

Lord, I Would Own Thy Tender Care

Jane Taylor, 1809.

Henry Smart, 1867.

Lord, I would own Thy tender care,

And all Thy love to me;

The food I eat, the clothes I wear,

Are all bestowed by Thee.

'Tis Thou preservest me from death

And dangers every hour;

I cannot draw another breath

Unless Thou give me power.

Kind angels guard me every night,

As round my bed they stay:

Nor am I absent from Thy sight

In darkness or by day.

My health, and friends, and parents dear,

To me by God are giv'n;

I have not any blessing here

But what is sent from Heav'n.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,

I never can repay;

But may it be my daily prayer,

To love Thee and obey.