## 'TIS THE LORD, I KNOW IT IS



- 2. Trials are the lot of all, whom the Saviour owns as his: mine have been but few and small; yet my heart, how weak it is!Ever ready to repine;O what patience, Lord, is thine!
- 3. Thy compassion does not fail; therefore I am suffered still; why this grace to one so frail? This I know not 'tis thy will. 'Tis thy will it should be so; this is all I ask to know.
- 4. Sure I am, beyond a doubt, if what I deserve were mine, from thy presence, Lord, cast out, far from thee, and far from thine: I should live, and I should be, wretched through eternity.
- 5. Let not thy compassion fail, till the end of strife I see; still let grace and love prevail, and thy name a refuge be, till I reach the happy shore where thy saints offend no more.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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