

To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1887

Savoy Chapel
76,76.D

To Thee, O dear, dear Savior!
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favor,
My pillow on Thy breast;
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Savior mine.

In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then forever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only One who never
Forgot or slighted me!
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose.

John S. B. Monsell