

# Humbly, O Lord, I Wait

1. Hum - bly, O Lord, I wait, Be - side Thy throne,  
 2. With emp - ty hands I come, No gifts I bring  
 3. Cold is the world to me, And dark, dear Lord,  
 4. No oth - er friend I know, No friend like Thee,

No treas - ure rich or great, I call my own.  
 To Thee, Thou Ho - ly One, My gra - cious King;  
 With - out Thy mer - cy free, Thy Ho - ly word,  
 Whose heal - ing love doth flow, So full and free;

But all I am is Thine, Bought by Thy love di - vine,  
 But in Thy lov - ing eyes, Each scar and sac - ri - fice  
 On which to lean and rest, When wea - ry and op - pressed,  
 That ev - 'ry sor - row dies, And wea - ry ach - ing eyes,

Take Thou this heart of mine, My Lord and King.  
 Be - fore Thy throne will rise And plead for me.  
 O Friend of all the best, To Thee I come.  
 With joy and glad sur - prise, Their weep - ing cease.