

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. What is the world, with all its toys? 'Tis but a bit - ter sweet: When

I at-tempt to pluck the rose, A prick-ly thorn I meet; When I at-tempt to

pluck the rose, A prick-ly thorn I meet, A prick-ly thorn I meet.

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.