

# Your Own

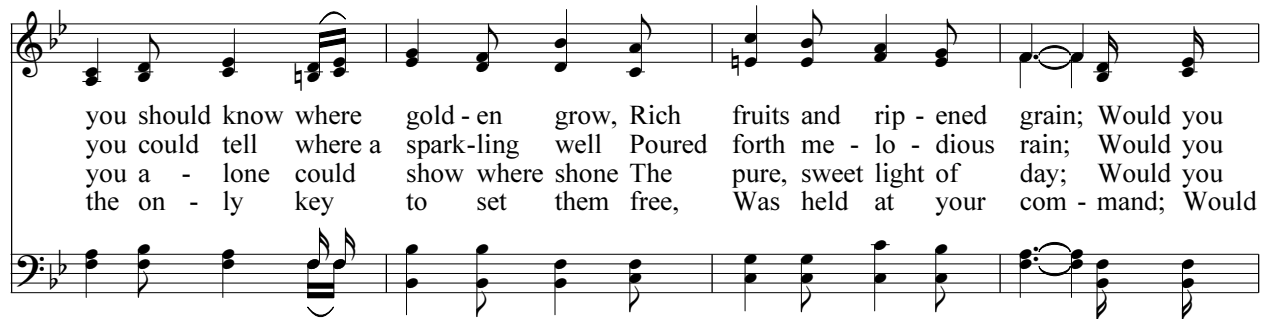
Mrs. L. G. McVean, 1880

Fanny Birdsall, 1899

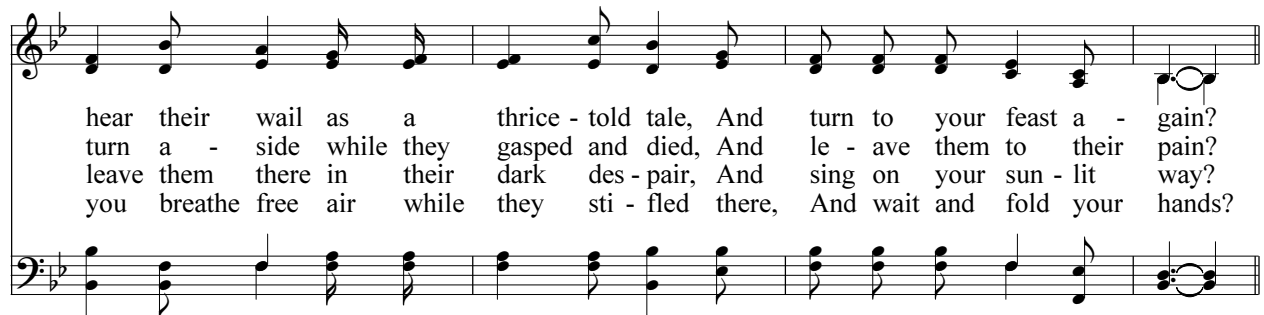
♩ = 95



1. What if your own were starv - ing, Faint - ing with fa - mine, pain; And  
2. What if your own were thirst - ing, And never a drop would gain, And  
3. What if your own were dark - ened, With - out one cheer - ing ray, And  
4. What if your own were pris - oned, Far in a hos - tile land, And

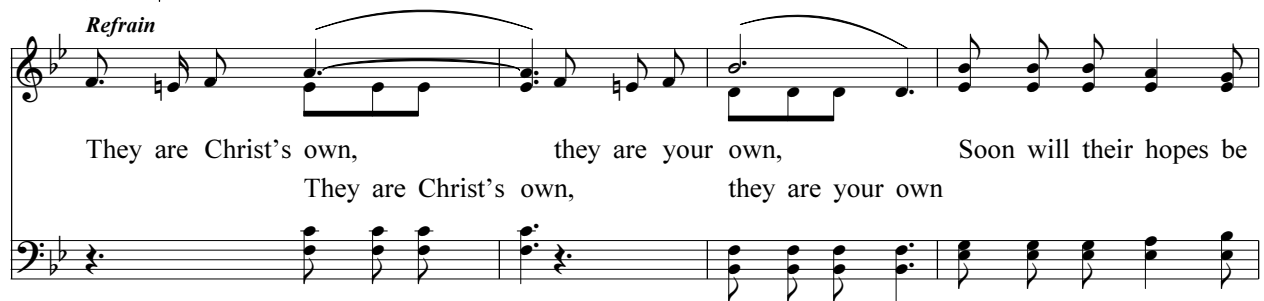


you should know where gold - en grow, Rich fruits and rip - ened grain; Would you  
you could tell where a spark - ling well Poured forth me - lo - dious rain; Would you  
you a - lone could show where shone The pure, sweet light of day; Would you  
the on - ly key to set them free, Was held at your com - mand; Would

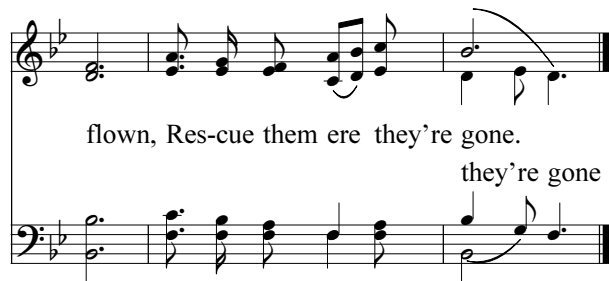


hear their wail as a thrice - told tale, And turn to your feast a - gain?  
turn a - side while they gasped and died, And le - ave them to their pain?  
leave them there in their dark des - pair, And sing on your sun - lit way?  
you breathe free air while they sti - fled there, And wait and fold your hands?

*Refrain*



They are Christ's own, they are your own, Soon will their hopes be  
They are Christ's own, they are your own



flown, Res - cue them ere they're gone.  
they're gone