I need thee, precious Jesus

**I need thee, precious Jesus,
for I am full of sin;
my soul is dark and guilty,
my heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain
where I can always flee,
the blood of Christ most precious,
the sinner's perfect plea.**

**I need thee, precious Jesus,
for I am very poor;
a stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
to cheer me on my way,
to guide my doubting footsteps,
to be my strength and stay.**

**I need thee, precious Jesus,
and hope to see thee soon,
encircled with the rainbow
and seated on thy throne.
There, with thy blood bought children,
my joy shall ever be,
to sing my Jesus' praises,
to gaze, O Lord, on thee.**

**Words: Frederick Whitfield, 1855
Music: Llangloffan, Ellacombe, Prysgol
Meter: 76 76 D**