MOT THINE, BUT THEE!



- 2. Not thine, not thine, but THEE!
 The flowers are beautiful, the stars are bright, the mountains flash their crowns of royal snow; the blue arch shines undimmed both day and night, the streams make music in their blithesome flow.
 Not thine, not thine, but THEE!
- 3. Not thine, not thine, but THEE!
 The gold that gleams in earth's unmeasured mines, the gems that hide beneath the ancient main; the fruit that droppeth from a thousand vines, the yellow sheaves of August's sunny grain.
 Not thine, not thine, but THEE!
- 4. Not thine, not thine, but THEE!
 The sun walks round in daily majesty
 his azure path of glory and of love;
 the moon, in sweet and silent purity,
 floats softly o'er us like a silver dove.
 Not thine, not thine, but THEE!
- 5. Not thine, not thine, but THEE!
 The face and voice of friendship, oh, how sweet!
 Hand clasped in hand, and eye still meeting eye, and love to love still beating, and to beat, these are thy gifts descending from on high.
 Not thine, not thine, but THEE!
- 6. Not thine, not thine, but THEE!
 Thyself I seek, O thou my God and Lord!
 Thy face of love I still would gaze upon,
 that into this dark soul there may be poured
 the brightness of the everlasting sun.
 Not thine, not thine, but THEE!
- 7. Not thine, not thine, but THEE!
 Thy love and beauty, O my gracious God,
 the peace and joy from the eternal well
 I seek, and on my dreary, toilsome road
 I drink the streams that round me shine and swell.
 Not thine, not thine, but THEE!

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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