

Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art

Comfort in Trials — By the Lord's Love

672

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D	G	D		G	A⁷	D			
1. Not	what	I	am,	O	Lord,	but	what	Thou	art;
D	E	A	D	A	E⁷	A			
That,	that	a - lone,	can	be	my	soul's	true	rest;	
D	A	D						A	
Thy	love,	not	mine,	bids	fear	and	doubt	de - part,	
G	A⁷	D	G	D	A⁷	D			
And	stills	the	tem - pest	of	my	toss - ing	breast.		

2. It is Thy perfect love that casts out fear;
I know the voice that speaks the It is I,
And in these well-known words of heavenly cheer
I hear the joy that bids each sorrow fly.
3. Thy Name is Love! I hear it from yon Cross;
Thy Name is Love! I read it in yon tomb:
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.
4. It blesses now, and shall for ever bless;
It saves me now, and shall for ever save;
It holds me up in days of helplessness,
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.
5. 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod;
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.
6. More of Thyself, Oh, show me, hour by hour;
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power;
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word.