

Blest Jesus, When My Soaring Thoughts
Ottiwell Heginbothom, 1794.
Harmonia Sacra, 1851.

Blest Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all Thy graces rove,
O'er all Thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost
How is my soul in transport lost
In wonder, joy and love.

Not softest strains can charm mine ears
Like Thy beloved name,
Like Thy beloved name!
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire,
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire,
My heart with equal flame.

Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see!
Unnumbered blessings see!
But what is life with all its bliss!
But what is life with all its bliss!
If once compared to Thee!

Hast Thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for Thou canst tell,
Search, Lord, for Thou canst tell,
If aught can raise my passions thus,
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.