

You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ.

CORA WILLIS WARE

Andante

You
You

mf

ask me how I gave my heart to Christ, — I do not know; There
ask me when I gave my heart to Christ, — I can-not tell; The

mf

came a yearning for Him in my soul — so long ago. — I
day, or just the hour I do not now — re-mem-ber well. — It

found earth's flowers would fade and die, I
 must have been when I was all a lone The

cresc.
 wept for some-thing that could sat - is - fy, And
 light of His for - giv - ing Spir - it shone In -

cresc.

then, and then, some - how I seemed to dare To
 to my heart, now crowd - ed o'er with sin, I

p rit. - - - *a tempo.*

lift my brok - en heart to God in prayer, I do not
 think, I think 'twas then I let Him in. I do not

p rit. - - - *a tempo.*

rit.

know, I can - not tell you how; I on - ly know He
 know, I can - not tell you when; I on - ly know He

rit.

is my Sav - ior now. _____
 is so dear since then. _____