Jesus, gentlest Saviour, God of might and power





Jesus, gentlest Saviour, God of might and power, Thou Thyself art dwelling With us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee, Heave'n is all too strait For Thine endless glory And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining Of the farthest start, Thou art ever stretching Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children Hold what worlds can not, And the God of wonders Loves the lowly spot. Jesus, gentlest Saviour, Thou art with us now; Fill us with Thy goodness Till our hearts o'erflow.

Multiply our graces; Give us love and fear, And, dear Lord, the chiefest, Grace to persevere!

O how can we thank Thee For a gift like this, Gift that trurely maketh Heav'n's eternal bliss?

F. W. Faber

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