

Ah, Jesus Lord, Thy Love to Me

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time (indicated by 'C'). The first staff uses a treble clef, the second a bass clef, the third a treble clef, and the fourth a bass clef. The key signature changes from G major (one sharp) to F major (no sharps or flats) at the beginning of the fourth staff.

Lyrics:

1. Ah, Je - sus Lord, Thy love to me No thought can teach, no
 2. Oh, grant that noth - ing in my soul May dwell but Thy pure
 3. O Lord, how gra - cious is Thy way. All fear be - fore Thy
 4. This love un - wear - ied I pur - sue And daunt - less - ly to

tongue de - clare; O bind my thank - ful heart to Thee And
 love a - lone. Oh, may Thy love pos - sess me whole, My
 pres - ence flies; Care, an - guish, sor - row melt a - way Wher -
 Thee as - pire. Oh, may Thy love my hope re - new, Burn

reign with - out a ri - val there. Thine, whol - ly Thine a -
 joy, my treas - ure, and my crown! All cold - ness from my
 e'er Thy heal - ing hands a - rise. O Je - sus, noth - ing
 in my soul like Heav'n - ly fire! And day and night be

10 lone, I'd live; My - self to Thee en - tire - ly give.
 heart re - move; My ev - 'ry act, word, thought, be love.
 may I see, Noth - ing de - sire or seek, but Thee!
 all my care To guard this sac - red treas - ure there.

Music: American folk hymn; harm. David N. Johnson, 1968 ©
 Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1653; tr. John Wesley, 1739

SLUMBER
 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

Ah, Jesus Lord, Thy Love to Me

Cont'd

5. O draw me, Sav - ior, e'er to Thee; So shall I run and
 6. More hard than mar - ble is my heart, And foul with sins of
 7. Still let Thy love point out my way; What won-drous things Thy
 8. In suf - f'ring be Thy love my peace, In weak-ness be Thy

nev - er tire. With gra - cious words still com - fort me; Be
 deep - est stain; But Thou the might - y Sav - ior art, Nor
 love hath wrought. Still lead me lest I go a - stray; Di -
 love my pow'r; And when the storms of life shall cease, O

Thou my hope, my sole de - sire. Free me from ev - 'ry
 flowed Thy cleans - ing blood in vain. Ah, soft - en, melt this
 rect my work, in - spire my thought; And if I fall, soon
 Je - sus, in that fi - nal hour Be Thou my rod and

guilt and fear; No sin can harm if Thou art near.
 rock, and may Thy blood wash all these stains a - way.
 may I hear Thy voice and know that love is near.
 staff and guide, And draw me safe - ly to Thy side.