

**I lay my sins on Jesus**

I lay my sins on Jesus,  
the spotless Lamb of God;  
he bears them all, and frees us  
from the accursed load;  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
to wash my crimson stains  
white in his blood most precious,  
till not a stain remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;  
all fullness dwells in him;  
he heals all my diseases,  
he doth my soul redeem:  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
my burdens and my cares;  
he from them all releases,  
he all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,  
this weary soul of mine;  
his right hand me embraces,  
I on his breast recline.  
I love the name of Jesus--  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;  
like fragrance on the breezes  
his name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,  
meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
the Father's holy Child:  
I long to be with Jesus,  
amid the heavenly throng,  
to sing with saints his praises,  
to learn the angels' song.

Words: Horatius Bonar, 1843

Music: Missionary Hymn (Mason), Prysgol

Meter: 76 76 D