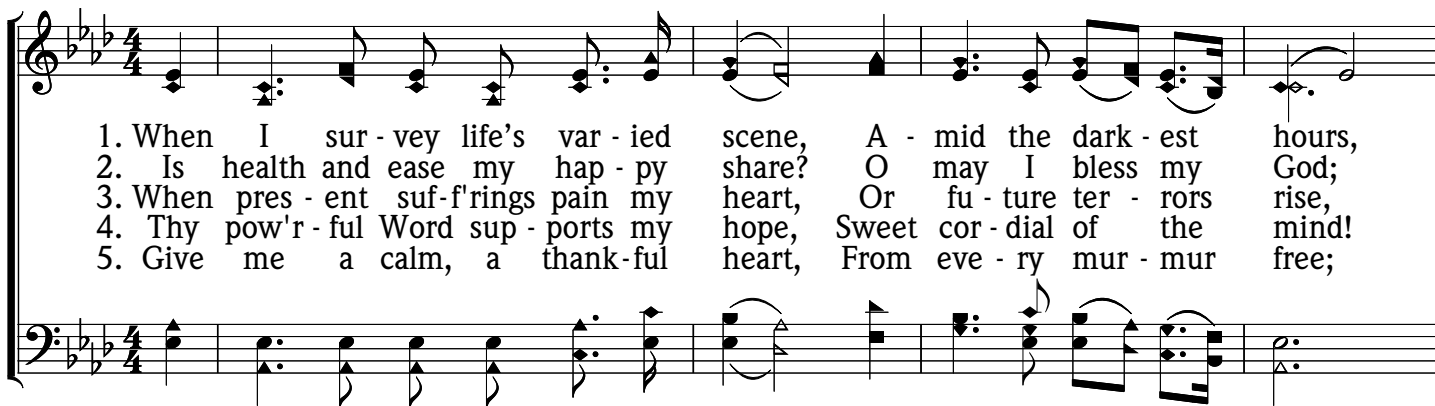


Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss

"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." — Philippians 4:11

Anne Steele 1760

Alan Johns 2018



1. When I sur-vey life's var-ied scene, A-mid the dark-est hours,
2. Is health and ease my hap-py share? O may I bless my God;
3. When pres-ent suf-f'rings pain my heart, Or fu-ture ter-rors rise,
4. Thy pow'r-ful Word sup-ports my hope, Sweet cor-dial of the mind!
5. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From eve-ry mur-mur free;



Sweet rays of com-fort shine be-tween, And thorns are mixed with flowers.
Thy kind-ness let my songs de-clare, And spread Thy praise a-broad.
And light and hope al-most de-part From these de-ject-ed eyes:
And bears my faint-ing spir-it up, And bids me wait re-sign'd.
The bless-ings of Thy grace im-part, And let me live to Thee.



Lord, teach me to a-dore Thy hand, From whence my com-forts flow;
While such de-light-ful gifts as these, Are kind-ly dealt to me,
In griefs and pains Thy sa-cred Word, (Dear sol-ace of my soul!)
Fa-ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de-nies,
Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at-tend,



And let me in this de-sert land A glimpse of Ca-naan know.
Be all my hours of health and ease De-vot-ed Lord to Thee.
Cel-es-tial com-forts can af-ford, And all their pow-er con-trol.
Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe-ti-tion rise.
Thy pre-sence through my jour-ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end.