



In Your Tender Care

I turn my heart over to You;
Please handle it with tender care.
Within my being please imbue.
Your Love that You always share.

To You I cede my very soul;
Please caress with Your Loving Hands.
Those nail-scarred Hands that make
things whole
With Your Love that understands.

With Your Tender Care embrace me;
Shine Your Beacon to show my way.
Your Forgiveness shall set me free
As You share Your Love each day.

Oh, I am naught but lowly man;
You delight in me, I am told.
You've included me in Your Plan
With love more precious than gold.

Henry W. Gurley