

7—*Hark, My Soul!*

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1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more. Amen.