

Thine, Jesus, Thine
English.
Philip Bliss(1838-1876)

Thine, Jesus, Thine,
No more this heart of mine
Shall seek its joy apart from Thee;
The world is crucified to me,
And I am Thine,
And I am Thine.

Thine, Thine alone,
My joy, my hope, my crown;
Now earthly things may fade and die,
They charm my soul no more, for I
Am Thine alone,
Am Thine alone.

Thine, ever Thine,
Forever to recline
On love eternal, fixed and sure,
Yes, I am Thine forevermore,
Lord Jesus, Thine,
Lord Jesus, Thine.

Thine, Jesus, Thine,
Soon in Thy crown to shine,
When from the glory Thou shalt come
And with Thy saints shall take me home,
Lord Jesus, come,
Lord Jesus, come.