

'TIS my happiness below
To encounter many a cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

2 God in Zion sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would overspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No reproof along the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway?
Some, it seems, escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

William Cowper, 1731-1800