

69 Dearest Jesus, Draw Thou Near Me

*Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be
acceptable in your sight, O Lord, my rock and my redeemer. Psalm 19:14*

Text: Thomas Hansen Kingo, 1634-1703; trans C.K. Solberg, 1872-1954

Tune: Johann Schop, ca. 1600-1665



Dear - est Je - sus, draw thou near me, Let thy Spir - it dwell with mine;
Un - der - neath thy wings a - bid - ing, In thy church, O Sav - ior dear,
Thou, earth's great - est joy and glad - ness, And sal - va - tion, full and free.

O - pen now my ear to hear thee, Take my heart and seal it thine:
Let me dwell, in thee con - fid - ing, Hold me in thy faith and fear;
Let thy pres - ence cheer my sad - ness, And pre - pare my soul for thee!

Keep me, lead me on my way, Thee to fol - low and o - bey,
Take a - way from me each thought That with wick - ed - ness is fraught,
In the hour when I de - part, Touch my spir - it, lips and heart,

E'er to do thy will and fear thee, And re - jice to know and hear thee.
Tempt - ing me to dis - o - bey thee, Root it out, O Lord, I pray thee.
With thy word as - sure, up - hold me Till the heav'n - ly gates en - fold me.