

SHIRLAND S.M.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shi - ning grace can cheer This dun-geon where I dwell; 'Tis pa - ra - dise when thou art here— If thou de - part 'tis hell.

3. The smil-ings of thy face, How a - mia - ble they are! 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine em - brace, And no - where else but there.

4. To thee and thee a - lone, The an - gels owe their bliss; They sit a - round thy gra-cious throne, And dwell where Je - sus is.