

Lord, I am Thine, but Thou wilt Prove

Isaac Watts, Psalm 17

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Lord, I am Thine; but Thou wilt prove My faith, my pa-tience,
 Their hope and por-tion lies be-low; 'Tis all the hap-pi-
 What sin-ners val-ue, I re-sign; Lord, 'tis e-nough that
 This life's a dream, an emp-ty show; But the bright world to
 O glo-rious hour! O blest a-bode! I shall be near and
 My flesh shall slum-ber in the ground, Till the last trum-pet's

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and my love: When men of spite a- gainst me join, They are the sword, the
 - ness they know, 'Tis all they seek; they take their shares, And leave the rest a-
 Thou art mine; I shall be- hold Thy bliss- ful face, And stand com-plete in
 which I go Hath joys sub- stan- tial and sin- cere; When shall I wake, and
 like my God! And flesh and sin no more con- trol The sa- cred plea- sures
 joy- ful sound; Then burst the chains with sweet sur- prise, And in my Sav- iour's

hand is Thine.
 - mong their heirs.
 right- eous-ness.
 find me there?
 of my soul
 im- age rise.