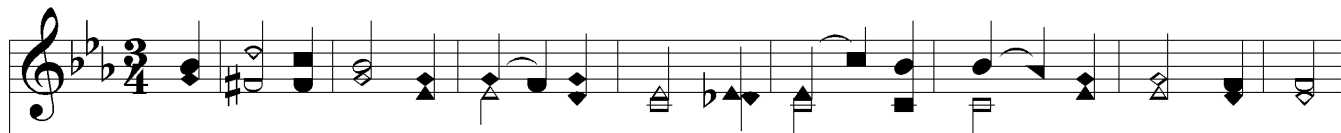
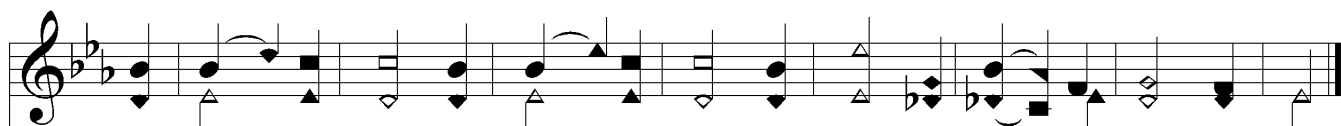
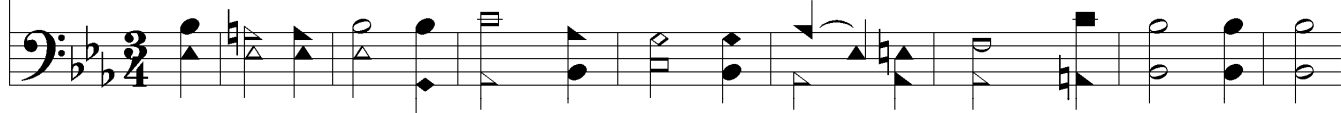


# Oh, Not My Own These Verdant Hills

KALSARI L. M.



1. Oh, not my own these ver - dant hills, And fruits and flow'rs, and stream, and wood;
2. Oh, not my own this won - drous frame, Its cu - rious work, its liv - ing soul;
3. Oh, not my own the grace that keeps My feet from fierce temp - ta - tions free;
4. Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing, When life, with all its toils, is o'er,



But His who all with glo - ry fills, Who bought me with His pre - cious blood.  
But His who for my ran - som came; Slain for my sake, He claims the whole.  
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps, A - dor - ing, bless - ed Lord, to Thee.  
And Thou Thy trem - bling lamb shall bring Safe home to wan - der nev - er - more.

