To Thee, To Thee, Away From Self

ASHVILLE

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Music: Caryl Florio

To Thee, to Thee, away from self, My soul would ever flee;
Thine only, I'd be all Thine own, Then draw me nearer Thee.
The world is empty, and no more Will I its wealth desire;
To Thee alone eternally My heart shall e'er aspire.

1. What is the world without Thee whom I've chosen for mine own?
2. Then die, self-will, die day by day, Let weary struggles cease,
   And let the will renewed by Thee, In strength, O Lord, increase!

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