

# 375 I know a heart I call my own

Poet unknown

Composer unknown

$\text{♩} = 58$

1. I know a heart I call my own; it is a ho - ly  
2. Up - on my lov - ing Sav - iour's breast, no great - er joy than  
3. From this, our faith - ful Je - sus' heart, a stream of love does

shrine, I'd change it not for pre - cious stones or pass - ing  
this! It draws me to the heav'n - ly rest, to that blest  
flow. I drink from it in joy or smart, its cheer and

vain de - sign. There I am free from all con - cern; to  
place of bliss! If then, at times, from Him I part, in  
com - fort know. At times the stream will o - ver - flow, o'er

rest, it is so sweet! To Je - sus' lov - ing  
shame I must con - cede: A - lone up - on my  
banks its wa - ters rise. So is its full - ness;

heart I turn, in par - a - dise to meet, to Je - sus'  
Sav - iour's breast is par - a - dise in - deed, a - lone up -  
this we know: E - ter - nal love there lies. So is its

lov - ing heart I turn, in par - a - dise to meet!  
on my Sav - iour's breast is par - a - dise in - deed.  
full - ness; this we know: E - ter - nal love there lies.