

Jesus, my strength, my hope

1840 Manchester Hymnal #64

Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind;
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,)
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hopes remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.