## Why should cross and trial grieve me?







Why should cross and trial grieve me? Christ is near with His cheer, Never will He leave me. Who can rob me of the Heaven That God's Son for my own To my faith hath given?

All who in the Lord are planted Everywhere they appear Who in Christ are planted. Death itself cannot appall them, They rejoice when the voice Of their Lord doth call them. Lord, my Shepherd, take me to Thee. Thou art mine; I was Thine Even ere I knew Thee. I am Thine, for Thou hast bought me; Lost I stood, but Thy blood Free salvation bought me.

Thou art mine; I love and own Thee. Light of Joy, ne'er shall I From my heart dethrone Thee. Savior, let me soon behold Thee Face to face—may Thy grace Evermore enfold me!

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