

Ah, Well It Is That God Should Read

Gm(B♭)/D - MI

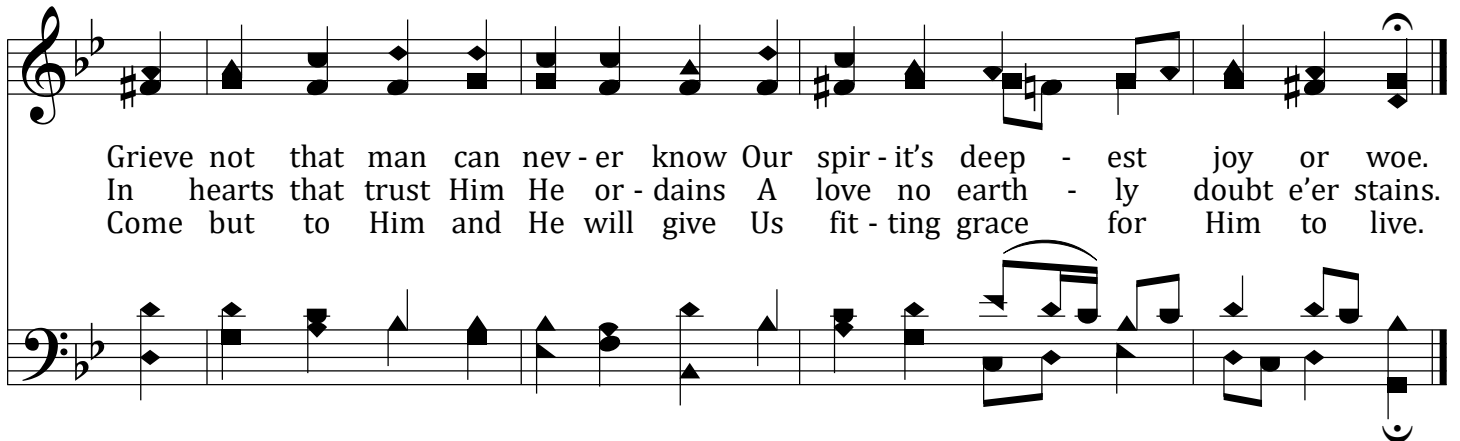
Grave



1. Ah, well it is that God should read, And none but God, our in-most soul,
2. Lift but to God the tear-dimmed eye And bend in prayer the sink-ing knee,
3. Come, then, and seek the Fount of love, Whose liv-ing wa-ters all may share;



That He a-lone can see it bleed 'Neath its dark veil of self-con-trol.
He will re-ceive each swell-ing sigh And heed our wants what-e'er they be.
The Friend who sits en-shrined a-bove Will all our sor-rows soothe and bear.



Grieve not that man can nev-er know Our spir-it's deep-est joy or woe.
In hearts that trust Him He or-dains A love no earth-ly doubt e'er stains.
Come but to Him and He will give Us fit-ting grace for Him to live.