(Finlandia. 6—10s.)

Jean Sibelius

Henry F. Lyte

1. Long did I and knew no earth - ly rest;\_\_ Far did I toil, rove, and 2. The good I from His stores sup - plied;\_\_\_\_\_ The ill is ly have on -**3.** While here, a - las! Ι know but half His love,\_\_\_ But half dis - cern Him, found no cer - tain home;\_\_ At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,\_\_ what He deems the best;\_\_\_\_\_ He for my friend, I'm rich with naught be - side;\_\_\_\_\_ and but half But when I meet Him in the realms a - bove,\_\_\_ a - dore;\_\_\_ Who opes His arms, and bids the wear - y come;\_ With Him I found a And poor with - out Him, though of pos - sessed.\_\_\_\_ Chang-es may come; T all I then will love Him bet - ter, praise Him And feel, and tell, more,\_\_\_\_ a -And I since then am His, and He home, a rest di - vine,\_\_\_\_\_ mine.\_\_ take, or re - sign;\_\_\_\_\_ Content, while Ι am His, while He is mine.\_\_\_\_ How ful - ly mid the choir di - vine,\_\_\_\_ Ι am His, and He mine.\_\_\_\_