

ad lib.

Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours. Love not! love not!
 Beams on its grave as once up-on its birth. Love not! love not!
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true. Love not! love not!
 Fault - less, im - mor-tal, till they change or die. Love not! love not!

SCHMOLKE
Tr. BORTHWICK

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt

WEBER

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Though seen thro' ma - ny a tear, Let not my
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
 fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove,

Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 And sor - row'd oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."