

I lay my sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us from the accursed load; I bring my guilt to Jesus, to wash my crimson stains White in His blood most precious, till not a stain remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus; all fullness dwells in Him; He heals all my diseases, He doth my soul redeem: I lay my griefs on Jesus, my burdens and my cares; He from them all releases, He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus, this weary soul of mine; His right hand me embraces, I on His breast recline. I love the name of Jesus, Immanuel, Christ, the Lord; Like fragrance on the breezes His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus, strong, loving, lowly, mild; I long to be like Jesus, the Father's holy child: I long to be with Jesus, amid the heavenly throng, To sing with saints His praises, to learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar