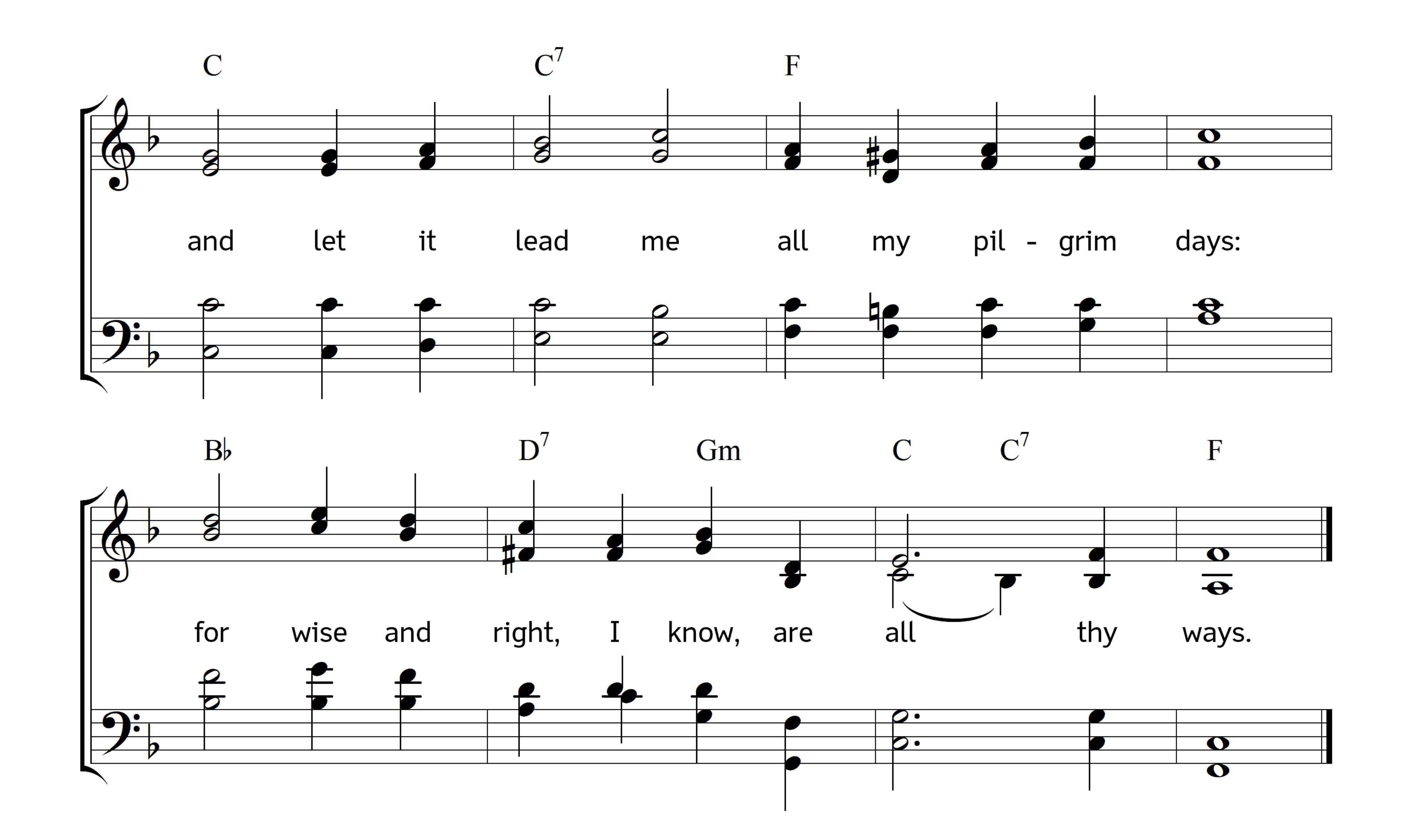
RESIGNATION UNDER BEREAVEMENT (1)



