

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest

H. Lawes, 1596-1662

Battle
10.10.10.10.10

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And since then I am His, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied,
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with naught beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possessed:
Changes may come, I take, or I resign,
Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And on His people's inward darkness shines:
All may depart—I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Savior's am, while He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

John Quarles and Henry Lyte