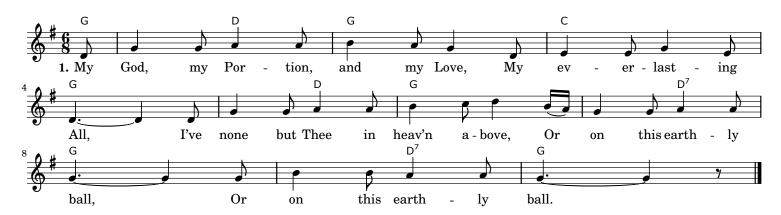
Experience of God — As the Everlasting Portion

(Guitar)



- 2. What empty things are all the skies, And this inferior clod! There's nothing here deserves my joys, There's nothing like my God, There's nothing like my God.
- 3. To Thee I owe my wealth, and friends, And health, and safe abode; Thanks to Thy name for meaner things, But they are not my God, But they are not my God.
- 4. How vain a toy is glittering wealth, If once compared to Thee!

  Or what's my safety, or my health, Or all my friends to me,

  Or all my friends to me.
- 5. Were I possessor of the earth,
  And called the stars my own,
  Without Thy graces and Thyself,
  I were a wretch undone,
  I were a wretch undone.
- 6. Let others stretch their arms like seas, And grasp in all the shore; Grant me the visits of Thy grace, And I desire no more, And I desire no more.