

**I love Thee, Jesus**  
Experience of Christ — Loving Him

1154

(Guitar)

	<b>D</b>		<b>Bm</b>		<b>Em</b>		<b>A</b>		<b>A<sup>7</sup></b>		<b>F#m</b>				
1. I	love	Thee,	Je - sus,	And	Thy	love	to	me	Draws	me,	ev - er	to			
	<b>Bm</b>		<b>G</b>		<b>A</b>		<b>A<sup>7</sup></b>		<b>D</b>		<b>Bm</b>		<b>Em</b>		<b>A<sup>7</sup></b>
seek	Thee	And	run	aft - er	Thee,	Draws	me,	ev - er	to	seek	Thee	And	run	aft - er	
	<b>D</b>		<b>Bm</b>		<b>A</b>						<b>D</b>				
Thee.		Thou	art		be - lov - ed,				Yea!		Al - to - geth - er				
	<b>Bm</b>				<b>G</b>				<b>D</b>						<b>A</b>
love - ly,			The	One		in	whom	my	heart	de - light	-				
	<b>D</b>		<b>Bm</b>		<b>A</b>						<b>D</b>				
eth.		Thou	art		be - lov - ed,				Yea!		Al - to - geth - er				
	<b>Bm</b>		<b>G</b>		<b>D</b>				<b>A</b>		<b>A<sup>7</sup></b>				<b>D</b>
love - ly,		The	One		in	whom	my	heart	de - light	-	-	eth.			

2. Thy love, Lord Jesus,  
Is sweeter than wine,  
And Thy fragrance of ointments  
My heart doth entwine,  
And Thy fragrance of ointments  
My heart doth entwine.  
A fount in gardens,  
A well of living waters,  
Which streams and flows from Lebanon's mountains.

3. O come Beloved,  
On my garden blow,  
That the odor of spices  
May break forth and flow,  
That the odor of spices  
May break forth and flow.  
My spouse, My sister,  
I'm come into My garden  
To feast upon wine, milk and honey.

4. Set me, Lord Jesus,  
As seal on Thine heart;  
Jealousy's cruel as Sheol,  
And love's strong as death,  
Jealousy's cruel as Sheol,  
And love's strong as death.  
Much water cannot  
Quench love, nor do floods drown it.  
All man could give for love is contemned.

*(Repeat the last three lines of each stanza)*