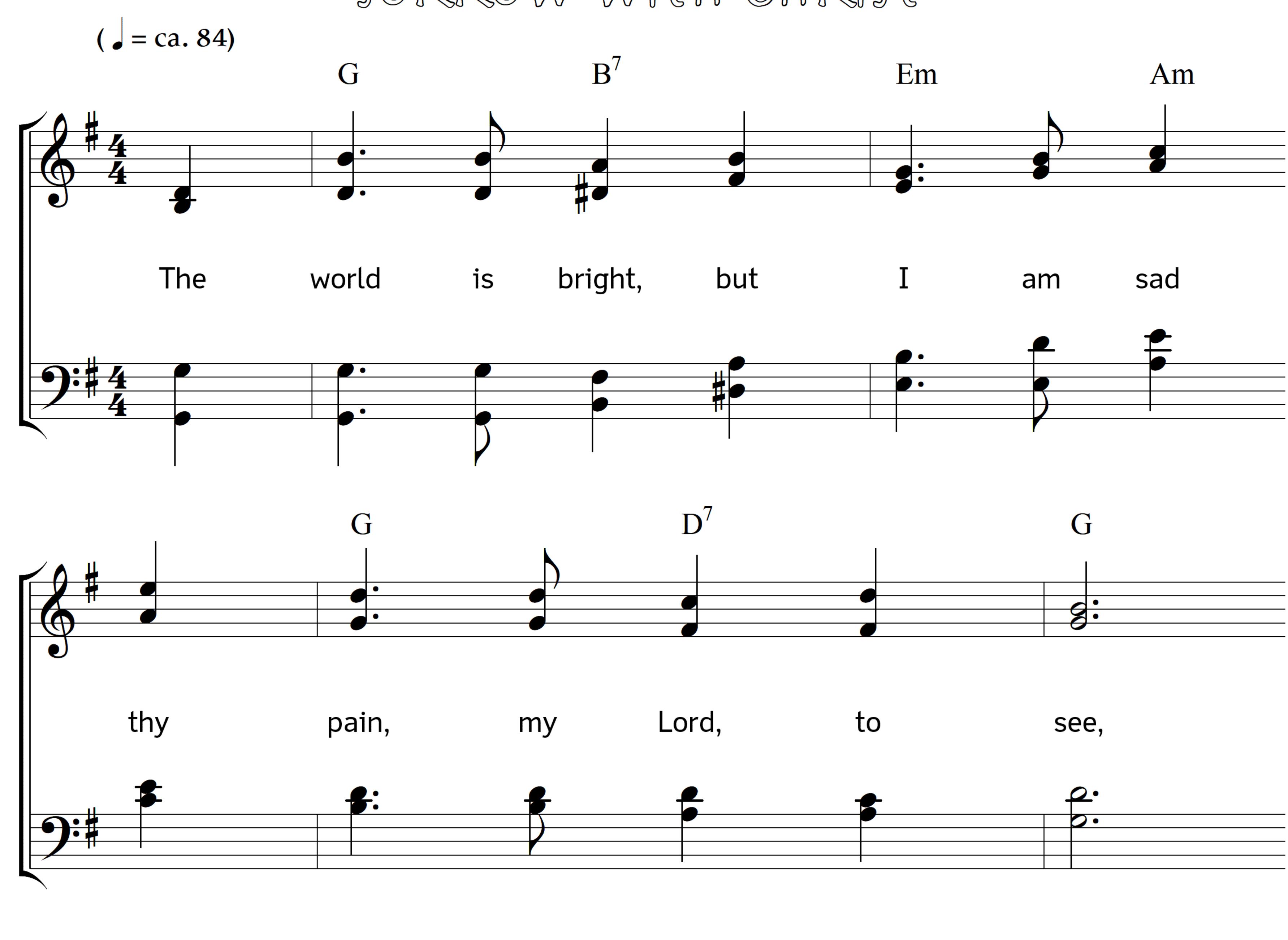
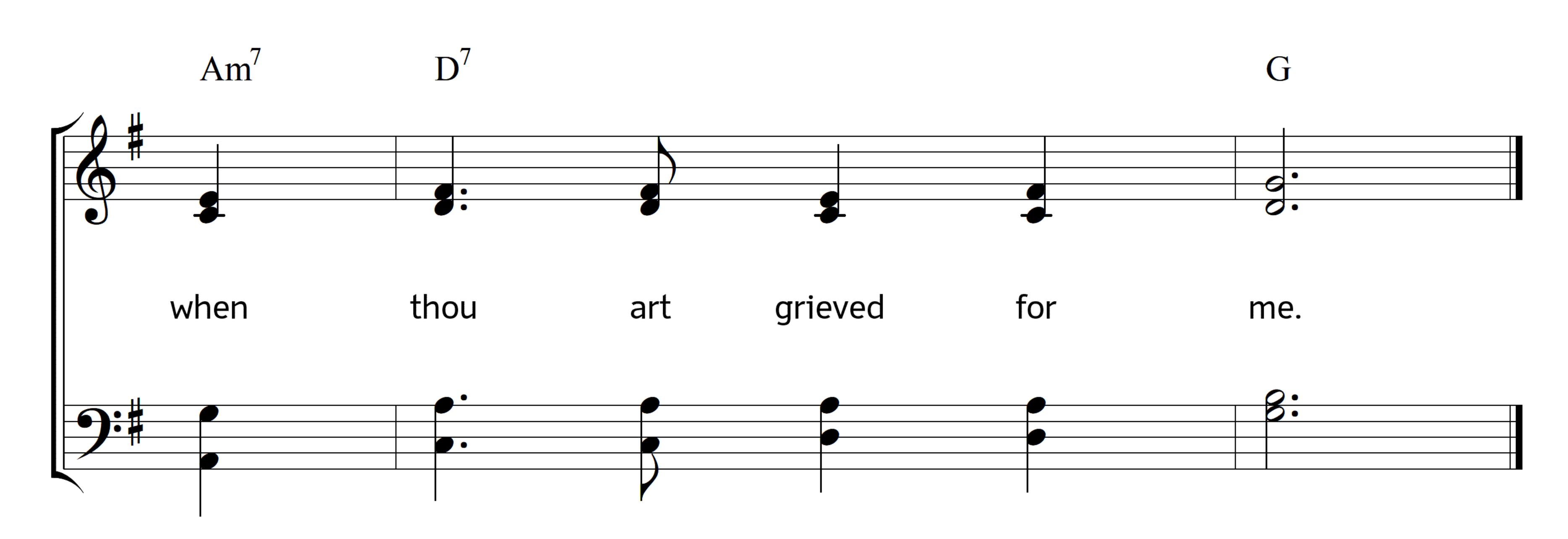
SORROW WITH CHRIST







- To thee sweet birds with tuneful voice sing praise from every tree,
 I would not, if I could, rejoice when thou dost weep for me.
- 3. The fields their vernal bloom display, but, though so bright they be, I would not, if I could, be gay when thou art sad for me.
- 4. Sunshine o'er all, yet life is dull, the shadow falls from thee, I would not, if I could, be full when thou dost fast for me.
- 5. Beside thee in the wilderness my place of love shall be, sharing in all the deep distress thou dost endure for me:
- 6. beside thee in the wilderness, in watch, and fast, and prayer, thy steps to guide, thy love to bless, my only peace is there.
- 7. Yet, O how blessed the chastened choice, if peace indeed may be,I would not, if I could, rejoice when thou art sad for me.

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