

Hark, My Soul, it is the Lord

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Savior, hear His Word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to Thee,
Say, poor, sinner, lovest Thou Me?
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I delivered Thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought Thee wandering, set Thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

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!

Can a woman's tender care
Cease to-ward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember Thee.
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Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Chorus
Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest Thou Me?

Chorus

