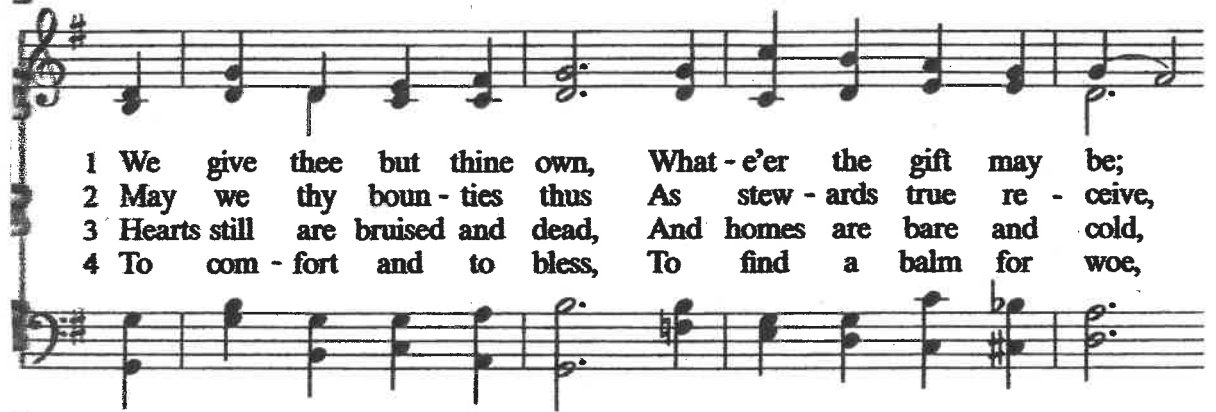


We Give Thee but Thine Own



1 We give thee but thine own, What - e'er the gift may be;
2 May we thy boun - ties thus As stew - ards true re - ceive,
3 Hearts still are bruised and dead, And homes are bare and cold,
4 To com - fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,



All that we have is thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee.
And glad - ly, as thou bless - est us, To thee our first - fruits give.
And lambs for whom the Shep - herd bled Are stray - ing from the fold.
To tend those lost in lone - li - ness, Is an - gels' work be - low.