

H. F. Lyte

Jan Sibelius

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. Chan - ges 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.