

**“WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?  
AND THERE IS NONE UPON EARTH I DE-  
SIRE BESIDE THEE.”—Psalm lxxlii. 25.**

JESUS! 'tis Thou Thyself I need,  
At every time, at every hour;  
Oh! wilt Thou guide my feet, and lead  
And keep me by Thy Spirit's power,  
That from Thee I may never stray,  
But still press on the narrow way.

Close to Thy side I fain would cling,  
And learn the mysteries of Thy love,  
Into Thy presence entering  
With boldness through the precious blood;  
Oh! Jesu's love is vaster far  
Than all our poor conceptions are.

It is this love my soul would know,  
Would learn it in its heights and depths,  
Would mark it in that hour of woe,  
When on the cross He tasted death—  
Would ponder all His wondrous ways,  
And never cease His name to praise.

That *precious* name, it cheers the heart  
When burden'd, or with care oppress,  
Then to that blessed One I turn,  
And always find a place of rest,  
There on His bosom calmly stay,  
And then—all else may pass away.

Yes—every thing may pass away;  
In Him my all in all I've found,  
And having Him, sure I can say  
Now I have all things and abound;  
My precious Lord—to Thee I bow,  
And own no other Lord but Thou.