

O Blessed Hour

Charles Groenendyke, 1898.

O blessed hour when first I knew
Jesus, my dear Savior,
When to the cross my soul He drew,
Jesus, my dear Savior;
'Twas there I found sweet peace and rest,
A trembling joy within my breast,
A precious Friend, a heav'nly Guest,
Jesus, my dear Savior.

He rolled the burden from my soul,
Jesus, my dear Savior,
He made my wounded spirit whole,
Jesus, my dear Savior;
He banished all my grief and pain,
He washed away my guilty stain;
He made my heart rejoice again,
Jesus, my dear Savior.

What can I do for this kind Friend,
Jesus, my dear Savior?
I'll love Him, serve Him to the end,
Jesus, my dear Savior;
And when at last my work is o'er,
And I shall reach the heav'nly shore,
I'll sing His praises evermore,
Jesus, my dear Savior.