

Jesus, my Saviour, look on me

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

Hanford
88.84

Jesus, my Savior, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

Charlotte Elliott