

Life's Lot - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

LIFE'S LOT.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot,
If that wherein my soul delight
Be best or not;
It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain,
Or day and night, bewet with tears,
A bed of pain.

Chorus.
But this I know, where'er I go,
There is a hand divine,
That holds me still, through every ill,
Whatever lot be mine.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee.
Or I may dwell alone on earth
All strange to me;
The dearest friends I have below
May all depart,
The purest joys may fade and leave
An aching heart.-Chorus.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
More strong than mine;
One who was known in storms to sail,
I have on board,
Amid the roaring of the gale
I hear my Lord.-Chorus.

He holds me-though the billows smite,
I shall not fall;
If sharp 'tis short, if long 'tis light,
He tempers all.
Safe to the land, safe to the land,
The will is this,
And then with Him go hand in hand
Unto eternal bliss.-Chorus.