

Revivals And Church History :: Classic HYMN: My Jesus I Love Thee

Classic HYMN: My Jesus I Love Thee - posted by sermonindex (), on: 2003/9/18 21:59

Listen to this hymn here:

(<https://www.sermonindex.net/modules/mydownloads/visit.php?lid2721>) My Jesus, I Love Thee (Brooklyn Tabernacle Service)

A Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Michigan once related the following incident to a large audience in one of the Rev. E. P. Hammond's meetings in St. Louis. "A young, talented and tender-hearted actress was passing along the street of a large city. Seeing a pale, sick girl lying up on a couch just within the half-open door of a beautiful dwelling, she entered, with the thought that by her vivacity and pleasant conversation she might cheer the young invalid. The sick girl was a devoted Christian, and her words, her patience, her submission and heaven-lit countenance, so demonstrated the spirit of her religion that the actress was led to give some earnest thought to the claims of Christianity, and was thoroughly converted, and became a true follower of Christ. She told her father, the leader of the theatrical troupe, of her conversion, and of her desire to abandon the stage, stating that she could not live a dissipated Christian life and follow the life of an actress. Her father was astonished beyond measure, and told his daughter that their living would be lost to them and their business ruined, if she persisted in her resolution. Loving her father dearly, she was shaken somewhat in her purpose, and partially consented to fill the published engagement to be met in a few days. She was the star of the troupe, and a general favorite. Every preparation was made for the play in which she was to appear. The evening came and the father rejoiced that he had won back his daughter, and that their living was not to be lost. The hour arrived; a large audience had assembled. The curtain rose, and the young actress stepped forward firmly amid the applause of the multitude. But an unwonted light beamed from her beautiful face. Amid the breathless silence of the audience, she repeated:

'My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.'

This was all. Through Christ she had conquered and, leaving the audience in tears, she retired from the stage, never to appear upon it again. Through her influence her father was converted, and through their united evangelistic labors many were led to God."

My Jesus, I Love Thee

Words: William R. Featherston, 1864; Featherston was only 16 years old at the time.

My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou has first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Re: Classic HYMN: My Jesus I Love Thee - posted by philologos (), on: 2003/9/19 11:30

I have difficulty singing this hymn; it brings back powerful memories.

Over thirty years ago, as a young pastor, I knelt by the bed of an old saint. She was in her early nineties and life had been hard; she had been a widow for more than twenty years and her heart had broken when her sons turned their back on the Lord and then on her. Her friends were all gone and she was now quite blind. Her home was small and poor but there was never a word of complaint. Spurgeon used to encourage his students to be 'oft at the death beds of the saints; it is a wonderful thing to see golden graces adorned with silver hairs.'

The last time I saw her she was bed-ridden. We talked and prayed together and then, without warning, she began to sing. Her voice was broken and cracked and she laboured for each breath, but she sang as best she could...

I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

A few days later she slipped away in her sleep and awoke to see her Saviour face to face.

Whenever I sing this hymn I am instantly transported back to her little bedroom and now my voice breaks and cracks...

What a heritage we have in these hymns and in the testimony of the saints who 'being dead, yet speaketh' or singeth even!

Re: - posted by sermonindex (), on: 2003/9/19 13:28

Quote:
-----What a heritage we have in these hymns and in the testimony of the saints who 'being dead, yet speaketh' or singeth even!

Yes! I never really liked the hymns when I first got saved at my Presbyterian Church. But over the last 2 years, especially this year I have come to realize the beauty and grandeur of these wonderful testimonies through history. I consider most of the hymns written to outweigh most of the contemporary Christian worship music these days. Leonard Ravenhill quotes so many hymns in his sermons and they are almost edifying if you just read them. Open a hymn book and just read a few hymns what awesome revelation of God's majesty some of these hymn writers had. One of my favorites right now is: "There is a Fountain."