

My God, My Father, Blissful Name!
Anne Steele, 1760.
Isaac Smith, 1770.

My God, my Father, blissful name!
O may I call Thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?

This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For Thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to Thine.

Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not Thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

My God, my Father! be Thy name
My solace and my stay;
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?