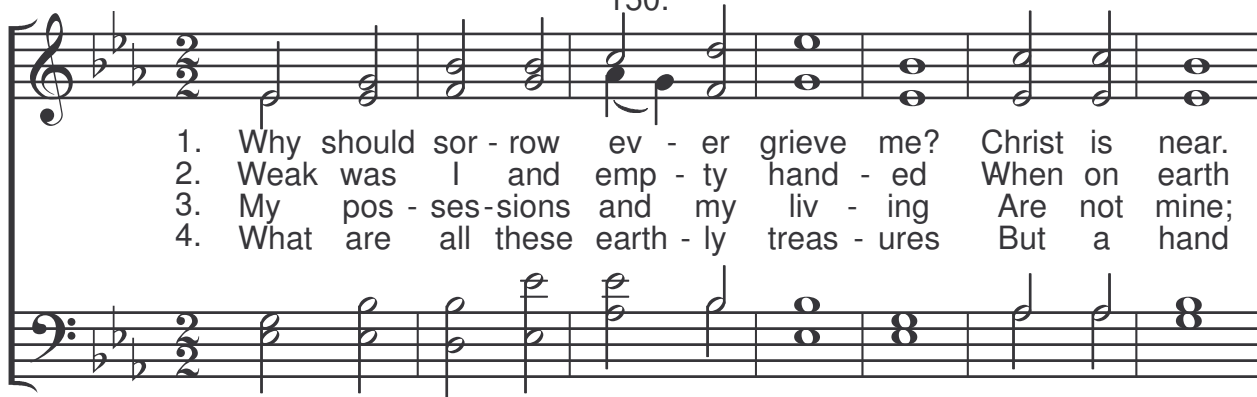
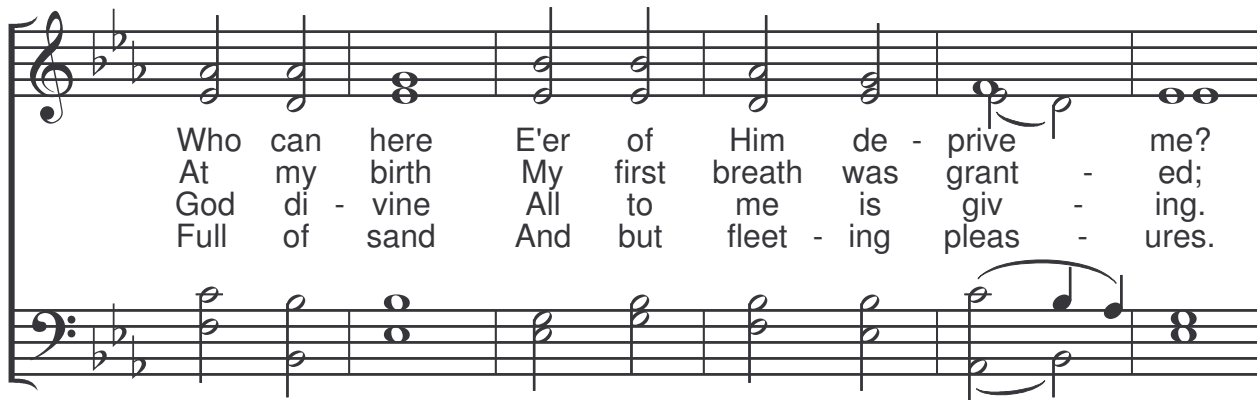


151. WHY ART THOU GRIEVED?


150.



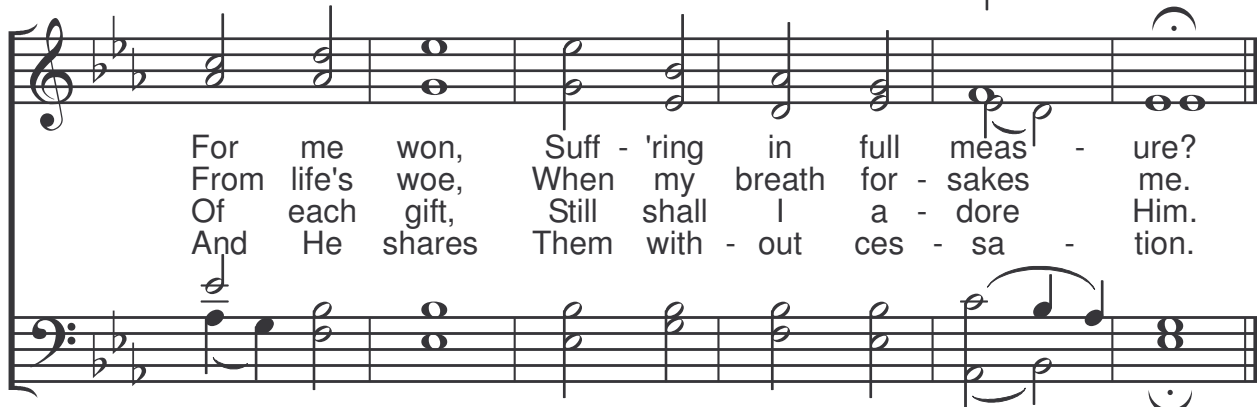
1. Why should sor - row ev - er grieve me? Christ is near.
 2. Weak was I and emp - ty hand - ed When on earth
 3. My pos - ses - sions and my liv - ing Are not mine;
 4. What are all these earth - ly treas - ures But a hand



Who can here E'er of Him de - prive me?
 At my birth My first breath was grant - ed;
 God di - vine All to me is giv - ing.
 Full of sand And but fleet - ing pleas - ures.



Who can rob me of my treas - ure, Which God's Son
 Help - less, too, when death o'er - takes me, Shall I go
 What He gave will I re - store Him; Though be - rept
 Yon - der are the real pos - ses - sions; Christ pre - pares,



For me won, Suff - 'ring in full meas - ure?
 From life's woe, When my breath for - sakes me.
 Of each gift, Still shall I a - dore Him.
 And He shares Them with - out ces - sa - tion.

5. Lord, Thou Fount of all true pleasure!
 I am Thine; Thou art mine.
 E'er will I Thee treasure.
 I am Thine, for Thou hast bought me;
 Lost I stood, But Thy blood
 Free salvation brought me.

6. Thou art mine; I love and own Thee.
 Light of Joy, e'er shall I
 In my heart enthrone Thee.
 Saviour, let me soon behold Thee
 Face to face. May Thy grace
 Evermore enfold me!