Jesu, If Still the Same Thou Art

Doh is Ab · 3/2 Tune: SELENA

| s - s - s - | l - - - - - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - t - t - d' - |
Jesu, if still the same thou art, If all thy

| r' - - - - - d' - d' - t - | d' - - - - - s - s - s - |
promises are sure, Set up thy

| l - - - - - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - t - t - d' - |
kingdom in my heart, And make me

| r' - - - - - d' - d' - t - | d' - - - - - m' - m' - m' - |
rich, for I am poor: To me be

| f' - - - - - m' - r' - d' - | l - - - - - l - l - l - |
all thy treasures given, The kingdom

| s - s - s - - - s - - - | s - - - - - |
of an inward heaven.

The other verses

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest,
And lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot, no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only rest, return,
Till thou, the Prince of peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness bestowed
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God;
See the poor fainting sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.

4 Ah, Lord! if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my labouring soul would say:
Answer the deep unuttered groan,
And show that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom,
Light in thy light I then shall see,
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
Glory divine is risen on thee,
Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er;
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thine hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

Tune SELENA by Isaac B. Woodbury (1819–1858); words by Charles Wesley (1707–1788) or John Wesley (1703–1791). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.