

Jesus, meek and lowly

Jesus, meek and lowly,
Savior, pure and holy,
on thy love relying
hear me humbly crying.

Prince of life and power,
my salvation's tower,
on the cross I view thee
calling sinners to thee.

There behold me gazing
at the sight amazing;
bending low before thee,
helpless I adore thee.

By thy red wounds streaming,
with thy life-blood gleaming,
blood for sinners flowing,
pardon free bestowing;

by that fount of blessing,
thy dear love expressing,
all my aching sadness
turn thou into gladness.

Lord, in mercy guide me,
be thou e'er beside me;
in thy ways direct me,
'neath thy wings protect me.

Words: Henry Collins, 1854
Music: St. Martin, Sens, Ave radix
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