

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest

Oxenbridge

Henry Francis Lyte

Martin Shaw

arr. GWB



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 shelt'ring 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.

25 *fauxbourdon*

2. The good I have is from his stores supplied, the ill is on - ly what he deems the best;

33

he for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside, and poor without him though of all posses'd:

41

changes may come, I take, or I resign, content, while I am his, while he is mine.

49 *f*

3. Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen, a glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines,

57

above the clouds and storms he walks serene, and on his people's in-ward darkness shines:

65

all may de-part, I fret not, nor repine, while I my Sav-ior's am, while he is mine.

73 *pp*

4. While here, a - las! I know but half his love, but half dis-cern him, and but half a dore;

pp

81 *cresc. poco a poco*

but when I meet him in the realms a-bove I hope to love him better, praise him more,

cresc. poco a poco

89 *f* *Altos div. à 3*

and feel, and tell, a - mid the choir divine, how ful-ly I am his, and he is mine.

f