

197 Jesus, Thy Boundless Love To Me.

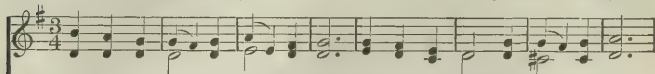
Paul Gerhardt.

Translated by John Wesley.

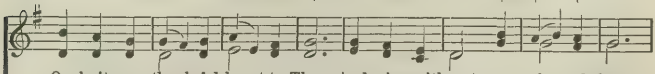
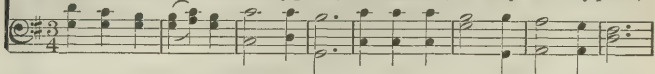
St. Catherine.

Henri F. Hemy and

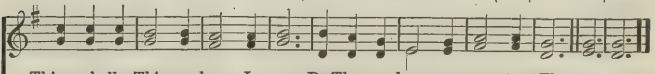
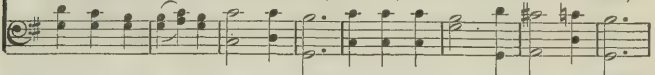
James G. Walton.



1. Je - sus, Thy bound - less love to me No tho't can reach, no tongue de - clare;
2. O grant that noth - ing in my soul May dwell, but Thy pure love a - lone;
3. O love, how cheer - ing is thy ray! All pain be - fore thy pres - ence flies;
4. In suf - f'ring, be Thy love my peace; In weak - ness, be Thy love my pow'r;



O knit my thank - ful heart to Thee, And reign with - out a ri - val there;
O may Thy love pos - sess me whole, My joy, my treas - ure, and my crown:
Care, anguish, sor - row, melt a - way, Wher - e'er thy heal - ing beams a - rise.
And when the storms of life shall cease, Je - sus, in that e - vent - ful hour,



Thine wholly, Thine a - lone, I am, Be Thou a - lone my con - stant Flame.
Strange fires far from my soul re - move; My ev - 'ry act, word, tho't, be love.
O Je - sus, noth - ing may I see, Noth - ing de - sire, or seek, but Thee.
In death, as life, be Guide and Friend, That I may love Thee with - out end. A - MEN.

