tune*, DAVID'S HARP, No. 230.