Before Thee, Lord, I Bow My Head

text: Joseph H. Dean
music: Linda Hartman

Before Thee, Lord, I Bow My Head

Lord, I bow my head and thank Thee for what has been
Lord, a-noint mine eyes that I may see and win the
said. My soul vibrates; my poor heart sings when Thy sweet
prize. My heart is full; mine eyes are wet. Oh help me

How sweet Thy word I've heard this day. Be Thou my guide that I may see and win the
soul be filled with light,

Lord strikes the strings. How sweet Thy So may my

Spi -rit lest I for - get.
pray. May I in patience do my part. Seal Thou the
fight, and then at last exalted be. In peace and
pray. May I do my part.
fight, Then exalted be

rest _ O Lord with Thee._

word _ up-on my heart._
Look up my soul; be not cast down. Keep not Thine eyes up on the ground. Break off the shackles of the earth. Re-
receive my soul, the Spirit's birth.

And now as I go forth again to mingle with my
fell low men, stay Thou near-by my steps to guide that

I may in Thy love a bide.

rit. A tempo

rit. A tempo
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rit strikes the
How sweet Thy word I've heard this day.
Be Thou my guide O Lord I pray.
May I in heard this day.
Be Thou my guide I pray.

patience do my part.
Seal Thou the word up on my
May I do my part.
Before Thee, Lord, I bow my head.

(very slowly)

Before Thee Lord, Be-fore Thee Lord,