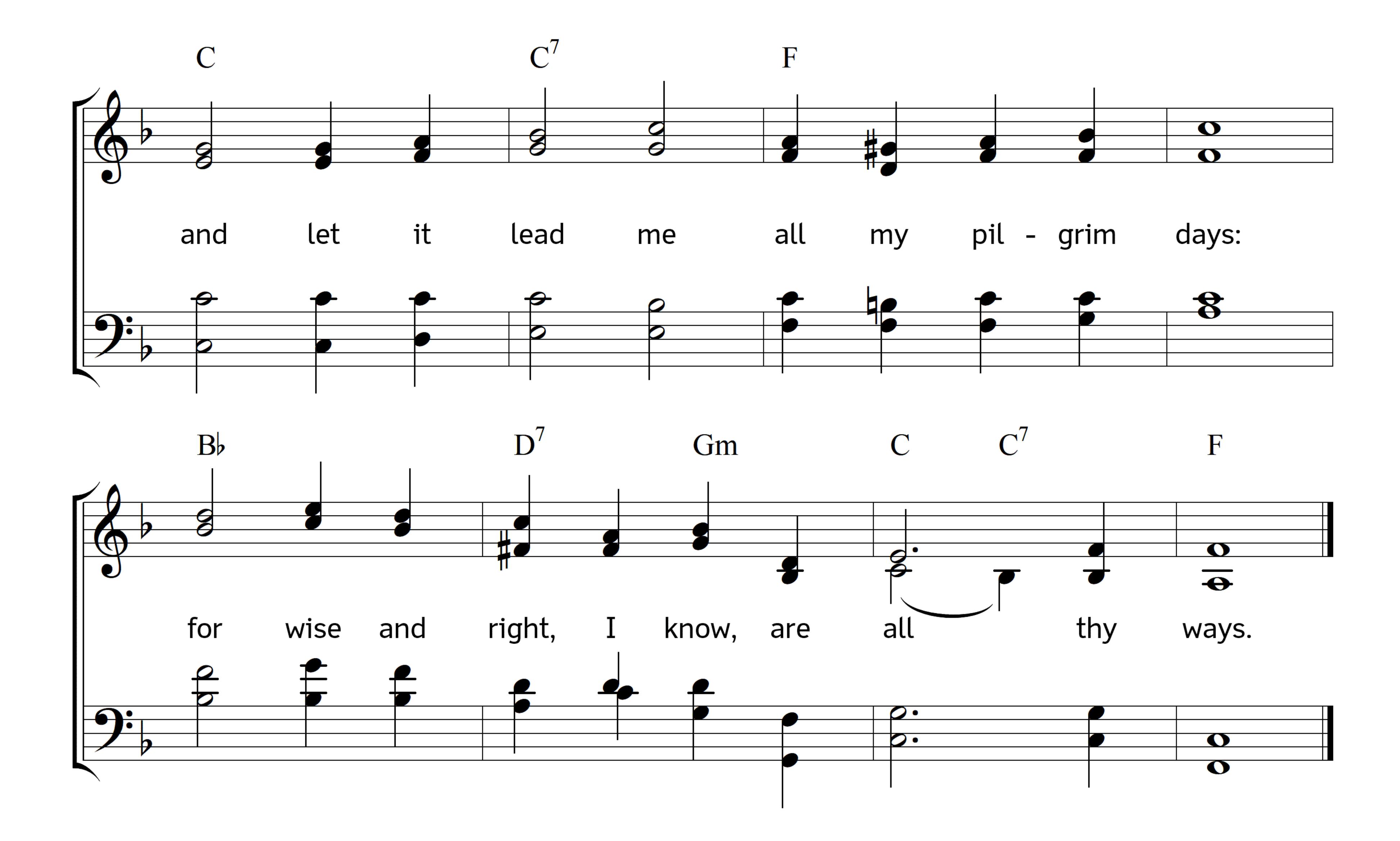


- 2. O Lord, at times I feel all desolate; the cup too bitter seems for me to drink, the loss too heavy, burden all too great: from the keen knife I oft-times weeping shrink, that prunes the branches; though thy love ordains, and fruit shall grow from all these needed pains.
- 3. Thou dost compassionate, my great High Priest, thy heart with mine can fully sympathize; though of thy saints I deem myself the least, I know I'm precious in thy gracious eyes: thou hast redeemed me at no less a price, than the rich blood of thine own sacrifice.
- 4. O Lord, sustain me! I would learn of thee, in thy Gethsemane, my woes to bear: oh, how thy tears and soul-crushed agony, thy sweat of blood, thy thrice-repeated prayer "Father, not will of mine, but thine be done," have o'er my struggling will the mastery won.
- 5. And then thy sorrows, Lord, were ours, not thine, save as thy love did make our griefs thine own; ours were the sins, for which thy grace divine brought thee a willing Victim to atone: thou didst the sword of justice once endure, to make thy people's full salvation sure.

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RESIGNATION UNDER BEREAVEMENT (2)





- 6. Oh, blessed Jesus, shall I then complain?
 Shall I not meekly kiss thy Father's rod?
 There is no vengeance in the strokes that pain;
 no wrath, but love, directs the hand of God:
 he is my Father who afflicts his child;
 shall not my will to his be reconciled?
- 7. 'Tis but "a little while!" I feel I need this scourge, this bitter cup, this loss, and woe; thy balm will heal the wounds that inward bleed, in thy best time: but patience, Lord, bestow, and deep submission to his holy will; say to each rising tempest, "Peace, be still."
- 8. I'm thy poor sheep, my Shepherd, though I've roved, alas! so much, and often, from thy side; well mayst thou break the idols I have loved, to cause me in thy presence to abide: if my best earthly joy thou didst remove, it was to teach the fullness of thy love.
- 9. When I am with thee, I shall comprehend the end and needs-be of each stroke and pain; see that thou wast my wise, unchanging Friend, all whose rebukes were faithfulness and gain; then shall I praise thee more, and bless the rod, which now I humbly kiss, my Saviour-God.

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