

JESUS MY KING.

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WHAT sweet delight  
 Possesses my heart,  
 On coming into Thy presence  
 Jesus, My King ;  
 And contemplating the mystery,  
 Of that love  
 Holding Thee prisoner  
 Jesus, My King.

Thou whom Angels praise  
 Also the elect,  
 How sing Thy beauties,  
 Jesus, My King ?  
 Spite splendour divine writ  
 On Thy brow,  
 Towards us Thy love inclines  
 Jesus, My King.

Thou fillest with Thy presence  
 Immensity  
 And hidest Thy power  
 In benignity !  
 My heart with faith adores Thee  
 In this holy place  
 And for the Church implores Thee  
 Jesus, My King.

Thyself unreservedly Thou givest,  
 Jesus, My King,  
 To the soul fervent and pure  
 Coming to Thee.  
 Deign receive the testimony  
 Of my fealty  
 Thine I am for aye  
 Jesus, My King.