

Teach Me, Lord, to Cease Complaining

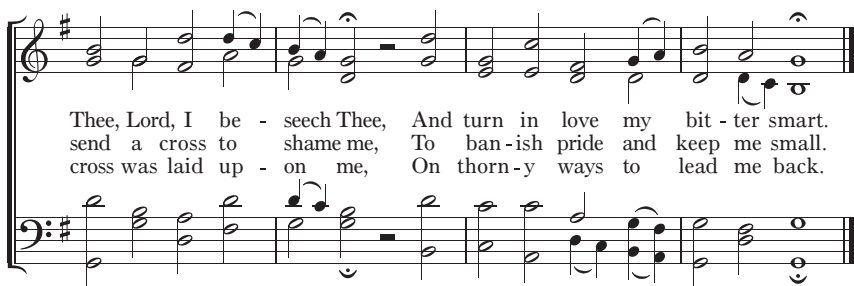
(158, 179)

1. O teach me, Lord, to cease com-plain-ing, No more to wish my
 2. Thou know'st how lightly I for-get Thee, Though from my-self the
 3. Thou know'st how, by life's tur-moil shak-en, I back-slid oft in

bur-dens gone; But rath-er, by Thy power sus-tain-ing, To
 truth I hide; How soon self-will and pride be-set me When
 for-mer days, How oft false feel-ings were mis-tak-en For

bear the cross as Thou hast done. The art of keep-ing si-lence,
 care-free days no cross pro-vide. From self-re-li-ance to re-
 for-ward steps up-on Thy ways. And then to show how self had

teach me; Give me a calm con-tent-ed heart; Make me like
 claim me, And to re-veal my heart with-al, Thou oft must
 won me, That I was far from Thee, and slack, An-oth-er



4. Thou knowest oft I come before Thee,
 Unworthily, to be approved;
 With empty phrases to implore Thee,
 By a mere sense of duty moved.
 Shall I in prayer receive a blessing,
 As I approach the throne of grace,
 Some kind of cross my heart oppressing
 Serves best to help me find Thy face.

5. O God, All-seeing and All-knowing,
 With whom there is no mystery,
 To whom my thoughts in secret growing
 Are known in their entirety,
 May keeping Thy commands forever
 Be first and foremost in my life,
 In Thy seclusion take me ever
 That I may conquer in the strife.

6. With Thee apart, I cease repining,
 My earthly wishes take to flight,
 My erstwhile cares begin declining,
 My yoke is eased, my cross made light.
 Ah, there no ills can crush my spirit,
 For in my pain and sore distress
 Thy never-failing grace will cheer it
 And change my cross to blessedness.

7. No more of murmuring and crying;
 Thanksgiving only mine shall be;
 Though crosses sore on me are lying,
 I find Thy love revealed to me!
 Though first Thy ways may seem oppressing,
 Soon they true joy and peace accord,
 And all at last will prove a blessing
 For those who love Thee, gracious Lord!