

Father, I Yield to Thee My Life

The Promised Land. C.M.D.

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Melody by MISS M. DURHAM, 1840



1. Fa - ther, I yield to Thee my life, Thine on - ly shall it be;
 2. Fa - ther, I yield to Thee my love, Its flick-ering flame is Thine.
 3. Fa - ther, I yield to Thee my will, I would sub - mis - sive be,
 4. Fa - ther, I yield to Thee my all, My wan - der - ings are o'er.




From sor - did pleasures, sin and strife, I turn, O Lord, to Thee.
 Clothe with the lus - ter of Thy love Each wan - ing beam of mine.
 Con - tent to lean up - on Thy breast And hear Thee speak to me.
 Earth's fleet - ing pleas-ures cease to call, They shall de - ceive no more.




Un - fet - tered from all earth - ly ties, From cru - el change and scorn,
 From foes and friends who ev - er fail, O'er storm-swept seas I find
 Grant me a heart in tune with Thine, To see as Thou dost see,
 My doubts and tears lie all be - hind, E - ter - nal bliss be - fore;




I haste to Thee, where shadows flee Be - fore the cloud-less morn.
 With - in the ha - ven of Thine arms A love most wondrous kind.
 That each de - sire, each word and thought, May breathe, dear Lord, of Thee.
 Lost in Thy love and whol - ly Thine I'll rest for - ev - er - more.

