



My spirit on Thy care, Blest Savior, I recline; Thou wilt not leave me to despair, For Thou art Love divine.

In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calmly rest; I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide, Thy will they all perform; Safe in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall, It must be good for me; Secure of having Thee in all, Of having all in Thee.

Henry Lyte