

Why Should Crosses Ever Grieve Me

1. Why should crosses ev - er grieve me; Christ is near, What can here
 2. Weak was I and emp - ty - hand - ed When on earth At my birth
 3. Wealth nor health, soul, body, liv - ing—Are my own, God a - lone
 4. What is all this life pos - sess - es— But a hand Full of sand

E'er of Him de - prive me? Who can rob me of the heav - en
 My first breath was grant - ed; Helpless, too, when death o'ertakes me,
 All to me is giv - ing. Must I then His own re - store Him,
 That the heart dis - tress - es. No - bler gifts that pall me nev - er

That God's Son For mine own To my faith hath giv - en?
 Shall I go From life's woe—When my breath for - sakes me.
 Though be-reft Of each gift, Still shall I a - dore Him.
 Christ, my Lord, Will ac - cord There to me for - ev - er.

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.
 Savior, let me soon behold Thee
 Face to face—May Thy grace
 Evermore enfold me!