

How vast, immense, and measureless

Consecration — Constrained by the Lord's Love

8330

1. How vast, immense, and measure - less The love of Christ to
me! How else could such a wretch as I Be blessed so gra - cious - ly?

2. To bring me back unto Himself,
My Lord His all did spend;
So I would gladly bear the cross
And follow to the end.

3. My all I have forsaken now,
This blessed Christ to gain;
Now life or death is no concern—
What else can me restrain?

4. My dear ones, wealth ambition, fame—
What can they offer me?
My gracious Lord for me was poor;
For Him I poor would be.

5. My precious Savior now I love,
Him only would I please.
For Him all gain a loss becomes,
And comfort holds no ease.

6. Thou art my comfort, gracious Lord!
I've none in heav'n but Thee.
And who but Thee is there on earth
With whom I love to be?

7. Though loneliness and trials come,
My griefs I'd rise above.
This only would I ask Thee, Lord:
Surround me with Thy love!

8. O gracious Lord, I now beseech,
Guide me through every stage;
Stand by and strengthen me to go
Through this dark, evil age.

9. The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
Do tempt my soul apace;
Without Thy love and strength'ning power
I may Thy name disgrace.

10. The time, dear Lord, is running short;
From earth my soul set free.
When Thou dost come, I'll sing with joy,
Hallelujah to Thee!