





- 2. Though bud and blossom fruitless fall, though flock and herd from fold and stall untimely perish, yet in thee our still unclouded joy shall be.
- 3. Thy chast'ning hand do not remove till it hath done its work of love; shall we deem good things only due, and not take evil from thee too?
- 4. Our barren hearts alone contain true source of loss, and grief, and pain; help us from our poor selves to flee, and find another self in thee.
- 5. In thee, our God! from thy pure skies all our fresh springs of gladness rise, true to their level night and morn, to thee in praise they shall return.
- 6. Thee whom to know is life and light, thee, whom to trust is power and might, thee, whom to serve is to be free, our joy shall ever be in thee.

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