

2. My times of sorrow and of joy, Great God, are in Thy hand; My choicest comforts come from Thee And go at Thy command. 3. If Thou should take them all away, Yet would I not repine ;Before they were possessed by me, They were entirely thine.

4. Nor would I drop a murmuring word, Though the whole world were gone, But seek enduring happiness In Thee, and Thee alone.

5. Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found, The honey's mixed with gall ; Midst changing scenes and dying friends, Be Thou my all in all.