

Tr.  
3 5 10

1. My God, my life, my \_\_\_ love! To thee, to thee I call; I can-not live if thou re-move, For thou art all in all.  
2. Thy shining grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell: 'Tis paradise when thou art here; If thou de-part, 'tis hell.

C.  
3. The smi-lings of thy face, How amiable they are! 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace, And no where else but there.  
4. To thee, and thee a-lone, The angels owe their bliss; They sit around thy gracious throne, And dwell where Jesus is.

T.  
5. Not all the harps a-bove Can make a heav'nly place, If God his re-si-dence re-move, Or but con-ceal his face.  
6. Nor earth, nor all the sky, Can one delight af-ford, No, ne-ver a drop of real joy, Without thy presence, Lord.

B.  
7. Thou art the sea of love Where all my pleasures roll, The circle where my passions move, And cen-ter of my soul.  
8. To thee my spi-rits fly With in-fi-nite de-sire; And yet how far from thee I lie! Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

This tune appears on page 47 of *The Sacred Harp* from 1844 to the present; modern editions include amendments by William Moore in 1825 (*Treble*) and by William Walker in 1867 (*Alto*). From Walker's *Southern Harmony* (1835) on, other words have been substituted: Charles Wesley 1763, "And am I born to die?"

The tune is based on a folk song (Jackson 1933, p. 177; Jackson 1953b, p. 155).