Oh, Not My Own These Verdant Hills

KALSARI L. M.

1. Oh, not my own these verdant hills, And fruits and flow'rs, and stream, and wood;
   But His who all with glory fills, Who bought me with His precious blood.

2. Oh, not my own this wondrous frame, Its curious work, its living soul;
   But His who for my ransom came; Slain for my sake, He claims the whole.

3. Oh, not my own the grace that keeps My feet from fierce temptations free;
   Oh, not my own the thought that leaps, Adoring, blessed Lord, to Thee.

4. Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing, When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
   And Thou Thy trembling lamb shall bring Safe home to wander never more.

Words: Samuel F. Smith D. D.
Music: Caryl Florio

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