LYRIC SHEET · FOR CHURCHES

portion

Emmeline · My Portion

Before the deep was formed or stars were sown,
before our years were numbered, breath by
breath,
from age to age, O Lord, Thou art our home—
the only dwelling place untouched by death.

We rise like grass that withers in the field,
our glory fades as quickly as the flower,
but Thou endurest, ever God revealed,
whose steadfast love outlasts our fleeting hour.

The world speaks wisdom measured out in gain
and counts its treasures, numbering all its days,
but Thou hast taught a far more costly strain:
that losing all is learning all Thy ways.

The fear of Thee is where all knowledge starts,
the end of striving and the death of pride.
O search me, God, and try my restless heart—
in Thy great knowing, let me learn to hide.

Thou art my por-tion, Thou alone—
my cup, my lot, my living bread.
What have I, Lord, in heav'n or earth
apart from all Thy love has shed?

Though kingdoms fall and thrones decay,
in having Thee I hold it all.
Be Thou my portion, come what may—
my treasure that will never fall.

Let no false comfort claim what Thou hast
bought,
no lesser love usurp Thy rightful throne.
The idols of my making come to naught—
I will have Thee, and I will have Thee alone.

Be Thou my shield when darkness closes near,
my song of strength, my ever-present aid.
Who dwells beneath Thy wing need never fear
the arrow's flight nor terror in the shade.

And here, the mystery no mind can frame:
not only I in Thee, but Thou in me—
the vine, the branch, the indwelling of Thy flame,
the hidden life of holy unity.

Christ in me, the hope of glory come,
and I in Christ, forever hid above—
O death, where is thy sting? O grave, thy doom?
For nothing now shall separate from love.

And when at last the veil is torn away
and face to face I see Thee as Thou art,
then partial knowing yields to endless day
and faith gives way to sight within the heart.

High King of Heaven, Ancient of all Days,
receive me then into Thy courts of light,
where every tongue is lost in ceaseless praise
and Thou art all in all—and all is right.
and all is right.

Free for congregational use. © Vox Petra.