

I adore thee, I adore thee

I adore thee, I adore thee,
glorious ere the world began;
yet more wonderful thou shinest,
though divine, yet still divinest
in thy dying love for man.

I adore thee, I adore thee,
thankful at thy feet to be;
I have heard thine accent thrilling,
Lord, I came, for thou art willing
me to pardon, even me.

I adore thee, I adore thee,
born of woman, yet divine;
with thy Spirit, Lord, endue me,
in thine image pure renew me,
let me evermore be thine.

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