

My Times of Sorrow and of Joy  
Benjamin Beddome, 1778.  
John Dykes, 1875.

My times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God, are in Thy hand.  
My choicest comforts come from Thee,  
And go at Thy command.

If Thou shouldst take them all away,  
Yet would I not repine;  
Before they were possessed by me,  
They were entirely Thine.

Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness  
In Thee, and Thee alone.

What is the world with all its store?  
'Tis but a bitter sweet;  
When I attempt to pluck the rose  
A pricking thorn I meet.

Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,  
The honey's mixed with gall;  
Midst changing scenes and dying friends,  
Be Thou my all in all.