

Wish Not, Dear Friends

Text: John Keble, 1824

Tune: George J. Elvey, 1862

1. Wish not, dear friends, my pain a - way; wish me a wise and thank - ful heart,
2. The dear - est of - fering He can crave His por - tion in our souls to prove,
3. In life's long sick - ness ev - er - more our thoughts are toss - ing to and fro;
4. Were it not bet - ter to lie still, let Him strike home, and bless the rod;

with God in all my griefs to stay, nor from His loved cor - rec - tion start.
what is it to the gift He gave, the on - ly Son of His dear love?
we change our pos - ture o'er and o'er, but can - not rest, nor cheat our woe.
nev - er so safe, as when our will yields un - dis - cerned by all but God?