

Lord, I Am Thine
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Robert McCutchan, 1930.

Lord, I am Thine; but Thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is Thine.

Their hope and portion lies below:
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains in sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.