

Hymn Lyrics

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O Jesus Christ, if aught there be

O Jesu Christ, if aught there be
That, more than all beside,
In ever painful memory
Must in my heart abide,

It is that deep ingratitude
Which I to Thee have shown,
Who didst for me in tears and blood
Upon the cross atone.

Alas, how with my actions all
Has this defect entwined;
How has it poisoned with its gall
My spirit, heart and mind!

Alas, through this, how many a gem
I've rudely cast away,
That might have formed my diadem
In everlasting day!

Yet though the time be past and gone,
Though little more remains:
Though naught is all that can be done,
E'en with my utmost pains;

Still will I strive, O Savior mine,
To do what in me lies;
For never did Thy glance divine
A contrite heart despise.