

Long Did I Toil

John Wainwright: 1723-1768

Yorkshire 10.10.10. 10.10.10

C G C Dmin7 Csus4 C F C F Bdim

C G7 C Dmin C G7 C F C

F Bdim C Dmin G Amin E7 Amin E F D Amin E

F G G7 C Bdim C G F#dim G C

F Bdim C Bdim C Dmin C G7 C

(1.) Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest, - Far did I rove, and found no certain home; - At last I sought them in His sheltering breast, Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come: - With Him I found a home, a rest divine, - And since then I am His, and He is mine.

(2.) The good I have is from His stores supplied, - The ill is only what He deems the best; - He for my Friend, I'm rich with naught beside, And poor without Him, though of all possessed: - Changes may come, I take, or I resign, - Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

(3.) Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen, - A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines; - Above the clouds and storms He walks serene, - And on His people's inward darkness shines: - All may depart—I fret not, nor repine, - While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

(4.) While here, alas! I know but half His love, - But half discern Him, and but half adore; - But when I meet Him in the realms above, I hope to love Him better, praise Him more, - And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine, - How fully I am His, and He is mine.

Henry Francis Lyte: 1793-1847