Sitting at the feet of Jesus



Sitting at the feet of Jesus, Oh, what words I hear Him say! Happy place! so near, so precious! May it find me there each day; Sitting at the feet of Jesus, I would look upon the past; For His love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus, Where can mortal be more blest? There I lay my sins and sorrows, And, when weary, find sweet rest; Sitting at the feet of Jesus, There I love to weep and pray; While I from His fullness gather Grace and comfort every day. Bless me, O my Savior, bless me, As *I sit low at Thy feet; [*I'm waiting] Oh, look down in love upon me, Let me see Thy face so sweet; Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus, Keep me holy as He is; May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteousness.

Author Unknown