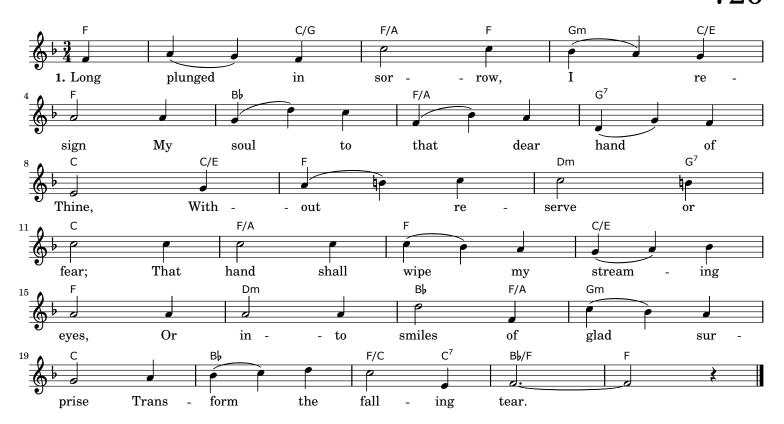
## Long plunged in sorrow, I resign

Comfort in Trials — By Enjoyment in Suffering

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- 2. Adieu! ye vain delights of earth; Insipid sports, and childish mirth, I taste no sweets in you; Unknown delights are in the cross, All joy beside to me is dross; And Jesus thought so too.
- 3. The Cross! O ravishment and bliss— How grateful e'en its anguish is; Its bitterness how sweet! There every sense, and all the mind, In all her faculties refined, Taste happiness complete.

- 4. Self-love no grace in sorrow sees, Consults her own peculiar ease: 'Tis all the bliss she knows; But nobler aims true love employ. In self-denial is her joy, In suffering her repose.
- 5. Thy choice and mine shall be the same, Inspirer of that holy flame Which must forever blaze! To take the cross and follow Thee, Where love and duty lead, shall be My portion and my praise.