

182 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
 2 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;

lay down, O wea - ry one, lay down your head up - on my breast."
 the liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one; stoop down and drink and live."
 look un - to me, your morn shall rise, and all your day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, so wea - ry, worn, and sad; I
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank of that life - giv - ing stream; my
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found in him my star, my sun; and

found in him a rest - ing place, and he has made me glad.
 thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, and now I live in him.
 in that light of life I'll walk till trav - eling days are done.

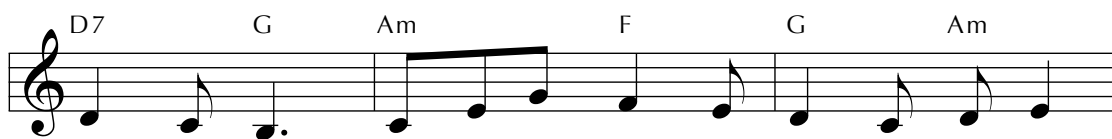
Each stanza here pairs an invitation from Jesus with a response from the narrator. These three invitations recall how Jesus welcomed those who were heavy laden (Matthew 11:28), offered living water (John 4:10-14), and identified himself as the light of the world (John 8:12, 9:5).

God, Be the Love to Search and Keep Me

O Christ, Surround Me



1 God, be the love to search and keep me; God, be the prayer to
 2 Bind to my-self the Name of Ho - ly, great cloud of wit - ness-
 3 Bright-ness of sun and glow of moon-light, flash - ing of light-ning,
 4 Walk - ing be-hind to hem my jour - ney, go - ing a - head to
 5 Christ in the eyes of all who see me, Christ in the ears that



move my voice; God, be the strength to now up - hold me:
 es en - fold; proph - ets, a - pos - tles, an - gels wit - ness:
 strength of wind, depth of the sea to soil of plan - et:
 light my way, and from be - neath, a - bove, and all ways:
 hear my voice, Christ in the hearts of all who know me:



O Christ, sur-round me; O Christ, sur-round me.

This hymn is a 21st-century adaptation of the traditional Celtic prayer style known as a *lorica* (Latin for "armor" or "breastplate"). Many such petitions for God's presence and protection were never written down, but this one is based on an example attributed to St. Patrick.

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee 629

1 Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee
 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 3 O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart,
 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
 5 Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou,

with sweet - ness fills my breast. But sweet - er far thy
 nor can the mind re - call a sweet - er sound than
 O joy of all the meek, to those who fall, how
 nor tongue nor pen can show. The love of Je - sus,
 as thou our prize wilt be. Je - sus, be thou our

face to see, and in thy pres - ence rest.
 thy blest name, O Sav - ior of us all.
 kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
 what it is none but his loved ones know.
 glo - ry now, and through e - ter - ni - ty.

The sweetness celebrated in this anonymous 12th-century Latin poem is not cloying or sentimental; it is more like an antidote to bitterness and a source of hope and healing. The best-known 19th-century translation is set here to a tune composed especially for these words.