

A Minor.

Davisson.

5. I love thee my Savior, I love thee my Lord;
 I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word, With ten-der e - motion I love sinners too, Since Je-sus has died to re - deem them from woe.

1. 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,
 Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

2. 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.

3. In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
 The language of mortals or angels would fail;
 My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
 I'm raised to a rapture while praising his name.

4. I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
 In sweet meditation he always is near;
 My constant companion, O may we ne'er part!
 All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

5. I love thee, my Savior, *etc.*

6. My Jesus is precious—I cannot forbear,
 Though sinners despise me, his love to declare;
 His love overwhelms me; had I wings I'd fly
 To praise him in mansions prepared in the sky.

7. Then millions of ages my soul would employ
 In praising my Jesus, my love and my joy
 Without interruption, when all the glad throng
 With pleasures unceasing unite in the song.