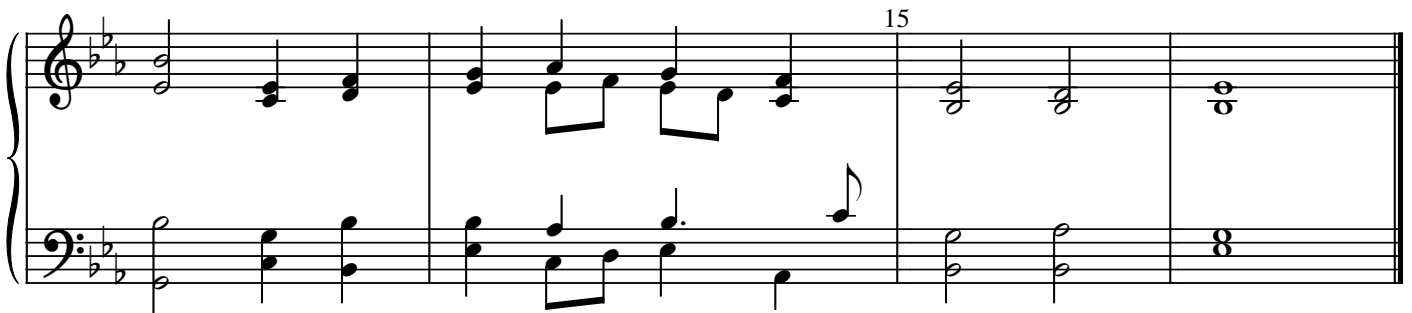
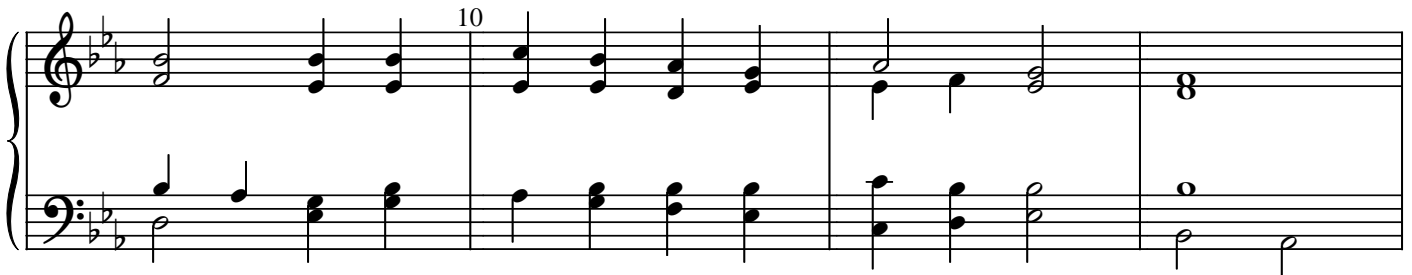
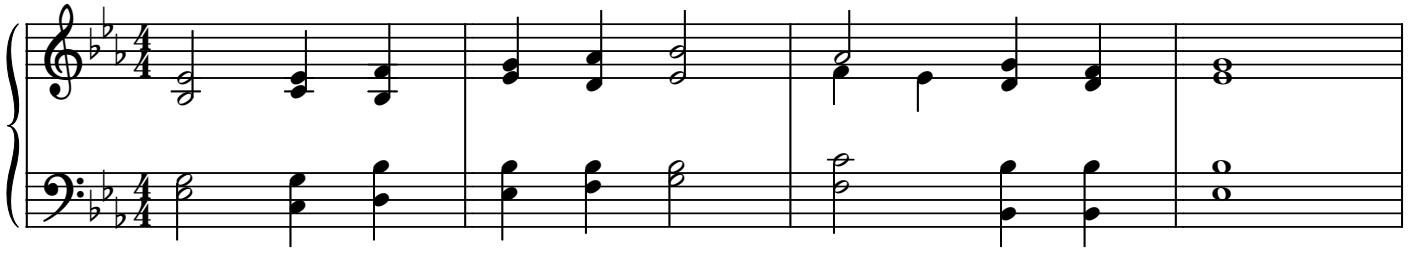


I lift my heart to Thee, Saviour Divine

George Lomas, 1834-1884

Sursum Corda
64.64.10.10



I lift my heart to Thee, Savior divine;
For Thou art all to me, and I am Thine;
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That my Belovèd's mine, and I am His?

Thine am I by all ties; but chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice Thou, Lord, art mine.
By thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound,
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe—
All that I have, and am, and all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.

How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold, or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee;
When Thou hast giv'n Thine own dear self for me?

I pray Thee, Savior, keep me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep shall me remove
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one forevermore.

Charles E. Mudie