

If Christ Is Mine
Benjamin Beddome.
Heinrich Zeuner, 1833.

If Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory, too.

If He is mine, then, though He frown,
He never will forsake;
His chastisements all work for good,
And but His love bespeak.

If He is mine, I need not fear,
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

If He is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;
He, the dispenser of all good,
Is more than these to me.

If He is mine, I'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He'll be my comfort and my stay
When heart and flesh shall fail.

Let Jesus tell me He is mine,
I nothing want beside:
My soul shall at the fountain live
When all the streams are dried.