To Thee, To Thee, Away From Self

ASHVILLE

1. 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.

2. Thou, only Thou, none else for me, There's rest in Thee alone;
   What is the world without Thee whom I've chosen for mine own?

The world is empty, and no more Will I its wealth desire;
Then die, self-will, die day by day, Let weary struggles cease,

To Thee alone eternally My heart shall e'er aspire.
And let the will renewed by Thee, In strength, O Lord, increase!

Words: Luise Hensel
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