

Into Thy Hands, O Lord
Susan Adams, 1871.
John Tenney.

Into Thy hands, O Lord,
Myself I give,
With all my cares and trials,
And weary self denials,
Long as I live,
Long as I live.

All I have ever been
Or hope to be;
My hoarded gains, my losses,
My triumphs and my crosses,
I bring to Thee,
I bring to Thee.

I would no longer stand
An idler here,
Thy work I would be doing,
Daily my toil renewing,
Till Thou appear,
Till Thou appear.

Thou knowest all my need,
Better than I;
Quicken my weak endeavor,
That I may love Thee ever,
Until I die,
Until I die.