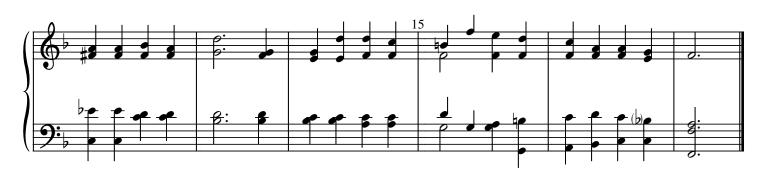
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour







To Thee, O dear, dear Savior!
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favor,
My pillow on Thy breast;
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Savior mine.

In Thee my trust abideth, On Thee my hope relies, O Thou whose love provideth For all beneath the skies; O Thou whose mercy found me, From bondage set me free, And then forever bound me With threefold cords to Thee. Alas, that I should ever Have failed in love to Thee, The only One who never Forgat or slighted me! O for a heart to love Thee More truly as I ought, And nothing place above Thee In deed, or word, or thought.

O for that choicest blessing Of living in Thy love, And thus on earth possessing The peace of heaven above; O for the bliss that by it The soul securely knows The holy calm and quiet Of faith's serene repose.