

## Bitter Sweet

Rewritten with *Counter* by B. C. Johnston, 2015.

Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. What is the world, with all its toys? 'Tis but a bit - ter sweet: When I attempt to pluck the rose, A prick-ly thorn I meet; When

2. My times of sor-row and of joy, Great God, are in Thy hand; My choicest comforts come from Thee And go at Thy command. My

3. If Thou should take them all away, Yet would I not re - pine; Before they were possessed by me, They were en-tire-ly thine. Be -

4. Nor would I drop a murmuring word, Though the whole world were gone, But seek enduring happiness In Thee, and Thee a - lone. But

5. Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found, The honey's mixed with gall; Midst changing scenes and dying friends, Be Thou my all in all. Midst

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. attempt to pluck the rose, A prickly thorn I meet, A prickly thorn I meet.

2. choicest comforts come from Thee And go at Thy command. And go at Thy com-mand.

3. -fore they were possessed by me, They were entirely thine. They were en - tire - ly thine.

4. seek en-du-ring hap-pi-ness In Thee, and Thee a-lone. In Thee, and Thee a - lone.

5. changing scenes and dying friends, Be Thou my all in all. Be Thou my all in all.