

# 703 Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to Me

1 Je - sus, thy bound - less love to me no thought can  
 2 O grant that noth - ing in my soul may dwell, but  
 3 O Love, how gra - cious is thy way! All fear be -

reach, no tongue de - clare; O knit my thank - ful heart to  
 thy pure love a - lone; O may thy love pos - sess me  
 fore thy pres - ence flies; care, an - guish, sor - row melt a -

thee, and reign with - out a ri - val there! Thine whol - ly,  
 whole, my joy, my trea - sure, and my crown! All cold - ness  
 way wher - e'er thy heal - ing beams a - rise. O Je - sus,

thine a - lone, I'd live; my - self to thee en - tire - ly give.  
 from my heart re - move; may ev - ery act, word, thought be love.  
 noth - ing may I see, noth - ing de - sire, or seek, but thee.

John Wesley learned the original German hymn from the Moravians during his time in Savannah, Georgia, and translated all sixteen stanzas. The tune, named for a 4th-century martyr, comes out of the Roman Catholic revival movement of the mid-19th century.