

Lord, When I All Things Would Possess

Thomas Gill, 1850.

John Dykes, 1867.

Lord, when I all things would possess,

I crave but to be Thine;

O lowly is the loftiness

Of these desires divine.

Each gift but helps my soul to learn

How boundless is Thy store;

I go from strength to strength, and yearn

For Thee, my Helper, more.

How can my soul divinely soar,

How keep the shining way,

And not more tremblingly adore,

And not more humbly pray?

The more I triumph in Thy gifts,

The more I wait on Thee;

The grace that mightily uplifts

Most sweetly humbleth me.

The heaven where I would stand complete

My lowly love shall see,

And stronger grow the yearning sweet,

O Holy One! for Thee.