

I Find Thee So Precious

James Gray, 1904.

James McGranahan.

O what are the pleasures that silver can buy?

They come and they go, but cannot satisfy;

But praised be the Savior! I cease not to cry,

I find Thee so precious, my Savior!

Refrain

O sweeter and sweeter, as day follows day,

As the gold of the morning breaks forth through the gray;

As I lift up my soul, as I praise and I pray,

I find Thee more precious, my Savior!

I care not if all the proud world turn away,

The plaudits of men only last for a day;

Their frowns do not frighten, or cause me dismay,

I find Thee so precious, my Savior!

Refrain

As well in the cottage as under the dome,

Beside my own cot, or wherever I roam;

The honey from Heaven still drips from the comb;

I find Thee so precious, my Savior!

Refrain