1. Jesus, gentlest Saviour, God of might and pow'r, Thou, Thyself, art dwelling
2. Nature cannot hold Thee, Heav'n is all too strait For Thine endless glory
3. Out beyond the shining Of the furthest star, Thou art ever stretching
4. Yet the hearts of children Hold what worlds can not, And the God of wonders

In us at this hour. And Thy royal state.
In - finite ly far.
Loves the low ly spot.