

Jesus, my Savior, look on me

Jesus, my Savior, look on me,
for I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on thee:
thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
thine aid omnipotent I seek:
thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way,
dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send thou forth some cheering ray:
thou art my Light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts
I look to thee; my terrors cease;
thy cross a hiding-place imparts;
thou art my Peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
in that tremendous latest strife,
thou will not suffer me to sink:
thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
e'en to the end, whate'er befall;
through life, in death, eternally,
thou art my All.

Words: Charlotte Elliott, 1848

Music: Hanford (Sullivan)

Meter: 88 84