Far from us be grief and sadness

1. F a r from us be grief and sadness,
Farther still unhallow’d mirth;
Sons of God may sing with gladness,
Theirs are joys of heav’nly birth:
Jesus owns them,
He is Lord of heaven and earth.

2. All the worldling’s mirth is madness,
All his labour fruitless toil;
’Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
Tho’ the world their choice revile:
Sweet their portion,
Life is in the Saviour’s smile.

3. Once the world was all our treasure,
Then the world our hearts possest;
Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
Since the Lord has made us blest:
We can witness,
Jesus gives His people rest.