

To Thee, O Dear, Dear Savior!

John Monsell, 1863.

John Calkin, 1870.

To Thee, O dear, dear Savior!

My spirit turns for rest,

My peace is in Thy favor,

My pillow on Thy breast!

Though all the world deceive me,

I know that I am Thine,

And Thou wilt never leave me,

O blessed Savior mine.

In Thee my trust abideth,

On Thee my hope relies,

O Thou whose love provideth

For all beneath the skies;

O Thou whose mercy found me,

From bondage set me free,

And then forever bound me

With threefold cords to Thee.

My grief is in the dullness

With which this sluggish heart

Doth open to the fullness

Of all Thou wouldst impart;

My joy is in Thy beauty

Of holiness divine,

My comfort in the duty

That binds my life in Thine.

Alas, that I should ever

Have failed in love to Thee,

The only one who never

Forgot or slighted me!

O for a heart to love Thee

More truly as I ought,

And nothing place above Thee

In deed, or word, or thought.

O for that choicest blessing

Of living in Thy love,

And thus on earth possessing

The peace of Heav'n above;

O for the bliss that by it

The soul securely knows

The holy calm and quiet

Of faith's serene repose!