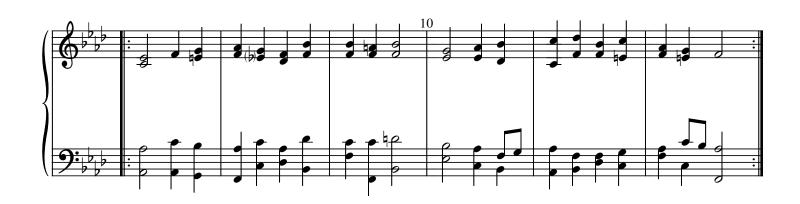
Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest





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

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