

PLYMOUTH DOCK 6 lines 8s in Miller's *David's Harp*, 1803

1. Je - sus, thy bound - less love to me, No thought can reach nor tongue de - clare; O knit my thank - ful heart to thee.

2. O grant that no - thing in my soul, May dwell but thy pure love a - lone! O may thy love pos - sess me whole;

3. O love, how cheer - ing in thy ray! All pain be - fore thy pres - ence flies; Care, an - guish, sor - row, melt a - way,

4. Un - wea - ried may I this pur - sue, Daunt - less to the high prize as - pire; Hour - ly with - in my soul re - new,

And reign with - out a riv - al there; Thine, whol - ly thine a - lone I am, Be thou a - lone my con - stant flame.

My joy, my treas - ure and my crown! Strange flames far from my heart re - move, My eve - ry act, word, thought be love.

Where - e'er thy heal - ing beams a - rise; O Je - sus, noth - ing may I see; Noth - ing de - sire or seek but thee.

This ho - ly flame, this heav'n - ly fire; And day and night be all my care To guard that sa - cred treas - ure there.