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We Give Thee But Thine Own

Schumann. S.M.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, c. 1858

From "Cantica Laudis," 1850

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be;
 2. May we Thy boun-ties thus As stew-ards true re-ceive,
 3. O hearts are bruised and dead, And homes are bare and cold,
 4. And we be-lieve Thy word, Though dim our faith may be;

All that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
 And glad-ly, as Thou bless-est us, To Thee our first fruits give.
 And lambs for whom the Shep-herd bled Are stray-ing from the fold.
 What-e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it un-to Thee.

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Master, No Offering

Love's Offering. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

EDWIN P. PARKER, 1888

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1. Mas-ter, no of-fer-ing Cost-ly or sweet, Lay we, like
 2. Dai-ly our lives would show Weak-ness made strong, Toil-some and
 3. Some word of hope, for hearts Bur-dened with fears, Some balm of
 4. Thus, in Thy serv-ice, Lord, 'Till e-ven-tide Clos-es the

Mag-da-lene, Here at Thy feet; Yet may love's in-cense rise,
 gloom-y ways Bright-ened with song; Some deeds of kind-ness done,
 peace, for eyes Blind-ed with tears, Some dews of mer-cy shed,
 day of life, May we a-bide. And when earth's la-bors cease,