

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord

John B. Dykes, 1823-1876

St. Bees
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**Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Savior, hear His Word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor, sinner, lovest thou Me?"**

**"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.**

**"Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.**

**"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.**

**"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"**

**Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore:
O for grace to love Thee more!**

William Cowper