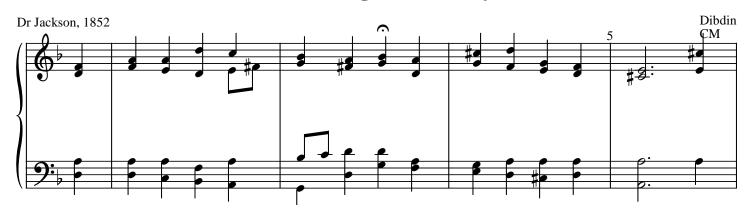
Lord, it belongs not to my care





Lord, it belongs not to my care Whether I die or live; To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad, That I may long obey; If short, yet why should I be sad To welcome endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms Than He went through before; He that unto God's kingdom comes Must enter by this door. Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet Thy blessèd face to see; For if Thy work on earth be sweet What will Thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints And weary sinful days, And join with the triumphant saints That sing my Savior's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small, The eye of faith is dim; But 'tis enough that Christ knows all, And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter

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