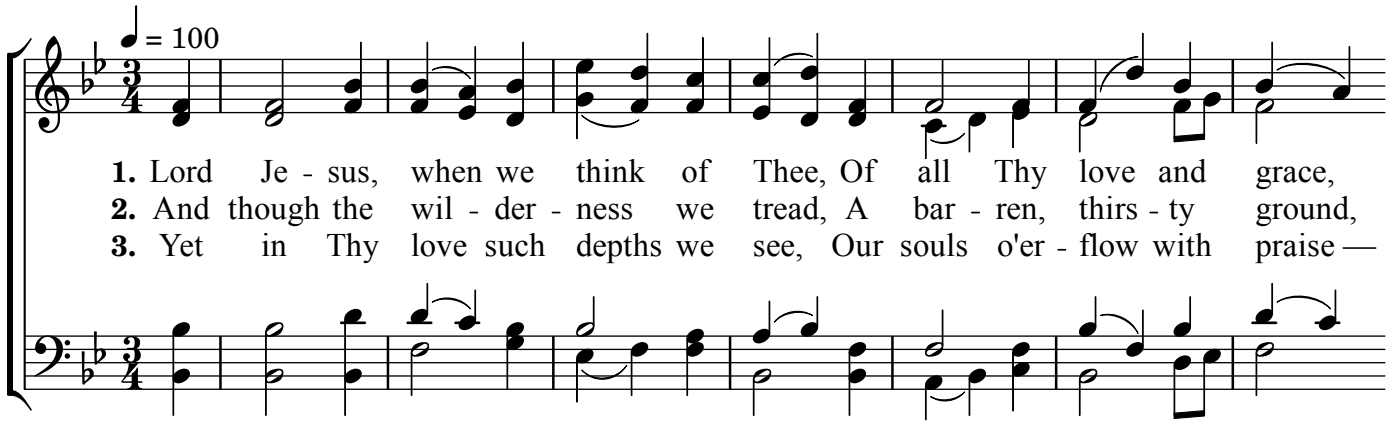


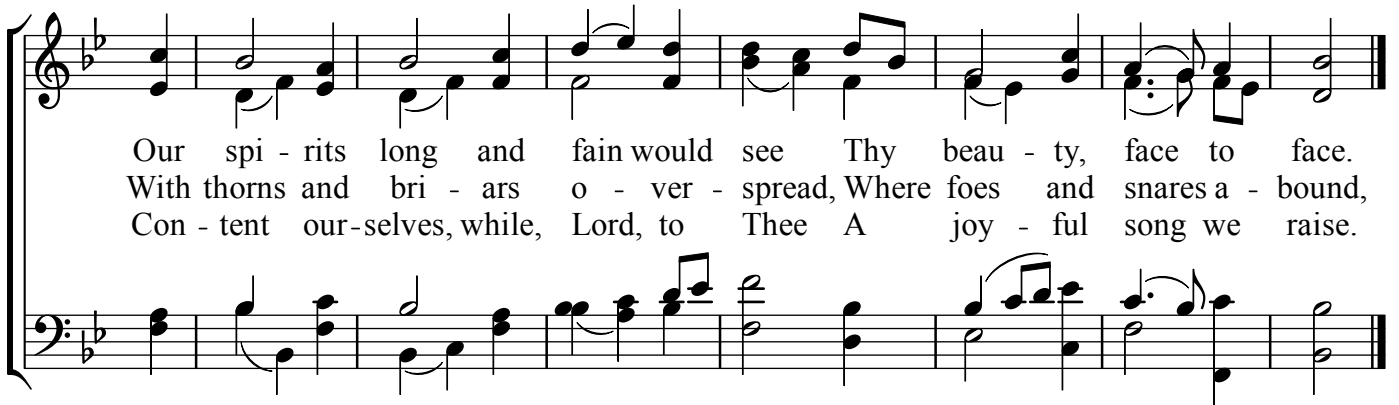
Lord Jesus, when we think of Thee

(WILTSHIRE. C.M.)

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. Lord Je - sus, when we think of Thee, Of all Thy love and grace,
 2. And though the wil - der - ness we tread, A bar - ren, thirs - ty ground,
 3. Yet in Thy love such depths we see, Our souls o'er - flow with praise —



Our spi - rits long and fain would see Thy beau - ty, face to face.
 With thorns and bri - ars o - ver - spread, Where foes and snares a - bound,
 Con - tent our - selves, while, Lord, to Thee A joy - ful song we raise.

4. Our Lord, our Life, our Rest, our Shield,
 Our Rock, our Food, our Light ;
 Each thought of Thee doth constant yield
 Unchanging, fresh delight.

5. Blest Saviour, keep our spirits stayed,
 Hard following after Thee,
 Till we, in robes of white arrayed,
 Thy face in glory see.