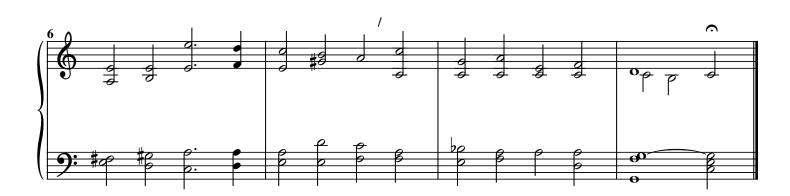
I am not skilled to understand





I am not skilled to understand What God hath willed, what God hath planned; I only know at His right hand Is One who is my Savior!

I take Him at His word indeed; Christ died for sinners—this I read; For in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Savior!

And was there then no other day For God to take? I cannot say: I only bless Him, day by day, Who saved me through my Saviour. That He should leave His place on high And come for sinful man to die, You count it strange? So once did I, Before I knew my Savior!

And oh, that He fulfilled may see The travail of His soul in me, And with His work contented be, As I with my dear Savior!

Yea, living, dying, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring; That He who lives to be my king Once died to be my Savior!

Dora Greenwell