

Draw Me to Thee

Martha Cook.

Edmund Lorenz.

Lord, weak and impotent I stand,
As fettered by an unseen hand;
Break Thou the strong and subtle band,
And draw me close to Thee.

Refrain

Draw me close to Thee, Savior,
Draw me close to Thee;
Beneath Thy wing do Thou me hide,
And draw me close to Thee.

In vain I struggle to be free;
I would, but can not, fly to Thee;
Ope Thou the prison door for me,
And draw me close to Thee.

Refrain

Oh, bring me nearer, nearer still,
That Thine own peace my soul may fill,
And I may rest in Thy sweet will;
Lord, draw me close to Thee.

Refrain

Here, Lord, I would forever bide,
And never wander from Thy side;
Beneath Thy wing do Thou me hide,
And draw me close to Thee.

Refrain