

1. Long did I toil, and knew no earth - ly rest; \_\_\_\_\_ Far did I rove, and  
 2. The good I have is from His stores sup - plied; \_\_\_\_\_ The ill is on - ly  
 3. While here, a - las! I know but half His love, \_\_\_\_\_ But half dis - cern Him,

found no cer - tain home; \_\_\_\_\_ At last I sought them in His shelter - ing breast, \_\_\_\_\_  
 what He deems the best; \_\_\_\_\_ He for my friend, I'm rich with naught be - side; \_\_\_\_\_  
 and but half a - dore; \_\_\_\_\_ But when I meet Him in the realms a - bove, \_\_\_\_\_

Who opes His arms, and bids the wear - y come; \_\_\_\_\_ With Him I found a  
 And poor with - out Him, though of all pos - sessed. \_\_\_\_\_ Chang - es may come; I  
 I then will love Him bet - ter, praise Him more, \_\_\_\_\_ And feel, and tell, a -

home, a rest di - vine, \_\_\_\_\_ And I since then am His, and He is mine. \_\_\_\_\_  
 take, or I re - sign; \_\_\_\_\_ Content, while I am His, while He is mine. \_\_\_\_\_  
 mid the choir di - vine, \_\_\_\_\_ How ful - ly I am His, and He is mine. \_\_\_\_\_