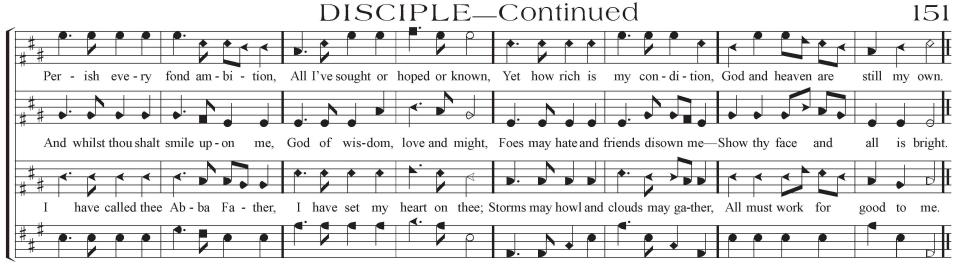


4. Man may trou-ble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast; Life with tri-als hard may press me, Heav'n will give me sweet-er rest; 5. Soul, then know thy full sal-va-tion— Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in eve-ry sta-tion, Some-thing still to do or bear;



Oh! tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me; Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with thee. Think what Spir - it dwells with-in thee—Think what Fa-ther's smiles are thine; Think that Je-sus died to win thee, Child of heav'n, canst thou re-pine.