

Jesus, Thou art coming, holy as Thou art,
Thou, the God Who made me, to my sinful heart.
Jesus, I believe it, on Thy only word;
kneeling, I adore Thee, as my King and Lord.

Who am I, Jesus, that Thou com'st to me?
I have sinned against Thee, often grievously;
I am very sorry, I have caused Thee pain.
I will never, never, wound Thy heart again.

Put Thy kind arms around me, feeble as I am;
Thou art my Good Shepherd, I, Thy little lamb;
since Thou comest, Jesus, now to be my guest,
I can trust Thee always, Lord, for all the rest.

Dearest Lord, I love Thee, with my whole heart,
not for what Thou givest, but for what Thou art.
Come, oh, come, sweet Saviour! Come to me, and stay,
for I want Thee, Jesus, more than I can say.

Ah! What gift or present, Jesus, can I bring?
I have nothing worthy of my God and Kind;
but Thou art my Shepherd: I, Thy little lamb,
take myself, dear Jesus, all I have and am.

Take my body, Jesus, eyes, and ears and tongue;
never let them, Jesus, help to do Thee wrong.
Take my heart, and fill it full of love for Thee;
all I have I give Thee, give Thyself to me.